Collier's

SEPTEMBER 28, 1946

TEN CENTS

PROGRAM for PROGRESS

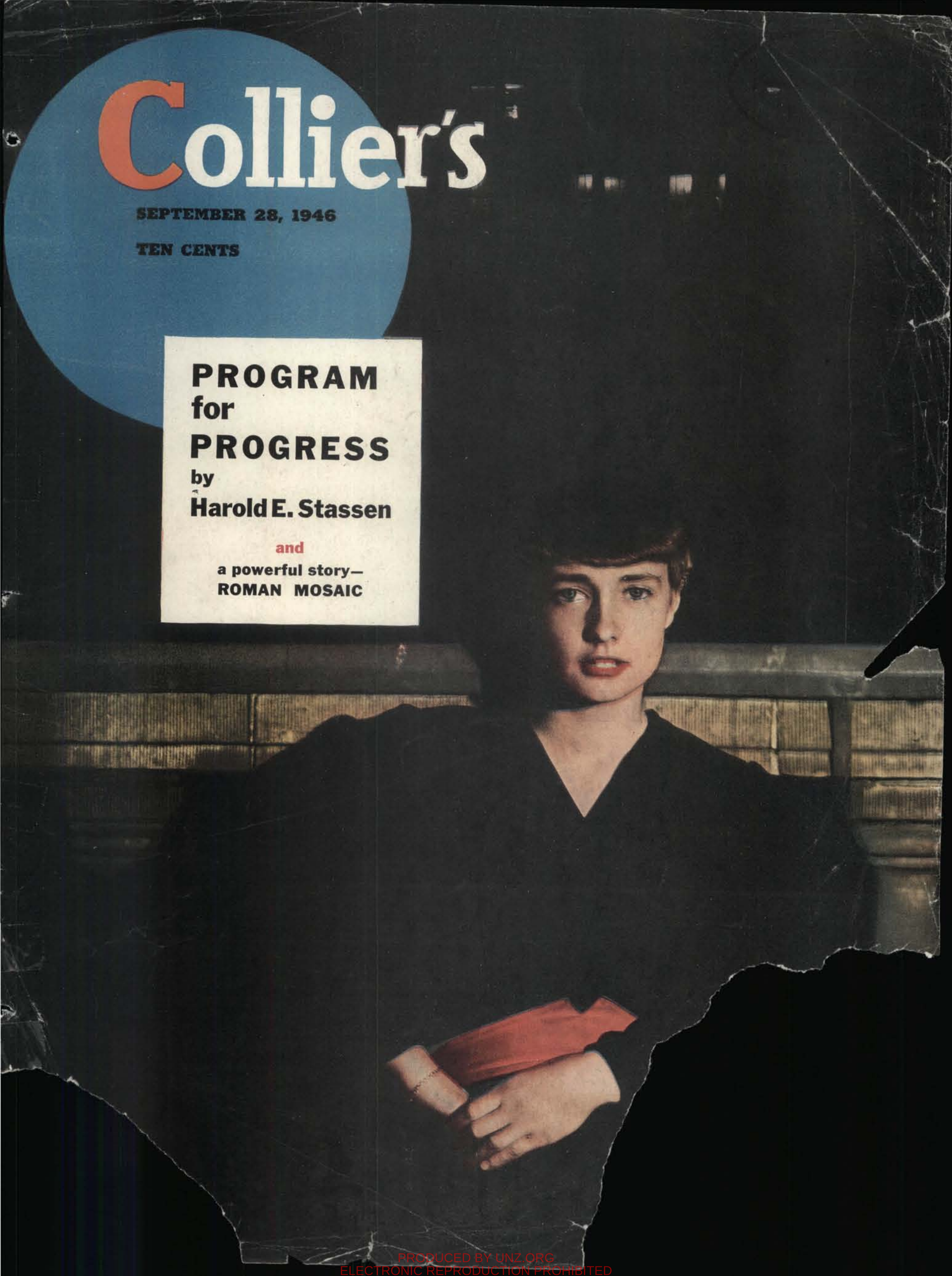
by

Harold E. Stassen

and

a powerful story—

ROMAN MOSAIC



Color Photograph by John Paul Pennebaker

GENUINE SHEAFFER'S AND AVAILABLE NOW!

IN MANY STYLES AND SIZES

daily helpmate in Home, Office and Study

They're at your dealer's now—*ready for your most critical* inspection—in styles and sizes for every home, office or study requirement. No longer do you have to buy a wartime substitute, for here are desk sets such as never before manufactured—not even before the war, not even by Sheaffer! Here is new beauty, both classical and modern—new utility, new convenience, new user satisfaction! The 14-K *Lifetime** POINTS stay moist and ready for instant action—the sockets stay dry! . . . The transparent barrel shows when to refill. For added charm in the home; for a touch of elegance and new efficiency on the executive's desk; for college or high school students; for that *special* gift occasion—the new "TRIUMPH" desk sets by Sheaffer are supremely fine. The Jet Crystal illustrated above is ageless in its beauty and utility.

***NOTE:** Even before Pearl Harbor Sheaffer was unable to produce desk sets because facilities were converted to war work. Now, for the first time, dealers have good stocks from which to choose. Set illustrated: Jet Crystal $20. Others from $15.*

The

MPH"

et

w "TRIUMPH"
lrical *Lifetime**
et in exactly
" pen seals
nditionally
out repair

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1946, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

vith Carmen Cavallaro—*NBC Complete Network:* 3 P. M. E. T.; 2 P. M. C.

A development of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
B.F. Goodrich Silvertown

Tire Bargain—$793.95

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in tires

CONTRACTORS and dirt haulers buy these big tires a dozen at a time. They're used on trucks that haul 15 to 20 tons of dirt or rock in one load. And yet tires that list at $793.95 apiece often lasted only a matter of weeks. Rolling over makeshift roads, they were torn and cut by jagged rocks, bruised by jolting their freight car loads over ruts and boulders. Blowouts were frequent.

Then B.F.Goodrich engineers developed a new construction principle for tires used in off-the-road service. They invented a shock-shield and placed it under the tread. It consisted of a new way of building rubber insulated breakers into the tire to absorb the shock of impact.

With this new tire the list price of $793.95 became a bargain. The new tire turned in almost unbelievable performance records. For example: one operator reports 4000 hours of service from B.F. Goodrich tires against 1600 hours from another make. A contractor received 17,599 miles of service compared to 6476 miles from the next best make of tires.

This is a typical example of the improvements, the result of constant research, which are always being made in B.F.Goodrich tires. Before you buy tires for your trucks, check the B.F.Goodrich man and find out about the latest improvements in tires for your special purpose. He can save you money. *The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY

B. F. Goodrich

Sept. 28, 1946

the **proof** *is in the* **LISTENING**

You alone know what you want in a radio. We think you'll find all you're looking for in the new Motorola.

That's why we invite you to compare Motorola WITH ALL OTHERS for:

★ BEAUTY
★ PERFORMANCE
★ TONE

Yes! Motorola invites direct, point by point comparison with ANY radio at ANY price!

Model illustrated is a Motorola Table Top Automatic Radio-Phonograph in a sleek modern design especially created for the new trend toward simplicity in interior decoration. Ask your Motorola dealer for a demonstration today!

"the proof is in the LISTENING"

Motorola
A-M F-M Radio
FOR HOME AND CAR

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51

COLLIER'S
September 28, 1946

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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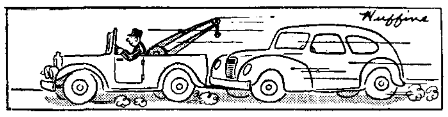
THE WEEK'S MAIL

DEAR EDITOR: On page 39 of your August 17th issue, a series of six cartoons by Dave Huffine shows a sedan being towed behind a wrecker truck and, later, the truck being towed by the sedan. I cannot determine why the front wheels of the sedan stir up no dust. A comprehensible explanation will be duly appreciated.

JAMIE DAWSON
Watertown, S. D.



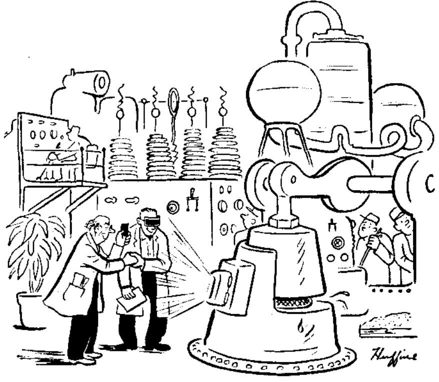
DEAR EDITOR: Please tell Mr. Jamie Dawson the front wheels of the sedan were equipped with No-Dust tires, which utilize the Smord principle, developed during the last war. The frammis casing is coated with an atomgell compound and subjected to 8,000° of supersonic heat, after which plyflog is sprayed on the beadlings. These amazing tires can be driven at 70 mph through an inch of dust without disturbing a particle. Complete details will be found on page 19 of the current Rolling Rubber Review.

Enclosed is a drawing I did for the Rolling Rubber Review during the war. It shows Dr. Smord and his assistant, Professor Slabbercorn, shaking hands as they completed their first No-Dust tire. At the left, behind Dr. Smord, is a tree from which they extracted the rubber for this first tire. At bottom right is a dustpan in which they later dipped the tire during experiments. The background is easily understood by anyone who knows anything about the frammis and plyflog processes.

Professor Slabbercorn is now working on a new kind of dust that will render the No-Dust tire obsolete.

DAVE HUFFINE
Bearsville, N. Y.

(Continued on page 70)



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Publishers of Collier's, The Americar Magazin Woman's Home Companion

Take a letter from A to Z

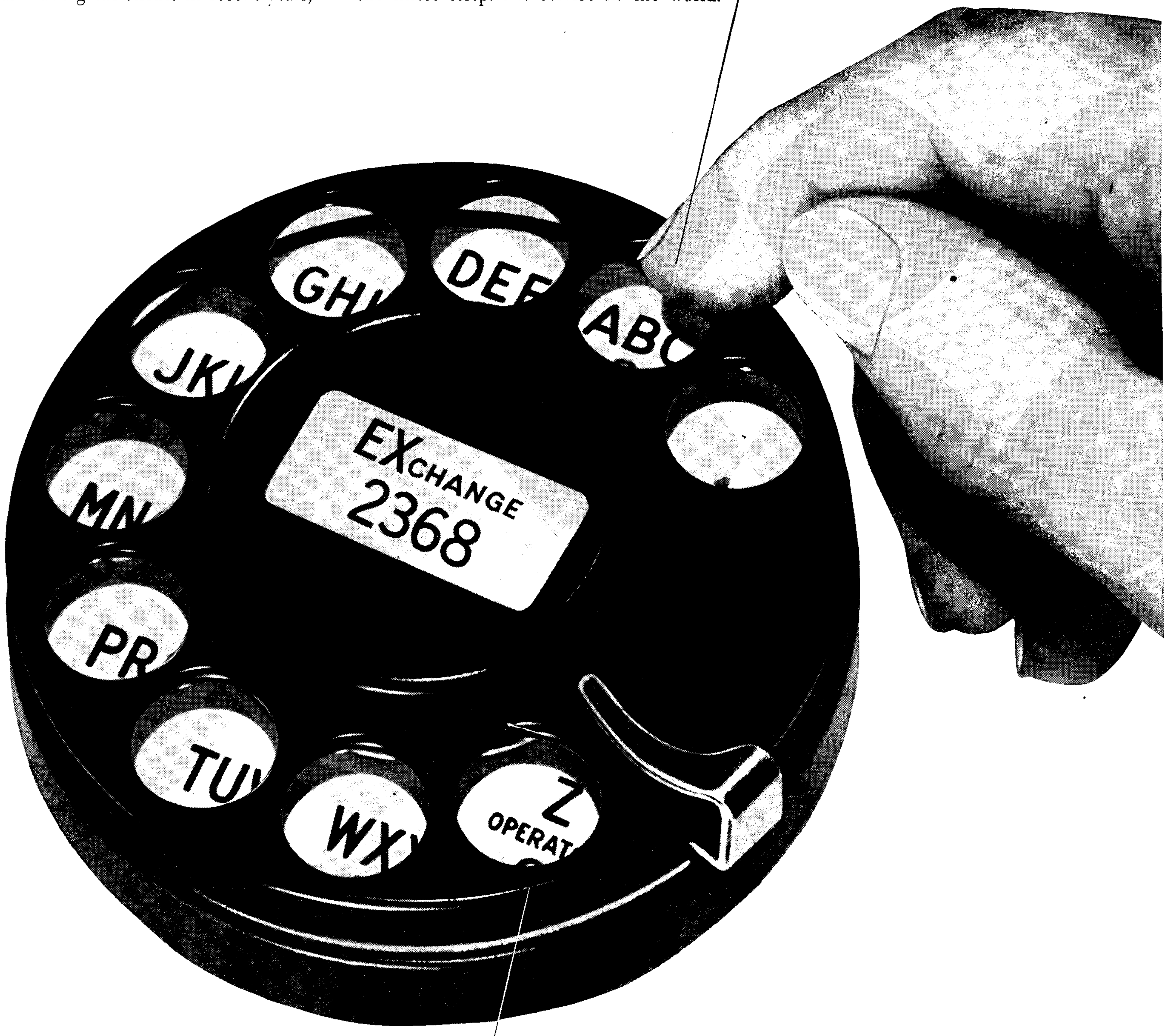
WHEN you turn the telephone dial you are taking control of one of the world's largest and most ingenious machines.

It is a giant mechanical brain which remembers and passes along the letters and the numbers you select. It sets up traffic lights to hold the road open, and reports back if the telephone you want is busy.

Dial has made great strides in recent years, but greater things are in store for tomorrow.

Some day, Bell Laboratories will make it possible for you to dial across the United States as simply and promptly as you dial a neighbor now.

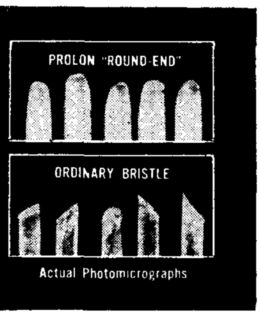
All of this is part and parcel of the over-all Bell Telephone Laboratories program — to help the Bell System keep on giving you the finest telephone service in the world.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NO USE WISHING... OUR BRISTLES WILL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS PROLON!
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
A PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE
ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES
PROLON

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end **PROLON**



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

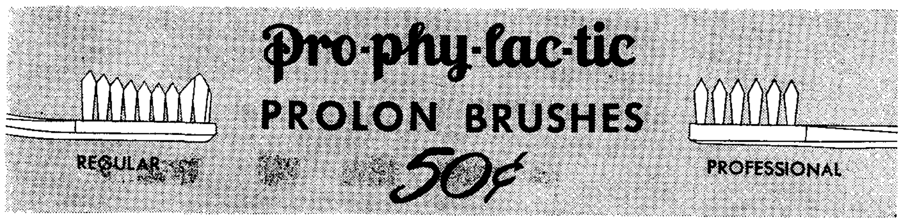
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

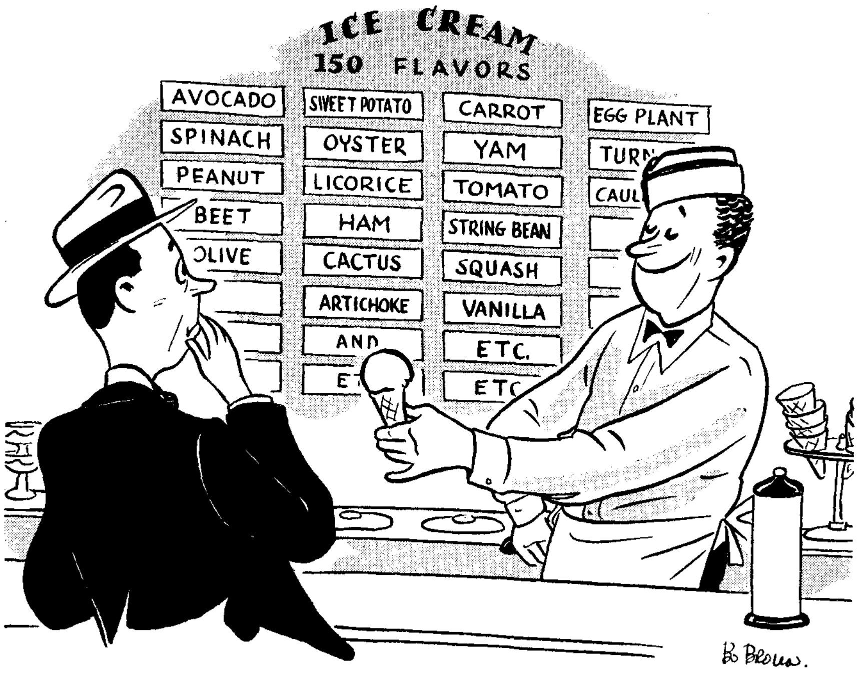
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Ice cream is made in more flavors than any other food, as many as 150 having been on the American market in one recent year, including avocado and sweet potato flavors.

Despite the fact that nearly 60 foreign countries have been increasing their restrictions on the importation of American motion pictures for over a decade, Hollywood producers still make about 35 per cent of their net profit in the foreign market.

The 18 mothers' milk bureaus that were in operation in 17 cities of this country during 1945 purchased from donors, over the 12-month period, a total of 598,000 ounces of human milk at prices varying from 5 to 15 cents an ounce. After being pooled, pasteurized and bottled, it was distributed to mothers whose infants needed it, being given to the poor and sold to others at from 10 to 35 cents an ounce.

During 1945, the Fire Department of New York City received 16,871 false alarms rung by malicious individuals, or more than the total number of alarms received in any city except Chicago.

As flying a plane in bad weather demands more skill than in good weather and is also subject to additional and stricter regulations, pilots of airliners as well as those of other planes are required to have a special license for blind flying.

An exhibit in the British Museum of Natural History in London shows a four-inch African grasshopper, which was captured in the act of devouring a two-inch mouse held firmly between its forelegs.

In the broadcasting of a color television program, a rotating color drum in the camera separates each image into three, representing the colors red, green and blue. Received in black and white, these images are transformed back into their original colors by a revolving color disk in the receiving set, which is synchronized automatically with the color drum in the studio camera.

The recent sale by the U.S. government to a hospital of a millicurie of Carbon 14 for $400 makes this radioactive isotope the most costly substance on record. At this rate, a gram would be worth $400,000 or more than five times the highest price ever paid for a gram of radium.

An ingenious motion picture called The Story of a Mural, which employs figures in paintings instead of live actors, has been completed in Italy and will have its American *première* this fall. The film depicts the life of Christ as portrayed in 37 large frescoes by Giotto in a chapel in Padua. Without a word of narration, the story is unfolded by dissolved shots, which range from groups to close-ups of a face or gesture. In one spot, an angel appears to be flying, the illusion of motion being achieved by a series of shots of several angels with their wings in successive positions.

As there are many industrial processes whose conditions render the use of regular soap impractical if not impossible, the manufacture of more suitable synthetic cleaning agents, which started in 1929, has had a phenomenal growth, having reached a production of 125,000,000 pounds in 1945.

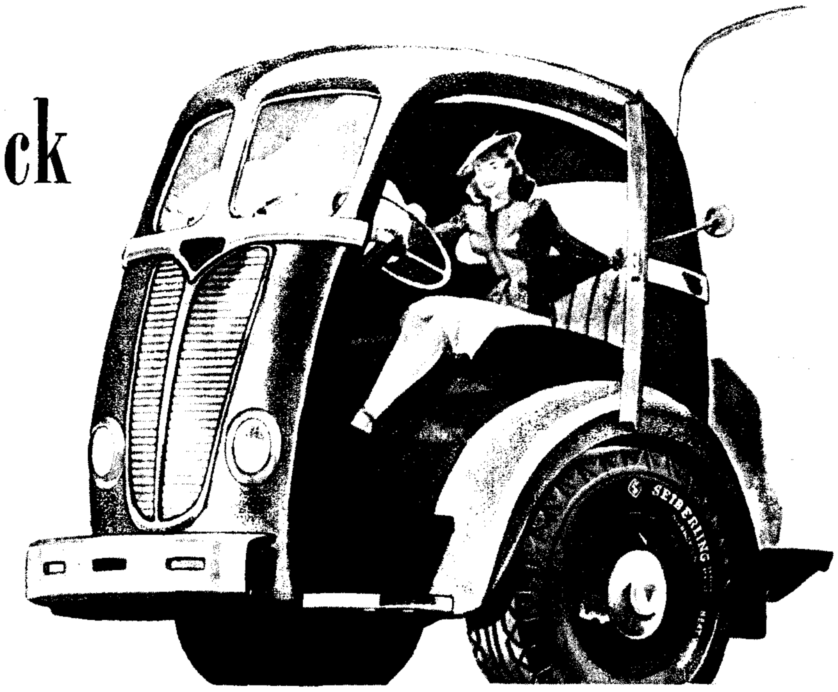
The 650 models of Diesel engines made today range in weight per horsepower from 161 pounds to less than two pounds.

At the recent auction of the celebrated Atwater Collection of U.S. Coins, an 1804 dollar brought $10,500, the world's record price for a single silver coin. Only five other genuine 1804 dollars are known to exist, three being in museums and out of the market for all time, and two in private collections which are unlikely to be broken up for several generations.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

You don't have to drive a truck to learn about tires . . .

—but it helps!



We're not suggesting that you take a job driving a truck before you buy your next set of tires—but you *can* profit by truck operators' experience.

Truck operators are the keenest tire buyers in the world *because they keep accurate mileage records.* They buy only those tires that *prove* to give most miles for the money.

And over the years, truck operators have bought a greater share of Seiberling's tire production than that of any other major tire manufacturer!

Remember *that* the next time *you* buy tires. And remember, too, that in spite of today's abnormal demand for tires, we have not and never will cheapen Seiberling Tires in order to make and sell more of them.

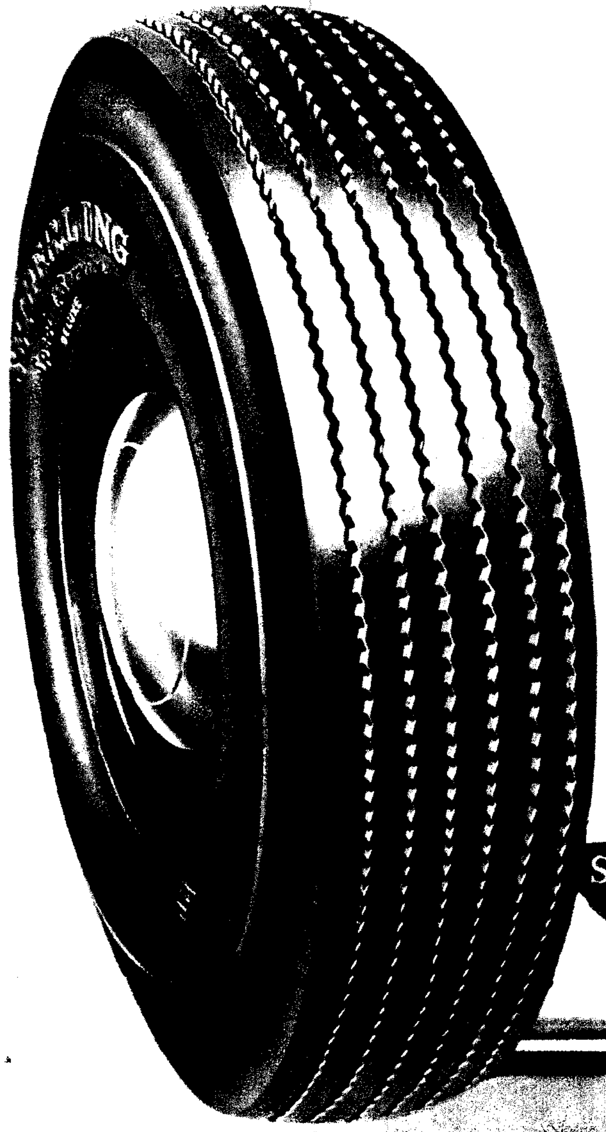
Whether you buy tires for a passenger car or a truck, today as always, *it has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling!*

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • Akron, Ohio, U. S. A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada

An Ideal has a Birthday

Not to build of finest materials alone, but to build with all the character, integrity and loyalty of men who never stop striving for perfection . . . and to offer a superlative product through an organization of fine Independent Merchants, men of initiative and skill whose thoughtful service goes beyond the sale.

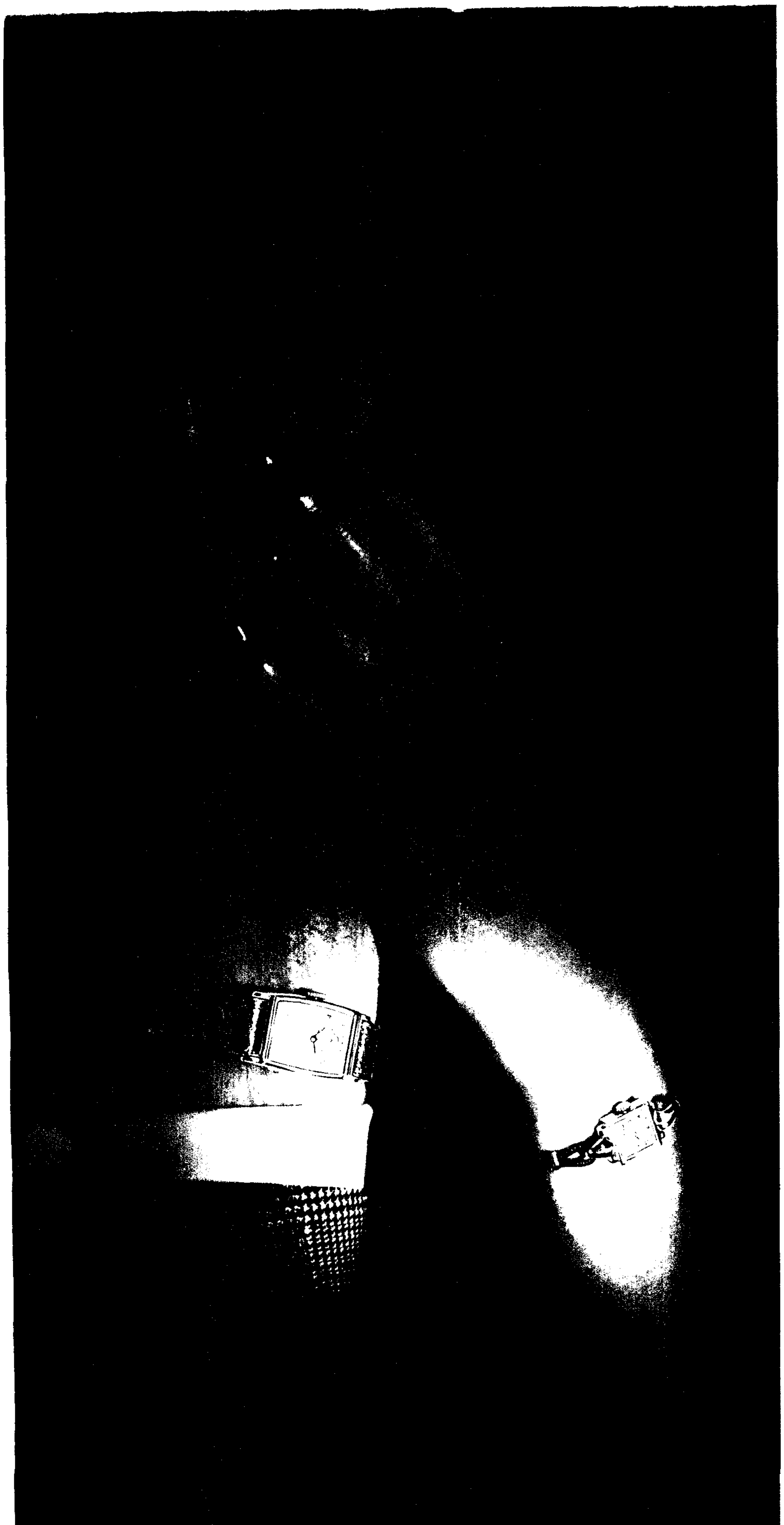
That was the ideal upon which Frank A. Seiberling built the rubber company that bears his name. In this, their 25th year of association, Seiberling and Seiberling Independent Merchants reaffirm that ideal, and celebrate its fruition into a growing organization for ever greater service.



Silver SEIBERLING Anniversary Year

SEIBERLING

A name you can trust in Rubber



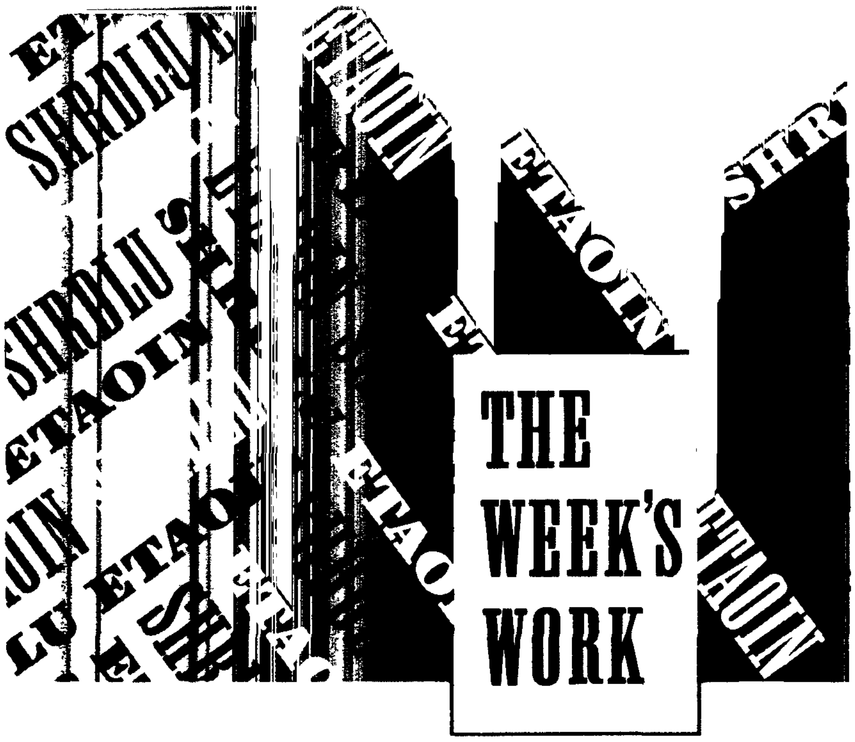
of our love, a symbol

Into this gift, a Rensie Watch, goes so much love and tenderness and hope. A Rensie Watch, so beautiful and so good a teller of time, is a symbol of our love and tenderness and hope.

RENSIE
WATCHES

"Exquisite as America's Beauties" ~ *Engineered for Accuracy*

© 1946 Rensie Watch Company, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



THE WEEK'S WORK

WHAT we are about to tell you probably won't mean a thing to you—consciously. But that's all right, because our object is to influence your unconscious.

If you're observant, you have probably been asking yourself what you noticed that was different about this issue of Collier's. Not the searching, penetrating articles. We don't mean that. Not the sparkling fiction. These items we come by easy in any old issue. But something else.

Shucks, you probably knew all the time! It's the type. Collier's in this issue uses several new, especially designed and distinctive display types. Maybe you think that the fiction title Faster Than a Mule, p. 78, would mean much the same in any kind of type, but we think you are wrong about that. We think that if the type is pleasing, easy on the eye, and somehow in some subtle fashion capable of softening you into a receptive mood, you will like the whole deal better.

This is one of those obscure things we worry about, knowing full well that you, the reader, aren't considering the matter at all.

However, we submit to you that the designing of type is an ancient and honorable art, stemming from Gutenberg—the man who first printed the Bible in movable type, extending its influence by millions.

In the trade in which we of Collier's are engaged, the publishing trade, we have the same sort of respect for type that a violinist has for a Stradivarius, that a bombardier has for his bomb sight. The printed word is our business.

We do not expect you to take an interest in the technical aspects of the publishing business, but perhaps you would be interested to know that a new style of type doesn't simply happen. It has to be created. In this case, the creator was Tommy Thompson, a highly skilled type designer. Thompson has produced for us three new type faces—a condensed type face, using tall narrow letters (see Roman Mosaic, p. 12), a heavier type face, freer in style, used in by-line (By So-and-So), and in some titles (see p. 18), and a third type face (not used in this issue) which is big and heavy and important. This we will use only on state occasions.

OUR most improbable contributors are Everett and Olga Webber, joint authors of Faster Than a Mule, p. 78.

Their principal hobbies, they tell us are "reading and raising nice calves and pigs and chickens," in a place called Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

"Most days," they tell us, "we see no one but the mail carrier. We have a son twelve, and a daughter eleven." Their favorite character, as you know if you are a consistent Collier's reader, is Pop. He was, they tell us, "drawn pretty largely from a friend who lived half a mile down our holler. He was a notable hand on the parlor organ and we had no trouble whatever in hearing him singing most evenings. This organ had only one pedal, and his progeny took turns hunkering under the keyboard to work this pedal very rapidly by hand in order to get enough wind into the entrails of the thing to make it play. We also had a neighbor (whom we have used in stories) who told us, 'I don't allus talk proper, but I was raised to it and when I want to I can rare my head back and talk so proper they can't nobody understand me.' "

THE fighting-football-team cartoon on page 89 was done by Charles D. Pearson who is really pretty noncommittal about football players. What he prefers to draw are apes and scientists, because he likes apes and dislikes scientists. As he puts it, scientists spend all their time seeing how close they can come to blowing up the earth, while apes are tolerant and democratic and yearn for nothing more than bananas to eat and a few lice to scratch. Football players? He accepts them as he accepts plasterers, firemen and eucalyptus trees.

Pearson was still in the cradle when he did his first cartoon—about thirty-three years ago. Later he discovered there were magazines, and then, he confesses, he decided to draw for them. The years passed and finally the magazines decided to print his cartoons.

In January, 1941, Pearson joined Uncle Sam's marching and chowder club. His biggest achievement was the discovery of a huge Jap beer dump.

People frequently write him, telling him he's crazy. He shrugs his shoulders and says, "What's so unusual about that?"

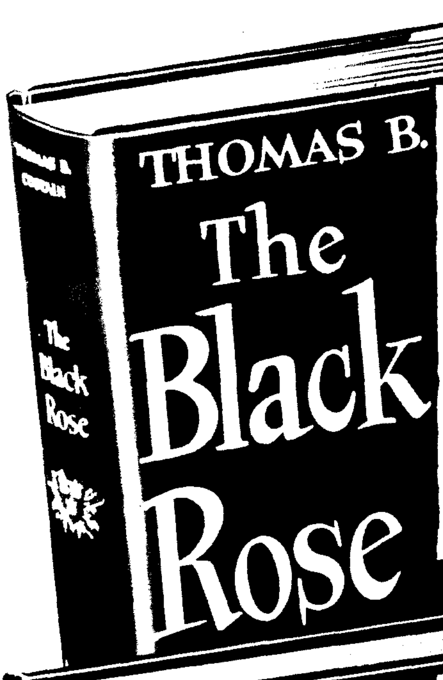
Everett and Olga Webber

This week's cover: Girl on a New York roof is what the artists had in mind on this one. Not an ordinary roof, of course; a penthouse goes with this roof. Bauman-Greene were the photographers. . . .
A. P.

PICK ONE
– IT'S YOURS FOR JUST A 3¢ STAMP

As a New Member of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

HERE is a sensational offer! Pick any one of the big best-sellers shown below. It's yours for just a 3¢ stamp, as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! These novels are best-sellers from coast to coast. Choose the one you want, for just a 3¢ stamp. Also pick the one you want as your first Selection, at the Club's bargain price. Take advantage of this amazing offer now!



THE BLACK ROSE
Why Did He Risk His Life To Save a Harem Girl?

WHEN Walter of Guernie escaped from England, he set his sights for the fabulous treasures of far-off Cathay. And he vowed to return some day to marry aristocratic Lady Engaine. But one look at Maryam, the ravishing harem girl—and *he forgot everything else!*

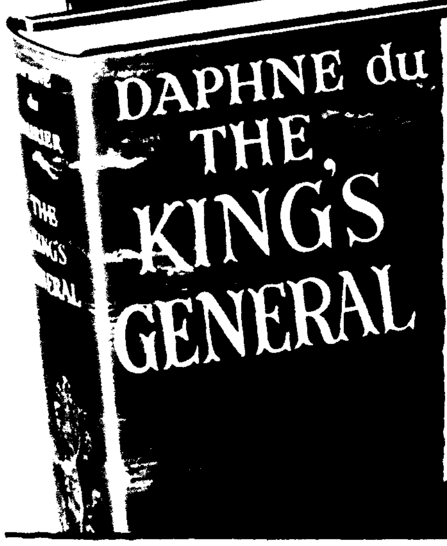
TWO MILLION readers are raving about this breathtaking tale of romance and adventure. Crowded with unforgettable characters, aglow with a stirring love story, *The Black Rose* will give you the reading adventure of a lifetime. Every single one of its 402 pages is packed with spell-binding thrills!

WINNER OF BOTH THE M.G.M. AND
Before the Sun Goes Down

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN
The "Facts of Life"—As a Doctor Sees Them!

AS A physician, Dr. Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of the people of Willowspring. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a *forbidden love* for the one woman he could not have!

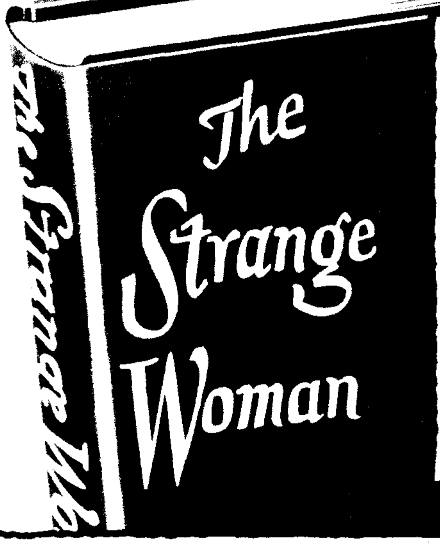
Dan served the town's royalty, as well as the people on the "wrong side of the tracks." He knew that their offspring had a way of getting together to learn the facts of life first hand. Here is a lusty picture of a small town—its Best Families, the Nice People, and the Not-So-Goods. Winner of $145,000.00 in cash prizes!



THE KING'S GENERAL
Love or War—He Took What He Wanted!

RICHARD GRENVILLE was a bold, charming scoundrel whose reputation preceded him wherever he went. Brilliant in battle, merciless to his enemies, unscrupulous with beautiful women, he dared to fall in love with a girl who did not know what love meant.

On the day they were to be married, a cruel fate tore them apart, and for years thereafter, with every reason to be crushed, Honor Harris showed the stuff of which a woman's heart is made! A sensational best-seller by the author of "Rebecca"—$2.75 in the publisher's edition!



THE STRANGE WOMAN
Angel or Devil—Which WAS She?

HEDY LAMARR, star of The Strange Woman—a $2,000,000 Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.

TO THE New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this "Maine Cleopatra" was a shameless, passionate *she-devil!* She drove her own father to drown himself in rum in fear of his unholy desire for her. She brought Isaiah Poster new zest for living—despite his 70 years!

500,000 readers have gasped at this amazing character—soon to be portrayed on the screen by HEDY LAMARR.

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Robert Goodman

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BY HAROLD E. STASSEN

A leading contender for the Republican Presidential nomination gives his formula for party victory

1. LABOR

The G.O.P. should not be antilabor but should sponsor legislation to require secret ballot in union elections and strict accountability of union funds, prohibit use of funds—except voluntary donations—for political purposes, ban compulsory assessments unless voted by members and guarantee workers will be informed of facts by both sides in a dispute. A labor court to decide jurisdictional disputes and a ban on jurisdictional strikes. A "cooling off" period before strikes.

2. HOUSING

Put chief reliance on normal, existing building industry. Some federal funds should be used to speed flow of building materials through normal channels, to train construction apprentices, to straighten out archaic building ordinances.

3. HEALTH

A national program should be based on existing medical and hospital insurance plans. But moderate-income families should be safeguarded, and annual medical checkup made available to all.

4. MONOPOLIES

Nationalization of industry will be vigorously opposed. Management must have the right to manage. Monopolies must be broken up. New businesses must be given a chance to plow back early profits in order to expand.

5. AGRICULTURE

A new agricultural program should be based on an economy of abundance. A two-price approach is recommended: to encourage the farmer to maximum production and to guard him against losses. The program would include government support of price, voluntary shifting of production by the farmer, efficient storage facilities, supported movements of crops in world markets, the development of new uses for agricultural products, soil conservation, development of rural conveniences, higher standards of rural education and health.

6. FINANCE

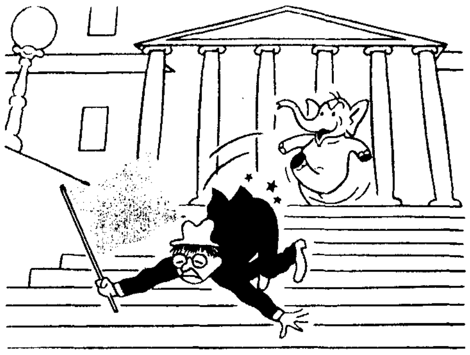
Cut down federal spending by elimination of waste and reduction of federal employees. Hasty reduction of taxes will be resisted and reserves built up to liquidate the federal debt gradually. Tax base should be greatly broadened.

7. WHITE-COLLAR GROUPS

Compensation of middle-income groups should be brought into line through lower prices, high production, competition and the breaking up of monopolies.

8. COMMUNISM

Without Red-baiting, Communism will be opposed, Communists exposed and not permitted to hold appointed federal office.

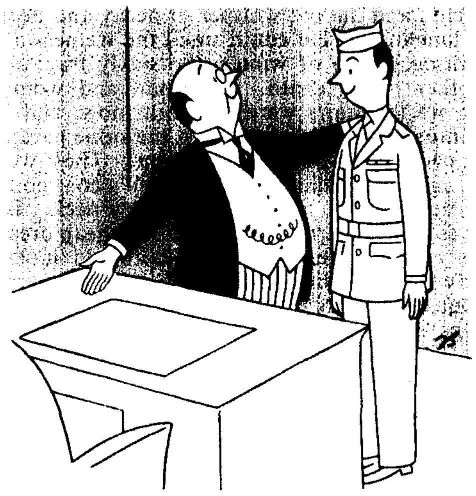


9. GOVERNMENT STATISTICS

All governmental statistics must be honest, statistical employees should be nonpartisan.

10. VETERANS

Funds should be spent primarily for the disabled and unemployed, but all veterans should have maximum opportunity for a well-paying job. No red tape or political favoritism in the Veterans Administration.



11. WORLD POLICIES

Republicans will expand world trade, support the United Nations organization, develop world planning for food, raw materials and finished goods, insist on greater access to world news. American foreign policy will not be tied to that of any other nation.

12. ATOMIC ENERGY

Before atomic information is turned over to any other nation a world-wide system of inspection and control of atomic energy must be assured, bombs must be outlawed and no nation shall have the power to veto enforcement measures.

Above is Collier's summary of Mr. Stassen's program

A STRONG majority of the voters of this country would like to see a change in the national administration. This impression is very strong as you talk with farmers in Wisconsin, cabdrivers in Chicago, auto workers in Detroit, carpenters in Philadelphia, schoolteachers in San Francisco, and office workers in St. Louis. Time after time you hear this remark in one form or another: "I voted for President Roosevelt and Vice-President Truman in 1944, but I have been disappointed since the end of the war and I think I will vote for a change."

They have been pleased with the way the administration followed through on the three major objectives which President Roosevelt established and which had bipartisan support from Republicans and Democrats alike. These were the finishing of the war against Germany, the finishing of the war against Japan, and the formulation and adoption of the United Nations Charter.

But when the present administration had to begin to make major plans and decisions on its own, it began to make a long series of errors and blunders which have had a very adverse effect on the welfare of the people.

Nearly everyone agrees that the administration made a major mistake when it officially sponsored the entirely impossible economic theory that raises in wages could be had without increases in prices. This was a prime factor in the unusual number of strikes and stoppages of production. It increased the inflationary pressures, delayed the production of vitally needed goods and actually resulted in a major decrease in take-home pay, because it has combined with other economic factors to decrease the goods and services which the worker can take home for his pay. This is the take-home pay that counts.

The people have noted the deadlock between Congress and the President and the resulting lack of any new labor policy.

They have seen the *(Continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY BARLOW

BARRINGTON swallowed hard at the great lump of loneliness in his throat, and there was only himself to talk to when he said, wearily, "God, this place certainly looks its age!"

The autumn wind nagged scratchily at the dead leaves around the idle fountain and ruffled the rain-rippled puddles in the Piazza di Spagna; it stirred the long mosses in the old stones and came pantingly up the wide stairs and touched Barrington with cold, nervous gestures. He shivered a little and pulled his greatcoat more tightly about him and hunched his shoulders, and then he stared irritably across the gray thickets of wet stone and the smoky mists above the river. Touched by the cold, vagrant sunlight to the westward, a fretted line of silver stretched from the pale dome of St. Peter's. He no longer felt satisfaction in the realization that he was getting to know Rome because he could identify the flat, birthday-cake bulk of the Castel Sant' Angelo and the massive grotesquerie of the Palace of Justice just beyond where he knew the unseen Ponte Cavour crossed the thin, yellow river.

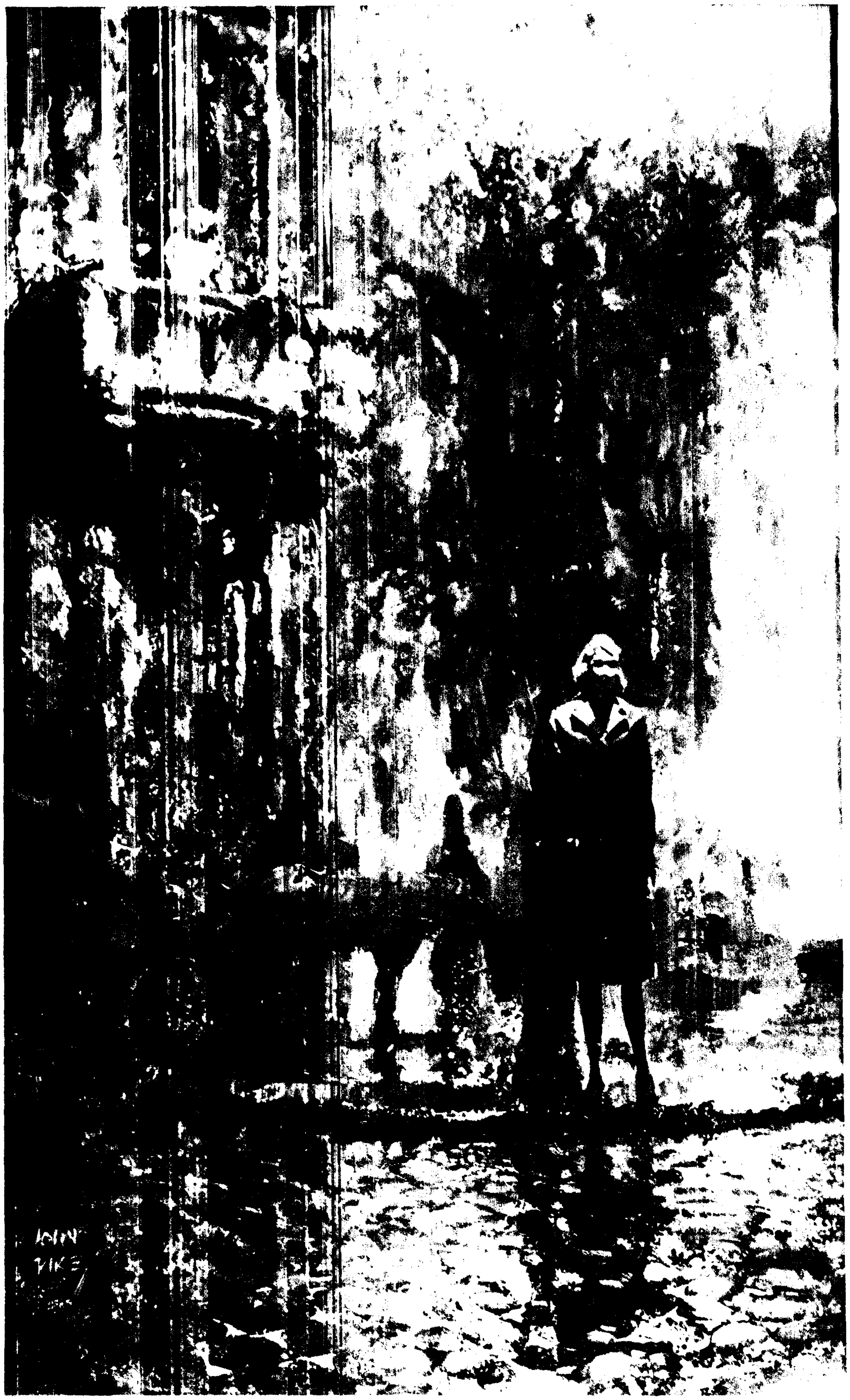
In the rain the flat-topped pines were black. All the color of the city had been sucked into the ragged, leaden sponginess that pressed down upon spires and domes and rooftops. A few people, huddled at the foot of the stairs, had form and life but they, too, were without color, and then the group disintegrated, and a man and a woman began to walk up the stairs, slowly and wearily. Barrington looked away. The thin ribbon of sunlight had gone. The great dome of St. Peter's was dissolving magically in a squall of rain, and in the fretful wind there was a new chill and the old whisper of decay and death —and loneliness. He could smell the wetness and the panting breath of winter, the sickly fragrance of another year's death. The man and woman coming up the stairs were near him now, and he leaned more nonchalantly against the stone parapet and hoped they would talk to him. They were middle-aged and shabby and the man's coat collar was turned up around his lean, hungry neck. Beneath his arm he carried a thin loaf of cheap bread.

They reached the top of the stairs and looked furtively at the soldier, and he softened his expression, but they hurried past him quickly and their footsteps echoed on the wet stone slabs and died away. The Piazza della Trinità dei Monti was empty again, except for Barrington and the whisper of the wind and the pigeons that ruffled their bedraggled feathers fussily. Funny, in all this hunger, that the people had not eaten the pigeons, thought Barrington. He lighted a cigarette and smiled thinly at his own loneliness, and then he thrust his hands deeply into his pockets and slouched back toward the Via Sistina.

There was nothing to do down below. He had already walked the wide street of Babuino, where most of the shops had heavy padlocks on the doors. He had peered through the grimy windows at the fly-spotted prints of childish-looking religious pictures by artists with names like Giotto and Masaccio. After that there had been nothing to see, nothing to do, nobody to talk to. The street had been almost empty. He had wanted to see a girl, any sort of girl. He would have asked her directions, any sort of directions. But he hadn't seen a girl—only kids and old women and men, all thin and shabby and anxious and hungry-looking.

AS HE reached the top of the street the lights flicked on in the Via Sistina: scattered pin points of yellow and a few dazzling smears of green and red rippling on the shining cobbles. He did not want to go inside to the cold, cheerless loneliness of his hotel room, and he walked on past the door, beneath the hanging electric sign that blinked in the drizzling rain and the soft silence. And then the yellow E in the big, glittering word ALBERGO spluttered and sizzled and went out. Barrington walked on downhill trying to pronounce "Albrgo."

He walked aimlessly and slowly because there was nothing else to do. He stopped at every shop that had merchandise in the windows, although most of the places had once sold wines and food and now they were dark and silent, their doors locked and barred. But there were shops with silk stockings and signs that said *Pura Seta—Lire* 500. The word *seta* reminded him somehow of crossword puzzles in the Tribune. He came to a shop with its small window containing only one article, a pair of filmy lace step-ins that looked small and dainty and a bit daring. Barrington wondered how Lena, his wife, would look in step-ins like those.



Here is a story of singular power—the story of victor and vanquished meeting in the dismal and lonely aftermath of war. It is not a love story, in the ordinary sense

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The girl stopped and stared at Barrington as he glanced awkwardly at his watch. When he looked up she was still there

BY GEORGE H. JOHNSTON

Inside the shop there was a tall, dark girl hanging frocks on a rack beside a little red table lamp, and he peered at the girl through the window, but she saw him and turned away quickly and disappeared behind some black drapes. Maybe the step-ins would be a bit scratchy, thought Barrington, and anyway two thousand lire was twenty dollars and that seemed a bit too much to pay for one piece of underwear. He walked on slowly, in the darkness, thinking of the lingerie. There wasn't much else to buy in Rome. There were the cameos, of course, but he didn't know much about them and the ones that looked good to him were awfully expensive. Then there was that cheap jewelry of colored mosaic. He liked that. It was bright and unusual—and Lena liked novel things and never worried much about how much things cost.

Barrington quickened his steps with a new decision. He would go down to the little jewelry shop he had seen at the end of the Via Sistina, and he would buy Lena a mosaic bracelet. Maybe a brooch, too, if he could get one to match. Then he would go back to his room and write her a letter. He would tell her again how marvelous it was to be in Rome and how much he wished she was there to share everything with him. Normally, he didn't feel much like writing letters home any more. Since the censorship had gone it should have been easier to say things, but it wasn't. Months after the occupation the atmosphere of Rome had soured and it didn't seem much use saying anything. He would write about the Catacombs and the Colosseum, and he could tell her how the guide in the Red Cross tour had told him to stand on the grooved third step down near the Forum place—the step where Julius Caesar had been murdered. Lena liked getting letters with that sort of stuff in, because she could tell her friends. Then he'd explain about the mosaic work and say it was pretty cheap and really not worth a damn, but it was colorful and sort of typical of Rome. . . .

BERNINI'S big fountain was black and heavy; its dolphins were grotesquely outlined across the Piazza Barberini, but yellow radiance splashed across the sidewalk from the little jewelry shop. Barrington peered into the window at the little pieces of colored mosaic on the glass shelves. He knew Lena would like them. He could imagine her holding out her arm to her friends and twisting her wrist a little so that the colored fragments would catch the light and saying: "Frank sent them from Rome. He sends me some little thing from every place he visits. I think it's awfully sweet."

He walked into the shop timidly and the little old man saw his uniform and came forward eagerly, saying "Yes, yes, yes, yes," very quickly in English.

Because he was lonely Barrington began to talk to the old man, asking him where the stones came from and questioning him about the technique of mosaic, and the old man asked him had he seen the great mosaic murals in St. Peter's, and Barrington nodded. "The same," said the old man, brightly, and they huddled together over the trays comparing designs.

"It's just that I want some little trinket that will be—well, sort of typical of Rome," said Barrington, defensively. "For my wife," he added, and then he grinned and held up his hand to show how tall his wife was.

The little old man cocked his head on one side like a sparrow and said, admiringly: "So tall, eh? Ah, then you must send her mosaic. Of Rome it is most typical. Ah, yes, Roman mosaic. You can select nothing better."

Barrington saw the girl come in and walk shyly to the far corner of the shop. She fumbled in a shabby black purse and the old man excused himself and went across to her.

Barrington looked at the girl sideways while he pretended to examine the cheap, gay little bracelets of mosaic. She was blond and no longer young—not really young—but she was slim and attractive, although her slimness told of undernourishment, and her face was pinched and she looked sad and hungry. Everybody in Rome looked hungry, thought Barrington, and most people looked sad, like this girl. He liked her coloring—tawny hair and olive skin and dark, luminous eyes. He could not see her left hand but she had the look of a woman who was married. There were lines drawn finely around her tired eyes. She looked clean, though, and sort of respectable and, well, classy. Her coat and shoes were worn and thin and

(Continued on page 42)

AND THEY CALL IT PEACE STREET!

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Amid the mad whir of sewing machines and the frenzied click of spike heels, the Rue de la Paix pursues its dizzy way as fashion center of the world. Here Collier's correspondent invades the three short blocks where Paris' most famous couturiers intrigue

BY RADIO FROM PARIS

THERE is a street in Paris called "Rue de la Paix" or street of peace—which only goes to prove what a Mephistophelean sense of humor these Frenchies have; because this little alley has caused more trouble in the world than Pennsylvania Avenue, Unter den Linden, Red Square and Whitehall combined. The trouble is summed up in broken homes, all nations; broken heads, male and female; broken hearts, female; broken pocketbooks, male.

Paris is the capital of La Belle France, but Rue de la Paix is the capital of *les belles* of the entire globe.

As Paris streets go, it is straight. In the brotherhood-of-man sense, however, it is the most crooked street in existence. It is responsible for a vaster total of espionage, deceits, jealousies, backbitings, feuds, gossips, eye-scratchings and kisses of Judas than all the foreign ministries of all empires and sovereign nations lumped together. For more debts, malefactions, embezzlements, adulteries, filchings and felonies than all the inmates of all the jugs of the United States, Mexico, the United Kingdom and Scandinavia.

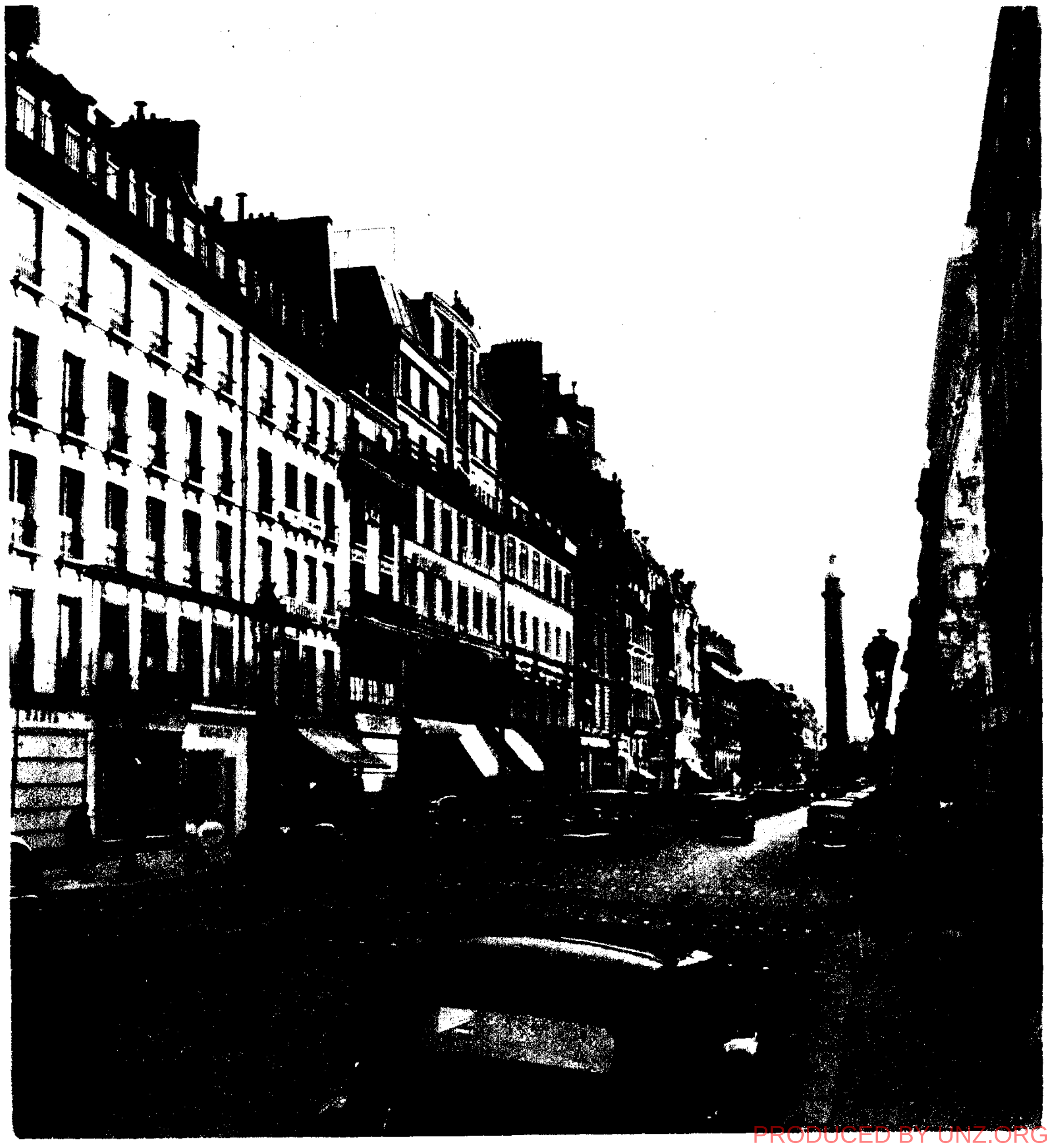
Rue de la Paix is small. You could drop it into the Loop in Chicago and even an advertising salesman with a garter account would not be able to find it. It runs from Place de l'opéra to Place Vendôme, only three blocks in the American method of counting; and you can walk the length of it in as many minutes—if you are a male and alone. But if you are not a male—alone or in company only with other males—no power in heaven, hell or the Atlantic Charter can put a time schedule on your passage through it.

For Rue de la Paix is the Wall Street of fashion. It is the Threadneedle Street of mode. It is the Stock Exchange of style, the Fort Knox of gloss, the Treasury Department of chic, good taste, elegance, charm and beauty.

The *haute couture* and its related de luxe businesses that stem from Rue de la Paix had gained, just before the war, second place among French industries. The very word "fashion" has no light or frivolous meaning in France. It means, rather, solid cash for the national budget. Its recovery is so rapid that the forecast for 1946 is that the luxury trade it represents will account for thirty billion francs of the national revenue of which twenty-five billions will be from exports.

In normal times you would have to double these figures to reach the true value of exports Paris financiers advise, because they include only those registered at customs, whereas numberless foreign women, chiefly American, buy dresses and fixings

This is the Rue that rules the world—at least the world of fashion, Frenchmen say. The 150-foot column at the far end commemorates Napoleon, not Worth



Apprentices, although they earn little money, may go places in outfits like Jeanne Lanvin's

The Rue de la Paix not only clothes, but also coifs madame. Here's Rambaud at work

Schiaparelli (right) creates, while a helper executes and the model looks simply lovely. The result will cost some male plenty of dough—but it will be worth it

Models get dressed for a showing at Marcel Rochas. The standard French figure, say designers, isn't as good as the American. But there are obvious exceptions

and take them home without declaration. The large proportion of *haute couture* exported is of emphasized value to France's economy because it is a self-supporting industry dependent relatively little on raw materials but much on handwork and internally finished goods. One average exported dress permits the import of ten tons of petroleum.

Likewise, no other industry activates so many other complete industries, tourism for example. Fashions attract more feminine visitors from abroad than châteaux. It is estimated that for every single dress bought in France by a foreigner, that client will spend in other ways in addition more than fifty times the price paid for the dress. Ninety per cent of purchases of French luxury products are consummated in Paris. Concentration of *haute couture* in it has made Paris the dream city for women shoppers and the one foreign city a majority of Americans want most to visit. *Haute couture* is also the backbone of the French textile industry. Lyons, third city of France and Europe's biggest silk manufacturing center, lives off *haute couture.* The cotton and chemical industries are bounden to it. The livestock industry profits from the French reputation in glovemaking. The town of Grasse in southern France, international perfume capital, is hinged to *haute couture.*

Rue de la Paix is, accordingly, the most valuable strip of France's soil. This big little street and its overflow into other Parisian streets engages sixty-six professions, one hundred thousand enterprises or companies; employing more than half a million expert craftspeople directly and one and a half million workers indirectly.

Where Clothes Make the Woman

Rue de la Paix can make, and historically often has made, queens out of any Cinderella. Its precepts enable women—excluding, of course, frumps, who just naturally don't care—to look and smell their best at all times and in all places, not excepting the bathtub. Its influence, in some measure at least, permeates every department store and retail shop in the United States that deals in feminine wear. In the immensely complex spheres of womanly glad rags Rue de la Paix wields a tighter dictatorship than Franco in politics. Therefore, the boasted determination of the United States to win style independence and its ambitions of becoming a world fashion navel are now causing otherwise dignified people to roll around in the well-sluiced gutters of Rue de la Paix absolutely convulsed with ribald laughter.

Rue de la Paix is not much to look at unless you know your snap fasteners. It is narrow and noisy and its gray old buildings lean together like a line of 1850 chorus girls who got embalmed halfway through a cancan. Yet you can start right at No. 1 to read from door to door the Burke's Peerage of fashion royalty, the Almanach de Gotha of *haute couture.*

It was at No. 7 that the sewings-on began from which grew the fabulous wealth and power of Rue de la Paix and its dominion over busts, waists and *derrières,* from icy mountains to coral strands. This will slay those of you who have ever seen English women's clothes in their native habitat—England being a place where they use packing crates for dressmaker forms and cake tins for shoe molds—but the indubitable truth is that the founder of *haute couture* and first Noble of the Needle actually was an Englishman, Charles Frederick Worth, born in Lincolnshire 120 years ago.

There is a statue of Napoleon on a 150-foot column in Vendôme. It looks like a cork for Rue de la Paix. *Haute couture* believes that a statue in pure gold of Charles Frederick Worth should be there instead—dressed as Marie Antoinette, I presume.

Paix and Vendôme have between them the greatest stored wealth per square yard of any city district in the world, due to the massing therein of renowned foreign banks and jewelers, blood kin of *haute couture.* Morgan is here, Central Hanover, Westminster and others. Chase is but a few steps away, reachable through the Ritz Hotel. Guaranty Trust is near by. Under the sign of their Patron Saint Eloi are the jewelers you find in London, Miami, New York, Monte Carlo and other congestions of easy money—Cartier, Patek, Philippe, Van Cleef and Arpels, Boucheron, Mappin and Webb—eighteen of them on Paix alone. Still nobody remembers a big robbery, although the only precautions are night watchmen and alarm bells.

Even the Germans didn't steal anything, but with the two billion francs per day they printed against the hapless French treasury they were avid shoppers. The jewelers hid their finest gems; how, they are reluctant to tell, because in Paris, from long, historic experience, you never know who may be here next.

Common German soldiers went mostly for underwear—excuse, please—lingerie, (*Continued on page* 84)

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEIGER–RAPHO–GUILLUMETTE

OLD SORORITY SISTER • BY WILLIAM MARCH

Melinda Broadfoot Opp was battle-wise in the stratagems of process servers. But Dexter Tate was a master strategist—and when he served Melinda, he served her right

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

AS I SAID a minute ago, I've served a lot of summonses on a lot of different people in my time, but you're the first to leave word with the doorman, for fear you'd miss me when I came, or to invite me in afterward for a bottle of beer and a friendly chat. If Dexter Tate was still in town, I'd rush right over and tell him about it.

Who's he? You mean who's Dexter *Tate?* Why, Dexter was the slickest process server I ever met, or hope to meet. We worked for the same law firm some years back, and in those days Dexter was a young lawyer just out of college. His work was to look up points of law for the partners. Handing out summonses wasn't part of his job, but he'd rather serve a subpoena than do anything else in the world, and when the regular operators were stymied, and admitted it, he'd usually take charge.

Take the case of the Louise Dress Shop, Inc., against Melinda B. Opp, for instance. It was a suit to collect on an unsecured, three-thousand-dollar debt which had been owing for a long time. Our firm represented the dress shop, and the defendant, this Mrs. Opp who'd bought the clothes but wouldn't pay for them, was certainly hard to track down. She lived in a big house on Thirty-eighth Street, but she was out of town a good deal of the time, and nobody could say for sure when she was in the city and when she wasn't. The butler would open the door about an inch when a server called and say that Mrs. Opp was in Czechoslovakia gathering material for her next volume, and that's about as much satisfaction as anybody could get. Well, that's the way things stood when Dexter took over.

Yes, sir, you guessed it: The defendant in this case was nobody but Melinda Broadfoot, the celebrated writer. It seemed that she'd made a pile of money for herself with her books and magazine articles; then, too, this gentleman she married in her late forties, this old Mr. Opp, didn't last at all long. When he died, he left her rolling in jack, and so I said to Dexter, "With all that money, why doesn't she pay her debts like other people?"

But Dexter laughed, lifted his eyebrows and said, "Please!—let's try not to be *wholesome!*"

He was on his way to the library at the time, to browse among Mrs. Opp's published works, as he expressed it. He said he hoped to get some idea of both her character structure and her vulnerable points that way, and when he returned to the office later in the afternoon, I said, "Did you discover her weak point?"

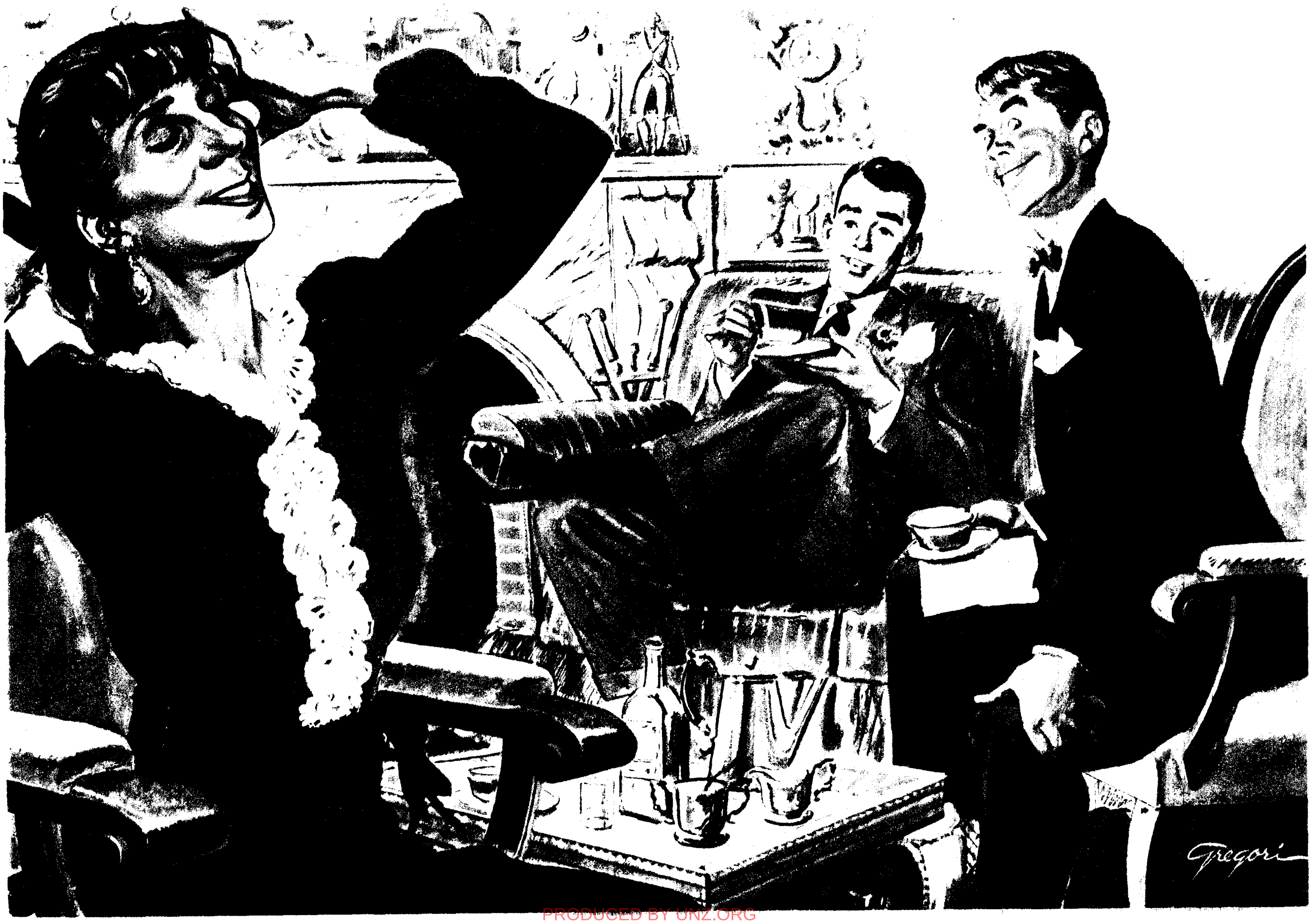
He said, "As a matter of fact, I did: Melinda Broadfoot has an ego you can strike a match on, and that's what is going to trip her up at the right time." He hoisted his feet onto his desk, lighted a cigarette and went on to explain that he'd gone through a good many pages of Miss Broadfoot's prose since he'd seen me last; also, he'd read and digested all the biographical material he could find about her.

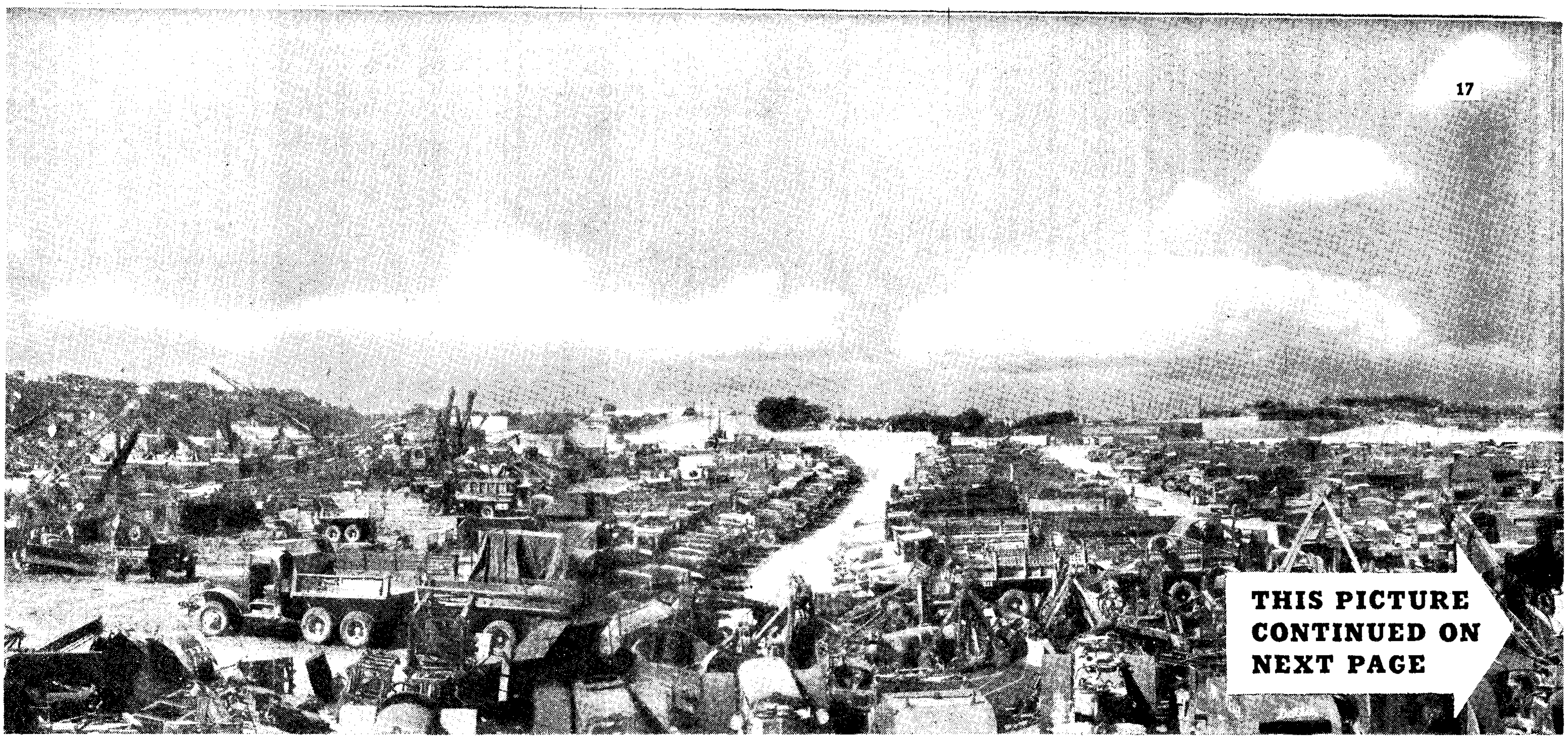
All at once, he shoved a big, square book toward me and said, "Melinda Broadfoot Opp is an old Gardiner College girl, in case you didn't know, and this is the Gardiner Annual for the year she was graduated, with first honors and all the prizes. It's her own copy, as you can see from the flyleaf, and I suppose she presented it to the library as a sort of historical document. I keep thinking there should be an approach through the old-college-days angle, but if there is, I haven't figured it out so far."

Miss Broadfoot's accomplishments in college were listed in fine print beneath her photograph. You know the sort of thing I mean, don't you? . . . "Editor-in-Chief of the yearbook itself; President of the Student Body in Senior Year; Member

(Continued on page 63)

The massive doses of vitamins were making Melinda a little playful. She adjusted her hair and said in her chirping voice, "Not even for a pretty please?"





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CONTINUED ON
NEXT PAGE

Here is American equipment on Okinawa before V-J Day. Today our equipment and bases on various islands are falling into ruin, swallowed by mud and jungle

BILLIONS IN THE MUD

BY ROBERT TRUMBULL

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. NAVY

The Pacific bases we wrested from the Japs, at a terrific cost, are now monuments of neglect. Are our defenses there heading back to a pre-Pearl Harbor status? Mr. Trumbull, who saw these bases rise and fall, presents a startling picture

UNTIL V-J Day, the Empire of Japan included a vast network of island bases in the Pacific. Every American who read the war news or listened to the radio was apprehensively aware of this mighty bastion. Our Navy, Army and Marines expended tremendous force in attacking it, then occupied the remnants after the surrender.

Now, one year later, we "hold" this Pacific defense system whose potentialities were recognized and exploited by the Japanese years ago. We "hold" it—and let it rot. These island bastions today are in a rapid state of decay, with the voracious jungle swallowing the Jap-built airfields and gun emplacements. Our minuscule occupation "forces" are undermanned and poorly supplied. We have made marvelous advances in native health and education, but in a purely military sense the story is one of neglect.

I toured the principal islands of the former Japanese mandates, visiting 32 of them, large and small. The desolation I saw was, to say the least, disillusioning. This was not so much where the Japs had been in control throughout the war—for these island centers had been among the most heavily bombed spots on earth and I expected them to be beaten up. But on islands that we had captured by force of arms and where as a war correspondent I had seen tremendous military development in an incredibly short time, postwar conditions were shocking.

I was one of the eyewitnesses to the attack on Pearl Harbor, and then I saw the magnificent recovery and the building of a series of bases across the Pacific to the threshold of Japan. Now I have seen an equally amazing deterioration of our defenses in the Pacific.

It had been difficult to realize during the war days, that one day our men would stream out of these islands as fast as they had poured in, that the roads once clogged with trucks would go back to the jungle, that the airstrips would soon know no wings but those of the long-legged reef herons, and that some of the busiest piers in the world, left untended, would be smashed by the patient surf in a few short months. Not only are we virtually abandoning some of our great wartime bases in the Pacific, but we are failing to develop the potentially better bases that have fallen into our hands. Whether this neglect is necessary or wise or dangerous can be decided only by Washington or the United Nations.

But the fact is that the famous Japanese bastions—Truk, Yap, Ponape, the Palaus—today are caricatures of what they once were and what they might be. We have done little to restore them beyond cleaning up the rubble our bombers left, and the Japanese had to furnish the labor for that. We are making no use of these islands beyond holding them, and even in this simple custodianship there is uncertainty and lack of direction. With the virtual abandonment of the great bases we built from the ground up after Pearl Harbor, we are worse off defensively in the Pacific now than we were at the end of the war.

Our Garrisons Are Weak

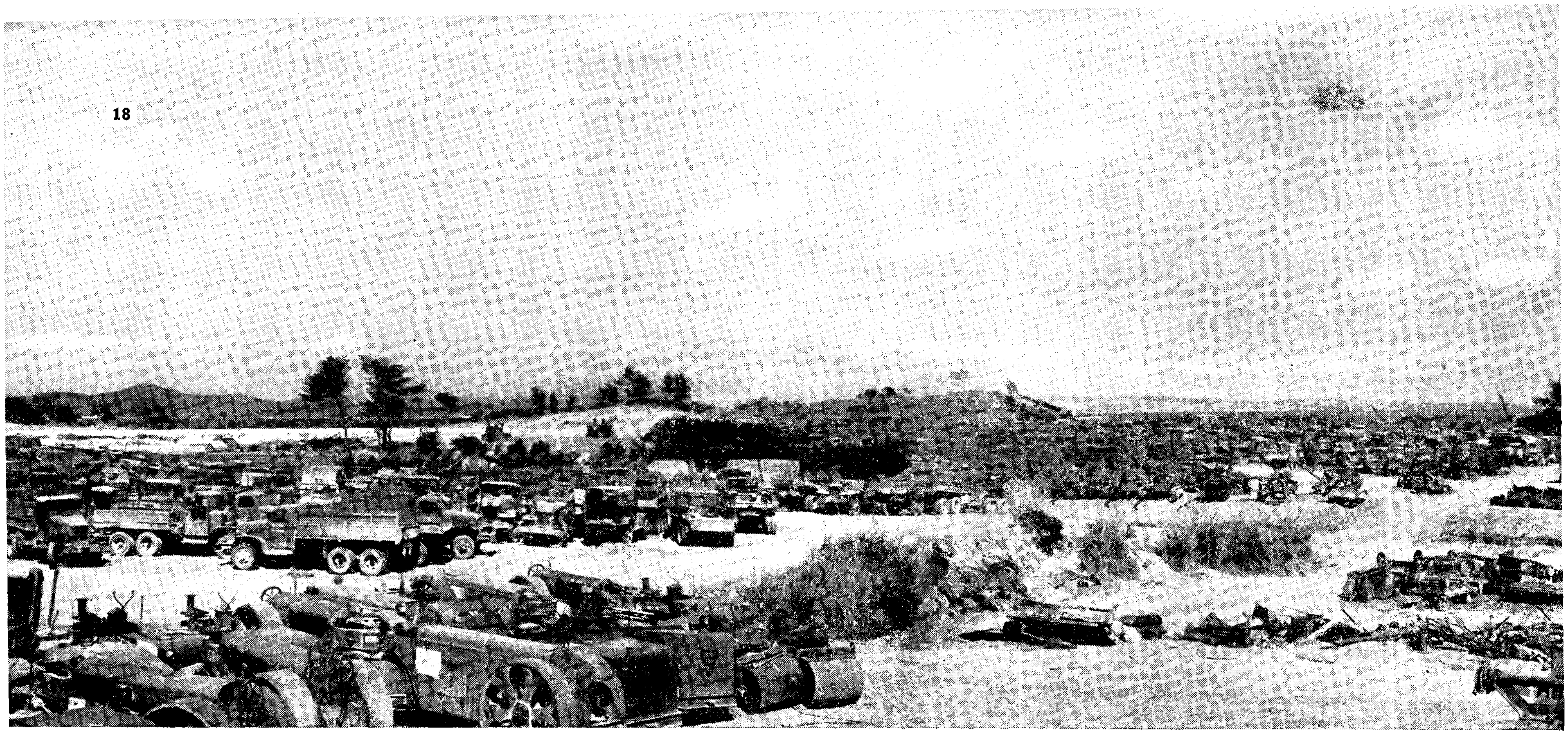
Actually, some of the "bastions" surrendered by the Japanese could be taken from us at present by the natives with their spears, and if the natives destroyed the communications shack first, the outside world might not know of the revolt for days. Such an event, of course, is highly unlikely, but it would not be without precedent in the turbulent history of some of the islands, whose natives massacred Spaniards and Germans in the memory of living brown-skinned kings. There was a particularly bad uprising in Ponape, one of our most weakly garrisoned groups taken from the Japs, as late as 1910.

American occupation theoretically covers the former Japanese mandates—thousands of islands dotting a sea area of more than five million square miles, inhabited by 67,000 brown Micronesian natives and containing the military installations that forced us into the bloody campaigns of Tarawa, the Marshalls, Saipan and Peleliu.

These atolls and island groups contain many protected anchorages, each of which could shelter all the fleets of the world, and there are numerous land masses, of volcanic origin, sufficiently large for major shore-base development. These are all outside the typhoon belt, which is an important consideration in Pacific defense planning.

If fortified, the former Japanese mandated islands would form a curtain of steel between our West Coast defenses, including Hawaii, and an aggressor from the Far East. In the last war they were a protection for the Japanese against us, and gave the opposing forces an outthrust spearhead in our direction. Even as incredibly misguided and unskillful as the Japs were in the use of their assets, it took no end of trouble and much spilling of blood to get through these islands to the enemy's interior defenses.

The U.S. Navy's present plans for the former Japanese mandates, as supplied to the House Naval Affairs Committee, are very modest: Saipan would be operated in conjunction with nearby Guam as a repair base



for ships and an air base for carrier groups, reconnaissance and antisubmarine patrol; Eniwetok, Kwajalein, Truk and Palau would be small fleet anchorages when needed, with air bases for reconnaissance and servicing transient planes; Majuro and Ulithi, both onetime principal anchorages for the Pacific fleets, would be placed in "caretaker" status "available for emergency use" as temporary fleet anchorages and emergency landings.

There are two reasons why the Navy in a year of occupation has done almost nothing to develop the islands into our Pacific defense system. First, no one is certain that we are going to keep the islands, though we fought our way onto them in the Marshalls, Palaus and Marianas.

The future status of the former Japanese mandated islands is supposed to come before the United Nations, sometime. It's possible the question won't be discussed within a year, while the U.S. Navy remains in possession. Other nations would like to have them, or see them under an international trusteeship arrangement in which, presumably, the United States would be sole trustee for some if not all of the islands. Until this question is settled there cannot, of course, be any large expenditure by us for military development of the outposts.

Second, such plans as the Navy has made are hamstrung by lack of personnel. A too-rapid demobilization took away qualified technicians and literally left boys to do the work of men. The man-power situation in the Pacific is far worse than the average civilian realizes. Discharges have moved low-point men up all along the line, so that sometimes one finds officers in key positions who are incompetent, not through any fault of their own, but because they were not trained for the jobs they had to take over.

As for the enlisted men, the lack of "rated" personnel is keenly felt. Some of the smaller garrisons in the Pacific are made up today of real pioneers, men who have had to learn entirely new jobs as they went along.

The higher echelons have fumbled sadly in logistics now that the war is over. Some of the islands badly in need of machinery have been given dilapidated equipment, or none at all, while brand-new machines in factory crates rust away on other islands. Ponape, for instance, was using topless jeeps and trucks that looked as if they had been salvaged from a sunken ship. The tires were rotten, and there wasn't a tire patch on the island, which fact forced the patient and resourceful enlisted men in Ponape's pitiful motor pool to mend inner tubes with smears of raw sap from experimental rubber trees in the Japanese agricultural research plantation.

At the same time row upon row of brand-new trucks on Manus Island stood exposed to the weather and overgrown by jungle vines. Wire snippers would be needed to get the wheels of these new trucks free of the twining growths. At the same time the metal parts were rusting and the wood was rotting in the damp, tropical climate. Millions of dollars worth of unused or almost new material is feeding the hungry and evergrowing jungle in this way throughout the Pacific, partly because the Navy lacks means of transport. There are plenty of ships—also laid up and rotting—but no men to run them.

The Japs Are Useful

Transportation among the islands is hit-and-miss. Of all the Japanese air bases occupied by us after V-J Day, there was not a single airfield fit to receive an American plane. One is being built at Truk—with Japanese labor. Incidentally, a great deal of skilled as well as common manual labor needs in the occupied islands were supplied by the Japanese garrisons before they were repatriated. American officers at Truk frankly called the Japanese there a "godsend." The admirals in the Marianas don't like to have POWs written about, for fear they may have to send them home and lose this labor supply.

So far as the Navy's stewardship of these islands is concerned, we may conclude that until the final status of the occupied territory is determined there can be no clear-cut, long-range planning; and that if there were extensive plans, the Navy does not have the man power to carry them out.

One field in which the Navy does have a long-range plan is in education of the natives. Patient, tireless work is being done by young "education officers" and their assistants on the staffs of some island commanders, but the bulk of the teachers are natives. In the Yap islands most of the actual instruction is given by tattooed, breechclouted native bucks who try to teach the English language by leading community singing of God Bless America, Clementine, and a couple of hymns. However, native teachers are being trained at Guam and Majuro.

The position of the Army and Navy and the Joint Chiefs of Staff as to the political future of the former Japanese mandated islands is clear. They want complete United States sovereignty, with the nonmandate groups—Iwo, the Bonins, the Ryukyus and others in the same northern Pacific area near the Japanese homeland—under United Nations trusteeship with the United States as the sole administering trustee. These latter groups do not figure in this discussion, nor does Guam, which is indisputably a United States possession and is still being extensively developed as a naval base.

Presumably if complete sovereignty over the other islands were granted to the United States, there would be some development of them. The Navy, in such an event, would desire complete control, holding that the islands are important to us mainly in a naval sense. However, the published tentative plans of the Navy, referred to before, are very insignificant. The idea, as I have it from high naval officers, would be that in case of need an "advance base construction unit" would rush to the appropriate islands and do the necessary building in a terrible hurry, as they did in the late war.

Even on islands which teemed with hundreds of thousands of men a year ago, vast installations have been abandoned and the garrisons have dropped to handfuls.

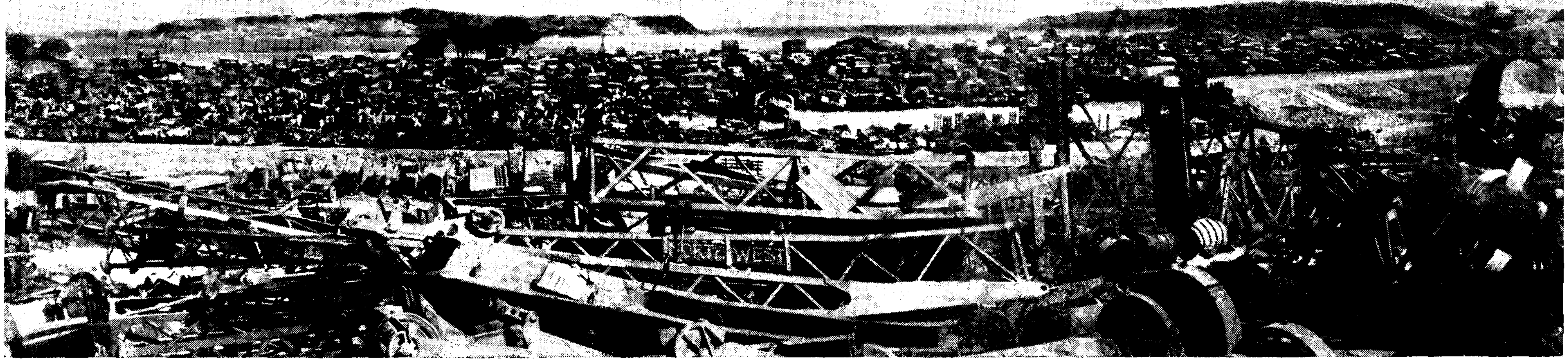
You feel a nostalgia for the old bustling war days when driving past the empty B-29 strips, now huge black-top deserts, and mile after mile of deserted tents and Quonsets on Saipan and Tinian, or when gazing out over empty Seeadler Harbor at Manus, which held hundreds of ships when the Philippines invasion was staged there. But the most amazing deterioration was at Ulithi.

The Navy moved into Ulithi unopposed in September, 1944, hustled its 400 natives onto the segregated island of Fassarai, and swiftly made this little atoll in the Carolines into the fabulous forward base of the fleet. Here in a broad lagoon surrounded by thirty narrow sandspits of islands, the final overpowering naval blows against Japan had their inception.

The Navy estimates that 2,500,000 officers and men (including repeaters, of course) went ashore on the famous "recreation island" of Mogmog, a piece of land about the size of Times Square. The admirals had their own saloon in a mahogany-pillared native men's clubhouse. The junior officers drank double bourbons and water in a shed next to a native graveyard which the Seabees fenced with barbed wire to keep drunks off the coral headstones, and the enlisted men had a baseball field and beer garden.

Last March, Ulithi was reduced to a garrison of 27 enlisted men manning a Coast Guard loran station and a Navy aerological unit, all under command of a warrant officer. The airfield on Falalop Island is showing little creepers of green vines and the only wings are those of the reef herons. Sorlen Island, once the seat of the world's largest water-taxi service with 400 boats, is deserted and the only boat left in the atoll is a battered LCVP which belongs to the natives. The little American garrison has to borrow it from the natives when someone wants to go from one island to another.

From Fassarai the Ulithians have spread back among the other islands, and King Ueg (pronounced Werk) once more lives in his old capital, Mogmog. The admirals' bar is again a men's clubhouse, and the junior officers' shed is gone. All the Quonset huts still stand, and some of them are occupied by native families who regularly raid the mountains of canned rations left behind when the Navy hurriedly moved out. The mark of



the Navy, however, is everywhere in Ulithi.

Our postwar complement for Truk, most famous and feared of the former Japanese bases, is to be less than 600 men. When I visited Truk a while back there were still about 1,900 Americans there, mostly Marines and Seabees. There were still 3,000 Japanese left from the wartime garrison of 40,000, who were due to go home when the airfield was completed on Moen Island, where the Americans have their headquarters.

There had been extensive reinforced concrete installations in the eighty-eight beautiful Truk islands, and when the U.S. surrender party arrived in September, 1945, they found them in a desolate mess. Under the special Truk surrender agreement the Japanese were to remain to clean up the rubble and put the base in shape for American occupancy. The Japs were placed in the status of "disarmed military personnel" rather than "prisoners of war," wore their own uniforms, took orders from their own officers who dealt with the Americans through a "liaison office" headed by a superior private educated in California, went about with no guard, lived in their own camp, and had the same freedom of the islands that they had had before.

Truk is a group of sizable islands of volcanic formation, surrounded by a ring of low-reef islands enclosing a deep lagoon making an ideal protected anchorage. The Japanese had fortified forty of the eighty-eight islands, commanding the sea approaches with large coast-defense guns still unscathed in caves on the mountaintops, and placing weapons and detection devices on the outer reef islets. Pillboxes ringed all the islands, and marvelous tunnels—impervious even to an atomic blast—held the communications centers.

The Japanese had four airfields among the islands, and an extensive naval base including repair facilities. All of these are heaps of white concrete debris today, surrounded by a riotous growth of hibiscus and other flamboyant tropical flowers. Truk has a strategic location of marvelous possibilities. The U.S. Navy's present plans, however, call only for a fleet recreation center on one of the smaller islands There is little going on there beyond elementary construction and activities of the military government, which deals with the 9,327 fierce, feuding natives through one Artie Moses, a dignified bespectacled chief.

More important than Truk to the Japanese was Palau, where we established bloody footholds on the southernmost islands of Peleliu and Angaur in September, 1944, then plastered the larger northern islands of the archipelago into utter ruins by daily bombings until the end of the war.

We moved north to Koror, Babelthuap and the other principal islands after V-J Day, and found in Koror what had been the beautiful capital city of all the Japanese mandates, with 22,000 population, and a sheltered harbor of inexpressible beauty and high military value. There is an undamaged 1,500-foot pier capable of taking three sizable ships. All of the installations—many now ruined—were of reinforced concrete.

The Japanese had poured billions of yen into the fortification of the upper Palaus and development of the huge Malakal Harbor, and it was from here that they staged their campaigns on New Guinea. We had, on Koror in March, eleven officers and seventy-two enlisted men who were concerned chiefly with converting a bombed-out naval headquarters building into a fine hospital, and guiding the civil affairs of some 4,000 natives of the Palaus.

Our little garrison at Koror lives in quarters on a Shinto temple site, near the gate of the Two Laughing Lions, and shaded by sacred trees, the branches of which still bear Shinto prayer papers. The beautiful mahogany bar of the officers, in the former home of the Shinto priests, offers a view of broad lagoons dappled with odd-shaped islands.

But from the military standpoint, this potentially great base is an orphan, undermanned and neglected. When I was there the radio transmitter was silent, since there wasn't a man on the island who could run it. Koror's only communication with the outside world was through a Cub plane that wandered up twice a week from Peleliu, where we still maintain a field for transient planes, and landed on a Japanese seaplane ramp. There wasn't an airstrip smooth enough for even a Cub.

Ponape and Yap were orphans too Yap had been an important Japanese air base. In September, 1944, we had transports loaded to invade the island. But the field is now such a jumble of interlocking bomb craters, overgrown with jungle, that it is almost impossible to tell where the runway was. The entrance to the shallow harbor, which is strewn with shoals, is a narrow, treacherous pass through a jagged break in the barrier reef, and five vessels were swept onto the rocks in the first four months of occupation. A seaplane can land, but the runway is athwart the wind so we don't use it.

Yap Cables Not Reclaimed

Yap was an important cable station, and we disputed unsuccessfully the cable rights there with the Japanese after they grabbed the island from Germany in World War I. The cables were cut, and there has been no move to reclaim them. Seven officers and thirty-five enlisted men garrisoned Yap in March.

Ponape, with two airfields and a seaplane base, was of sufficient Jap strength to keep our bombers over it every day after the capture of Kwajalein, and was bombarded from the sea several times. The Navy by March had let our Ponape occupation "force" drop to eight officers and twenty-nine enlisted men. Six months after V-J Day the Navy men on Ponape were still living on C-rations, and according to the medical officer's report, eighty-five per cent of the personnel had lost fifteen to twenty pounds per man.

These are the most important of the mandated islands. There are many others, of little value strategically except in the negative sense that possession of them by us keeps others out of the area, where espionage through the natives who wander from island to island by outrigger canoe would be easy. The smaller atolls have literally been given back to the natives, who are visited by a military government officer in an LCI every thirty to sixty days. He brings medicines and supplies, upbraids the native king for not carrying out rules of sanitation, and then leaves the atoll to the somnolence and isolation of centuries past.

At one island, which the officer who told me the story refused to name, all the young men had been removed by the Japs to labor elsewhere. When the first Navy survey party arrived, the king took the commanding officer aside and requested that he and his crew tarry awhile as beaux for some eighty eager and lonely feminine subjects. The officer politely declined and hurriedly took his ship away—which didn't increase his popularity with his crew.

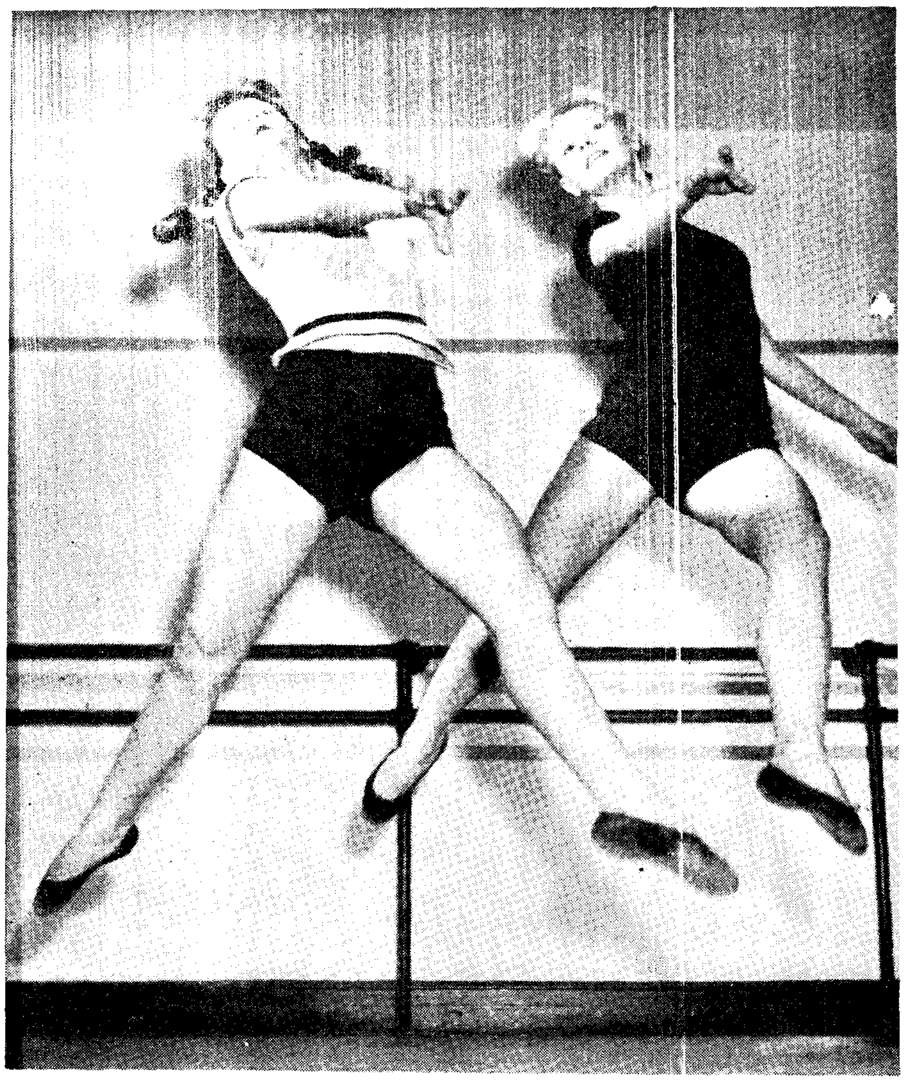
Economic restoration of the occupied islands has been left by the Navy to the United States Commercial Company, an agency of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In the Marshalls, Truk, Yap, Ponape and the Palaus, the USCC has set up trade stores in Quonset huts, buys native souvenirs which it sells to G.I.s (the Marshallese realized $68,000 from this source last year), buys native copra, which has a ready market in Honolulu, and sells the natives such simple necessities as sugar, cigarettes, cloth, fishing gear and hand tools.

The USCC's men are the Yankee Traders of the Pacific, 1946 edition. They regularly make the rounds of the more remote islands, like the tramp traders of a half century ago. It is not true, USCC men told me, that the Pacific islands must always be an economic liability, though they need painstaking rehabilitation.

Many Americans acquainted with the Pacific believe that the United States should hold onto the former Japanese mandates. That remains to be decided. However, if we did obtain undisputed ownership, two important questions arise: Would the State Department be favorable to fortification of the islands in view of probable adverse foreign reaction, and would the Navy get the necessary funds for expansion from Congress? Unless the answers to both these questions are affirmative, we are back to 1941. ★★★

POLICE DEPT
BUS STOP
NO PARKING

Who are these beautiful waifs waiting for a bus? No, guess again. Chorus girls! You don't have to believe it, but it's true. You never caught an old-fashioned chorus girl waiting for a lowly bus



Here they are—Susan, the blonde; Gisella, the brunette—at ballet school, taking off. In a 24-hour period they spend approximately 9 hours aloft. A Ziegfeld girl didn't do as much dancing in two years

BRAINS IN THE BALLET

BY ANDREW ROBERTS

Thanks to the new breed of chorus girl, here typified by the Svetlick sisters, stage-door Johnnies are finding the going pretty tough

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOSEPH ZALTSMAN, F.P.G.

1¢ SALE
SACCHARIN
2·24
1¢ SALE
ANTISEPTIC SOLUTION MOUTH WASH
2·26
1¢ SALE
BANDAGE
2·10

Slightly bemused by their success in Carousel, the girls go wild. After this sandwich, they'll order a concoction of ice cream, chocolate sauce, marshmallow and nuts. None of that silly champagne

Here the girls meet theater royalty. Luther Adler, the actor, just happened in for a visit with Theresa Helburn, of the Theater Guild, when she was coaching the girls. Mr. Adler, a helpful wight, remains to lend a hand

THE bald-headed man in the front row is having a bad time at present-day musical shows. If he should happen to send a note backstage to one of the chorus girls and she should happen to meet him (which is entirely unlikely), he would find she was younger than his own daughter and probably smarter.

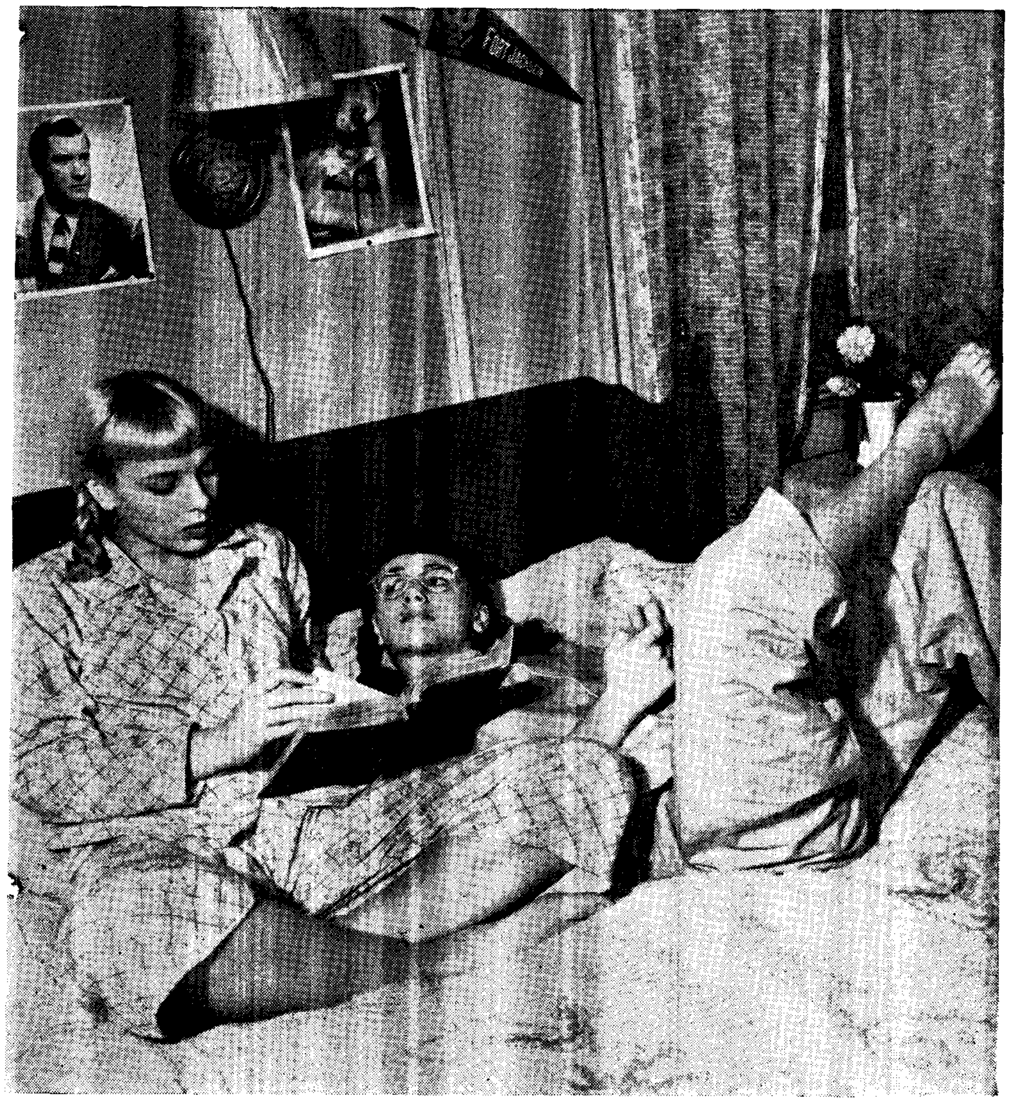
This is not good for bald-headed men. It gives them a sense of insecurity and it makes them realize their age. In the old days chorus girls were tall, elegant and dumb. They welcomed notes from bald-headed men and could even be inveigled into accepting a mink coat. They toiled not, neither did they spin; the most they could be prevailed on to do was walk across the stage in a stately fashion, revealing such portions of their anatomy as were considered legal at the moment.

But take the new girls, such as Susan and Gisella Svetlick, who are in Carousel. They have been trained as ballet dancers and can be caught at any waking moment balancing on their toes and looking flight mad. They consider champagne only slightly removed from vinegar and are engaged in their off hours in studying their algebra and practicing at Madame Daganova's school.

Ballet girls are generally small and bumpy but they can also be knockouts, as witness Susan and Gisella. Seeing them on the street, you might fancy they were hurrying to a Frankie Sinatra stage appearance. In some moods they look like teen agers; when they have their hair up they could pass for Vassar or Wellesley. As a matter of truth, the Svetlicks come from Brooklyn and now live on West 77th Street, New York.

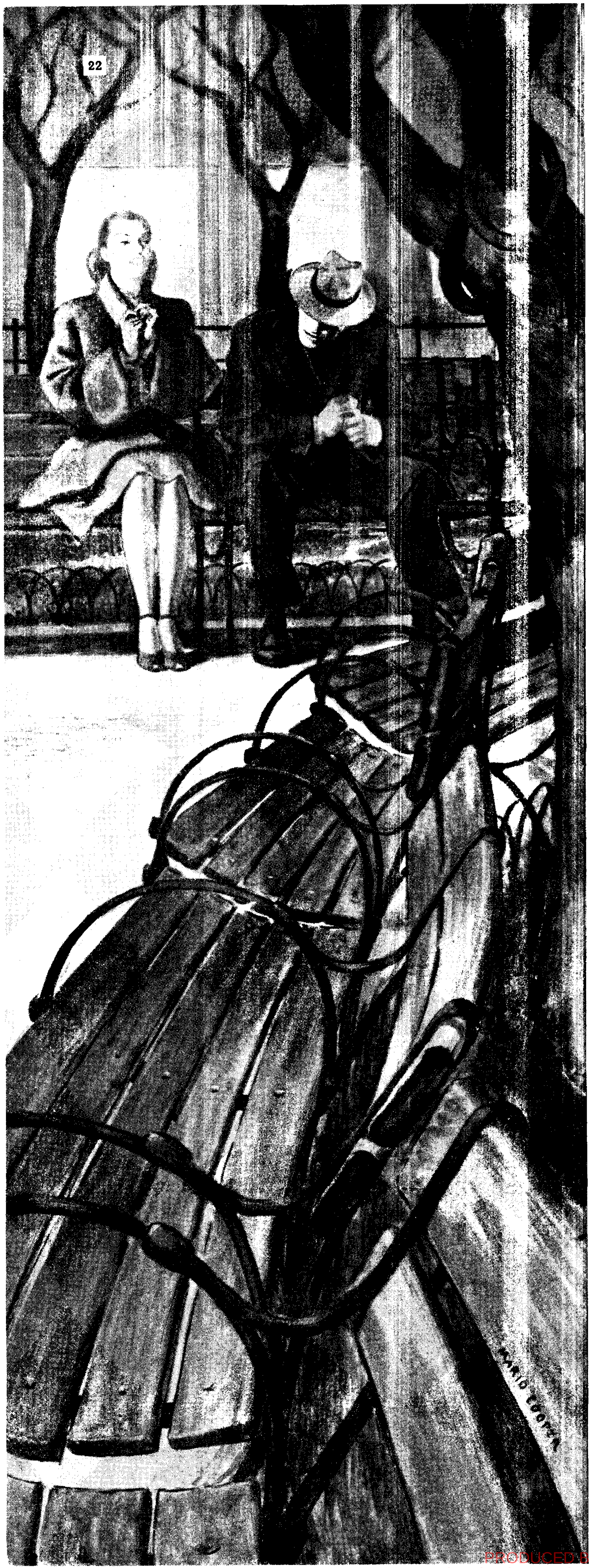
They got their chorus jobs in the simplest way in the world: they were standing about on their toes at Madame Daganova's when Richard Ogden, a talent scout for the Theater Guild spotted them. They now get a decent wage (between $50 and $80 a week) and make true art patrons happy and thin-haired men glum. What is this world coming to? First the atom bomb and then chorus girls who would be so uncomfortable in the Stork Club that even the waiters would cringe.

When the history of this period is written it will be found that Miss Agnes de Mille did more for morality than the Anti-Saloon League. It was she who put ballet dancers instead of chorus girls in Oklahoma! and the disease has spread in such violent fashion that a Wall Street broker is one who now merely deals in stocks and bonds. There hasn't been a gentleman in top hat at a Broadway stage door in three years. You may consider Susan and Gisella Svetlick as symbols of this sad trend. ★★★



Home after a hard night's work. Nobody sent orchids backstage, no cad in a top hat waited at the stage door, nobody offered to pull their carriage through the street. So home and a good book—and sweet, innocent dreams

Opening night, the wardrobe mistress and dresses that may fool somebody out front into thinking they are wild, alluring personalities. Alas! The most they can hope for is that they look Vassar



STRANGER THAN TRUTH

BY VERA CASPARY

The Story:

When his article about an unsolved murder was arbitrarily "killed," JOHN ANSELL, young editor of Barclay Truth Publications, asked NOBLE BARCLAY, magazine publisher and author of My Life Is Truth, why. He didn't get much of an answer. But, later, he got a dose of poison and, after his recovery, a startling promotion with the tacit proviso that he attribute his "illness" to tainted shrimp which he hadn't eaten! The body of WARREN G. WILSON, murder victim of ANSELL's story, had been found shot to death in his hotel apartment. About all CAPTAIN RIORDAN of the Homicide Squad had uncovered was that WILSON was born HOMER PECK, that he made a mysterious cash bank deposit of $2,000 every month, that he sometimes was seen with a young woman, and that a woman in a plaid coat apparently visited him shortly before his death. GRACE ECCLES, BARCLAY's secretary, revealed that ELEANOR BARCLAY, the publisher's daughter, had been called to her father's office following a telephone call from WILSON on the Friday preceding the Monday morning on which WILSON's body was found. Summoned hastily from posing models in the magazine's photo studio, ELEANOR presumably carried a prop gun in her hand. At any rate, the gun disappeared from the studio, but was discovered several days later by E. E. MUNN, supervising editor. LOLA MANFRED, another BARCLAY editor, warned ANSELL to take ELEANOR "out of this hell hole," if he loved her. ANSELL loved her, but on the evening of his first dinner in her apartment, he was shocked to discover in her bookcase a volume of poetry inscribed to her from the murder victim. . . .

III

LEANOR called to me from the next room, telling me to have another cocktail and promising to be ready in three minutes. Three minutes were like three years. I remembered the look on Eleanor's face when she came out of the ladies' room at the office after her session with Grace Eccles. I put the book of Blake poetry back upon the shelf and started to poke at the fire.

"Hello, Johnnie," Eleanor said.

She wore a long black velvet thing, a hostess gown, I think it is called, with a full skirt and low neck. She had on old-fashioned earrings set with dark red stones and a big red pin, shaped like a heart, on her shoulder. She was beautiful; she was a lady, a genteel lady to whom a humble admirer had given the poems of Blake as a valentine.

Dinner was ready. Brenda lighted the candles. I pulled out Eleanor's chair, became formal and bowed over it. The candlelight gave her face a different look. The wonder of this girl was that she could look like so many different people, an innocent youngster or a sorceress or what they called in our office, a business girl. Or a genteel lady. This should have made me love her more, love the variable qualities which would prevent boredom, but I was distressed by the variable qualities. I loved her but I did not know what to expect of Barclay's daughter.

Just around the corner from Eleanor's apartment was the hotel where Warren G. Wilson had lived and died. You could walk there in two minutes. I thought of Eleanor hurrying along East Tenth Street, the plaid coat pulled tight around her, and her high heels tapping the pavement.

The dinner was good. Brenda took away the soup plates and served broiled chicken, broccoli and browned potatoes. There were hot biscuits, strawberry jam and a white wine.

Conversation flowed along but it had no meaning. A lady in black velvet entertained a guest. Have some more chicken, please. Do you like this wine? It's a Rhine wine. Rhine wines are my favorite. We talked about books and I asked if she liked poetry. I had not read much poetry since I left college but I talked as if I gave three nights a week to the Browning Society. Finally I managed to say, casually, "I see you're fond of Blake."

"Not wildly. He's too mystic for my taste. The combination of naïveté and mysticism leaves me cold." There was no emotion in her answer. The Blakes might have been birthday presents from old school chums. "I had a friend," she went on, "who tried to make me appreciate Blake. That's where I got all the books." She nodded in the direction of the shelves. "In fact, I've known two fans in my life."

I could name both of her Blake fans: Lola Manfred and Warren G. Wilson. Instead I remarked with heavy humor, "Nice high-brow evenings you three must have had, getting together and reading his works."

"We never did. As a matter of fact, they didn't even know each other. Why aren't you eating, Johnnie? You ought to. You've lost weight."

She was so sweet that I hoped her concern for me was honest and not an attempt to divert me from memories of the poetry lovers. Through the rest of the meal she talked gaily.

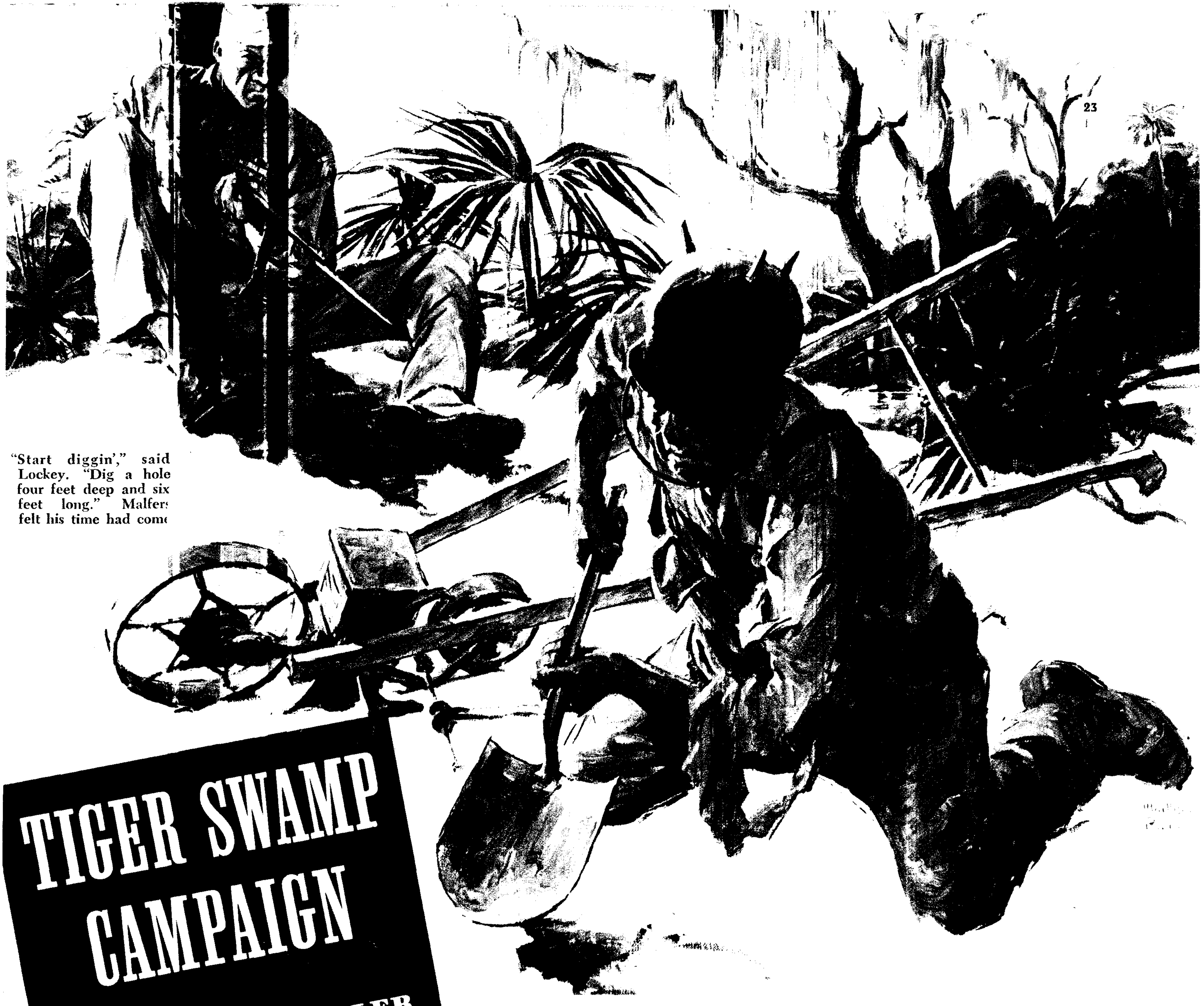
Brenda left and for the first time Eleanor and I were alone in a secluded place. I did not even try to sit next to Eleanor on the sofa but chose a chair at the opposite side of the room. She seemed disappointed. Her movements were jerky. She changed seats frequently. For a while she stood with her back to the fireplace as if she were cold.

I went away early. My excuse was reasonable. I had not been out of the

(Continued on page 29)

We must have looked like a couple of idiots to be fighting on a park bench in the cold night. "Who was he?" I asked. Eleanor laughed. But after a while, said, "I hated him!"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Start diggin'," said Lockey. "Dig a hole four feet deep and six feet long." Malfer felt his time had com

TIGER SWAMP CAMPAIGN

BY WILLIAM FULLER

Lockey's readjustment to farming after four years of fighting was tough on the boy. But it like to kill his old man

OLD Man Malfers is a churchgoin' man. He is a hardworkin' farmer. There ain't a lazy bone in Old Man Malfers. He keeps a clean barn, tends his crop and pays the preacher. There are some folks around this part of Florida say he used to be a mighty mean old man. I have heard it said that Old Man Malfers killed off his wife by heartbreak. Made her wear sacking underneath her dress. Put her to the plow when his mule died off in the '28 blow. Wouldn't let her go to no socials, said it taken away from her workday. Wouldn't let her raise no flowers around her stoop, said soil was for growin' things to eat and sell, not to smell.

I sure doubt that because he gave her a nice, Christian burial. Bought her a mail-order box and buried her real pretty.

The folks that say he used to be so mean say he was mighty mean right up till the time him and his boy Lockey taken that two-day trip into Tiger Swamp.

Lockey, he was pushin' twenty years of age when he went on off to the Army. He was a big, strappin' man. He weighed two hundred pounds. Right up till the time they called him, Old Man Malfers had been workin' his boy Lockey sixteen, eighteen hours a day on the land. He didn't pay him no wages, said he wasn't old enough for wages. Said he wasn't fully growed.

Old Man Malfers didn't give him no schoolin' either, though this suited Lockey for he was a boy could learn more from the way the bobcats yowled in Tiger Swamp, and the way the trout-fish broke the surface of Little Deer Lake at dawnin' and the way the Spanish moss lay over the live oak trees so quiet and peaceful like. He could learn more from these things than he could learn from a dog-eared book that gave him the headhurt to try and figger.

Old Man Malfers used to let his boy Lockey walk the twelve miles to town on a Saturday afternoon. He used to give him money for two, three plugs of chewin' tobacco. This seemed to suit Lockey. He didn't think that Old Man Malfers was mean. He knew that Old Man Malfers went to church regular. He figgered a man was born to work his fields. He figgered that Old Man Malfers lived by the Law and the Word. He didn't see nothin' wrong with Old Man Malfers.

LOCKEY would come into town on Saturday. He would go to the store and buy himself two, three plugs of chewin'. The boys would set in to tease him. It was most always the same.

"Where you goin' to now, Lockey?"

"Fire station, I reckon."

"Boy, you are purely fond of that fire station. How come you are so fond of that fire station, Lockey?"

"Man," Lockey would say, "did you ever see that fire engine come awhistlin' out of that fire station? Man, I seen that happen one day. That ole fire engine come awhistlin' out of that fire station like godamighty. *Awhistlin'* and *aringin'*. I tell you it sure was mighty pretty. It was a mighty fine sight."

Old Lockey's eyes would brighten. His breath would come heavy. He was a boy who sure did love that fire engine. He would spend an hour or so standin' around the station lookin' at her. Sometimes the boys would give him a rag and let him shine her. It made him mighty happy. He didn't ask for much, and the sight of that old red fire engine sure did make him happy.

Well, it come time for old Lockey to go on off to the wars. Old Man

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

TED WILLIAMS, THE SERIES AND ME

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With the World Series almost upon us, our baseball authority discovers to his consternation that he's a sure-fire jinx to the star slugger of the Red Sox

IF THE National League champions don't hire me in the World Series they're crazy. This is because I can jinx Ted Williams by appearing in the same town with him; I don't even have to go to the ball park. Mr. Williams may be a terror to some people but he is a long gangling ineffective kid when I'm around. I've seen him in nine games this season and if I weren't a discerning individual I'd have sworn it was Lefty Gomez up there at the plate. Murderer, my eye!

Of course, I keep out of Boston. They tell me the fans wear armor to the ball park when he plays there. But when I get him in Yankee Stadium, New York—baby! He couldn't look any worse if he was fresh up from Rocky Mount, N. C. He takes third strikes with the bases full; he dribbles feebly down to second base; he hits pop flies. The cheers that greet him in the Bronx have been appropriately named. By early August I stopped going up to the Stadium. I wanted Boston to win the pennant and they certainly weren't going to do it with me around. The Kid finally hit a few up there a week later but it was only because I stayed away. Tom Yawkey can *also* send me a little money.

But what really saved Boston's pennant chances was my trip out to Cleveland. I thought it might merely be the Stadium jinx working on the great man. But no. It was me. Boston lost two out of three in that series and Williams got only two hits, one a gift. He hit a home run in the first game and then apparently he decided it was no use working against me. The best he could do after that was a long fly to Pat Seerey, who camped under it expectantly and was the most surprised man in Ohio to find it was dropping five feet away. It may have been the wind or it may have been Seerey; it certainly wasn't Williams. For the rest he hit balls your Aunt Emma could have caught and I got on back to New York and swore off seeing the Red Sox again. I'm strictly a non-Yankee boy and they're not going to win another pennant if I can help it.

Boston Loves the Kid

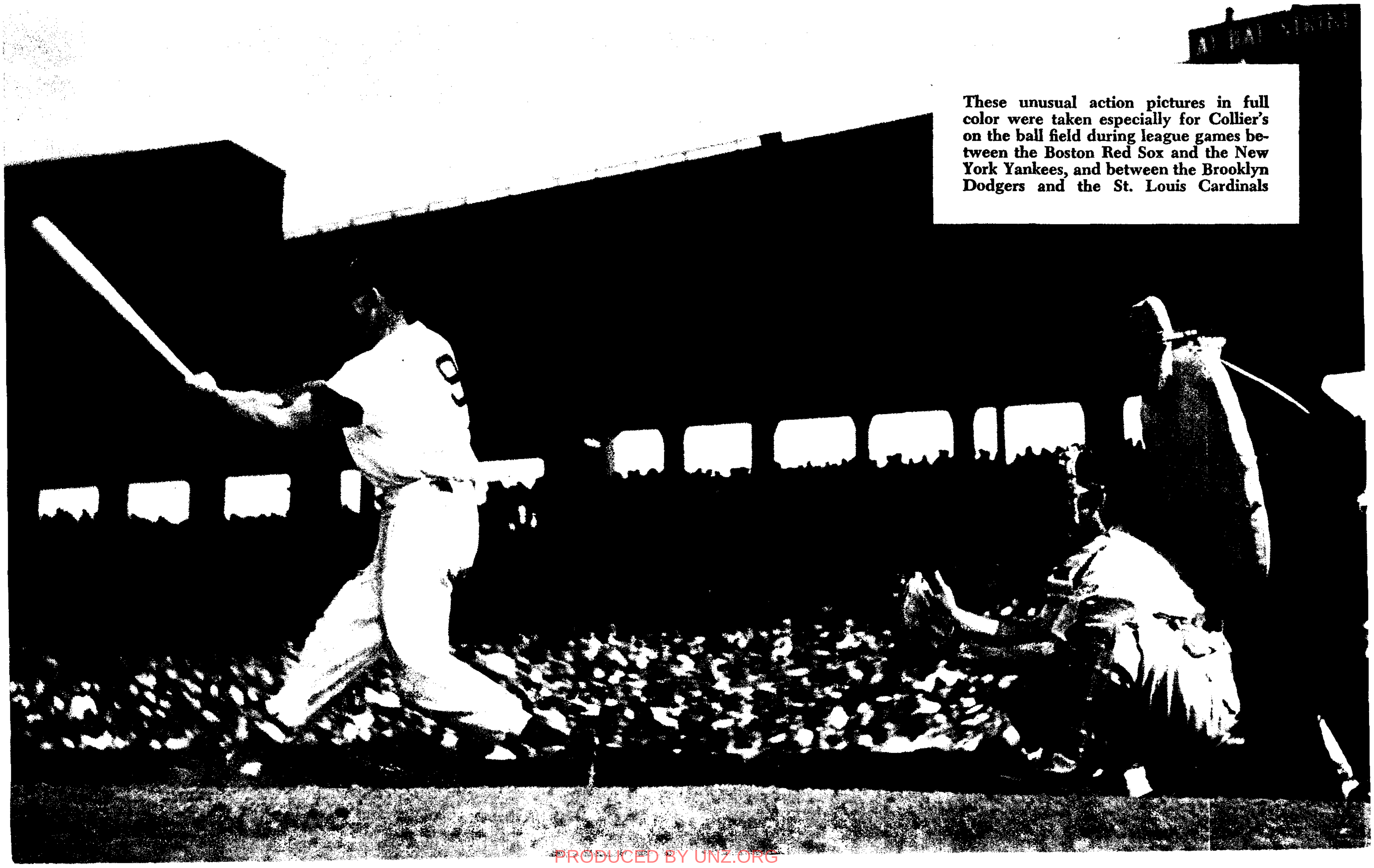
Up Boston way the fervor generated by Mr. Williams borders on ecclesiastical ecstasy. In early July, Pilgrims were running around Boston Common babbling incoherently: "Inhuman! Uncanny! Stupendous!"

They had just returned from the All-Star game in which Ted had hit two home runs, two singles and accepted a gift known as a base on balls. Steve O'Neill of the Detroit Tigers stated flatly that Mr. Williams was the greatest hitter of all time. This placed Mr. O'Neill directly under a large loose rock because Detroit happens to be the playing home of Ty Cobb and Hank Greenberg, but history reports no later recantation by Mr. O'Neill, a strong character.

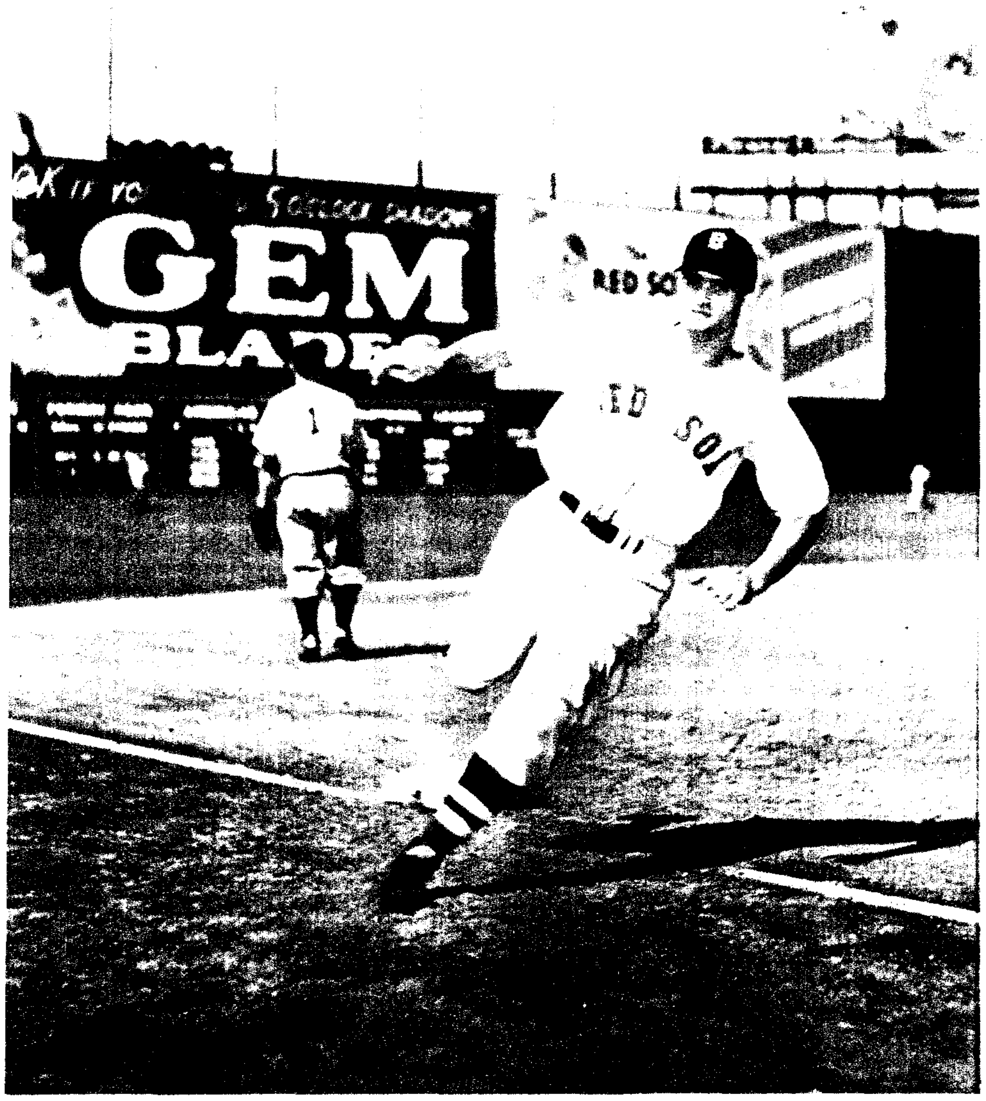
There seems to be some basis for the O'Neill remark because Williams has appeared in three All-Star games, hitting .600 and banging three home runs. The most spectacular came at Detroit in 1941, when the National League was leading by one run with two out in the ninth. Passeau was pitching, two American League runners were straining at the proverbial leash and Williams was at the plate. He got hold of a Passeau fast ball and practically drove it out of Wayne County. It hit the roof in right field, a wallop which for altitude, violence and timeliness has never been bettered by Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Shoeless Joe Jackson or anybody in the history of the world.

But Williams will have two things to face when he gets into the World Series: the jinx that always attacks great hitters in the classic, and me. I can save his life by staying away but the jinx will be right there. For instance, when Detroit met the Chicago Cubs in 1907, the great Ty Cobb hit a neat .200; next year when the same teams met he came back with .368; and then in the following year when

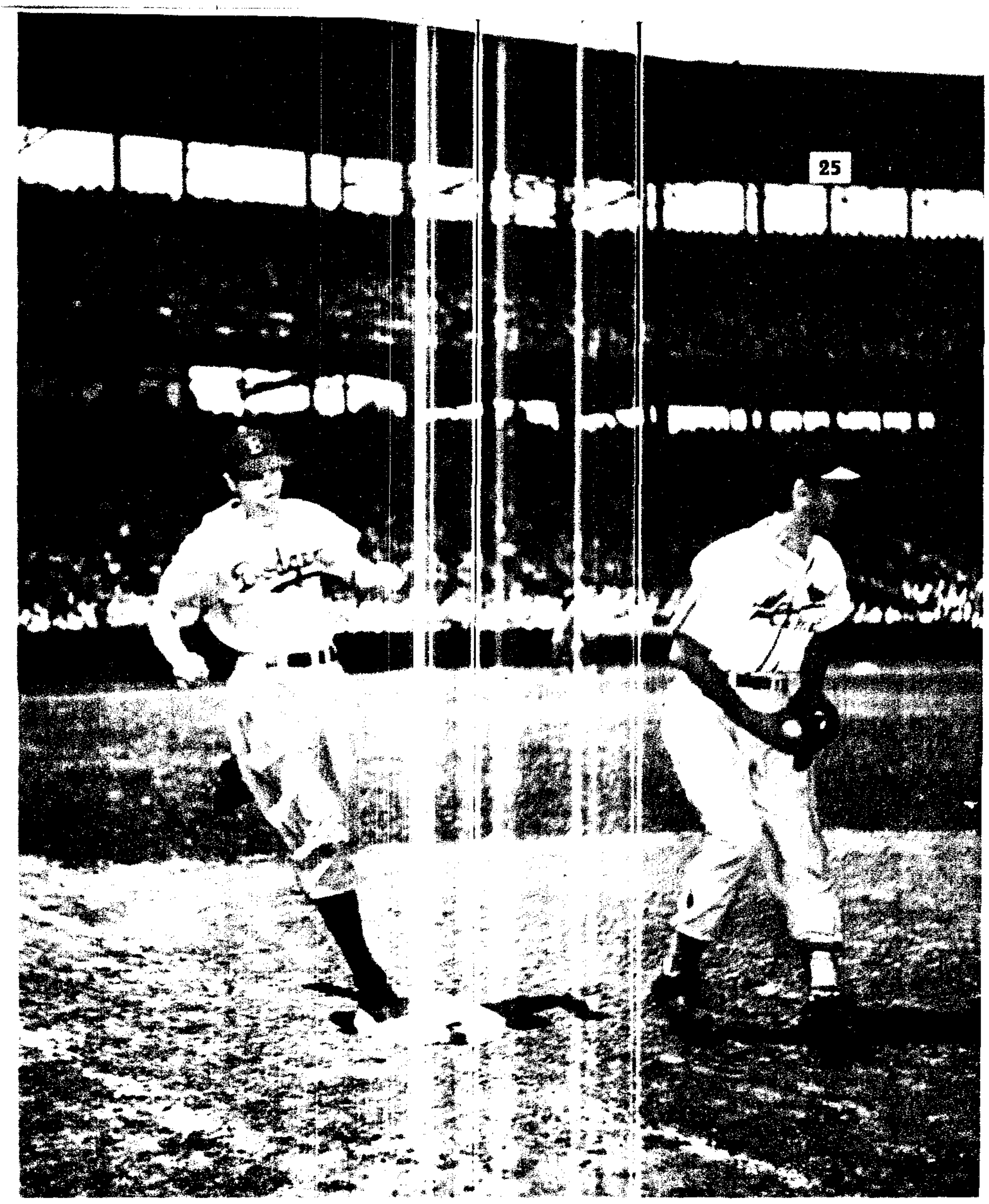
Ted Williams, Boston's great slugger, lashes out a long, hard hit, good for a double, in a game between the Red Sox and the Yankees in the Boston ball park



These unusual action pictures in full color were taken especially for Collier's on the ball field during league games between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Yankees, and between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the St. Louis Cardinals

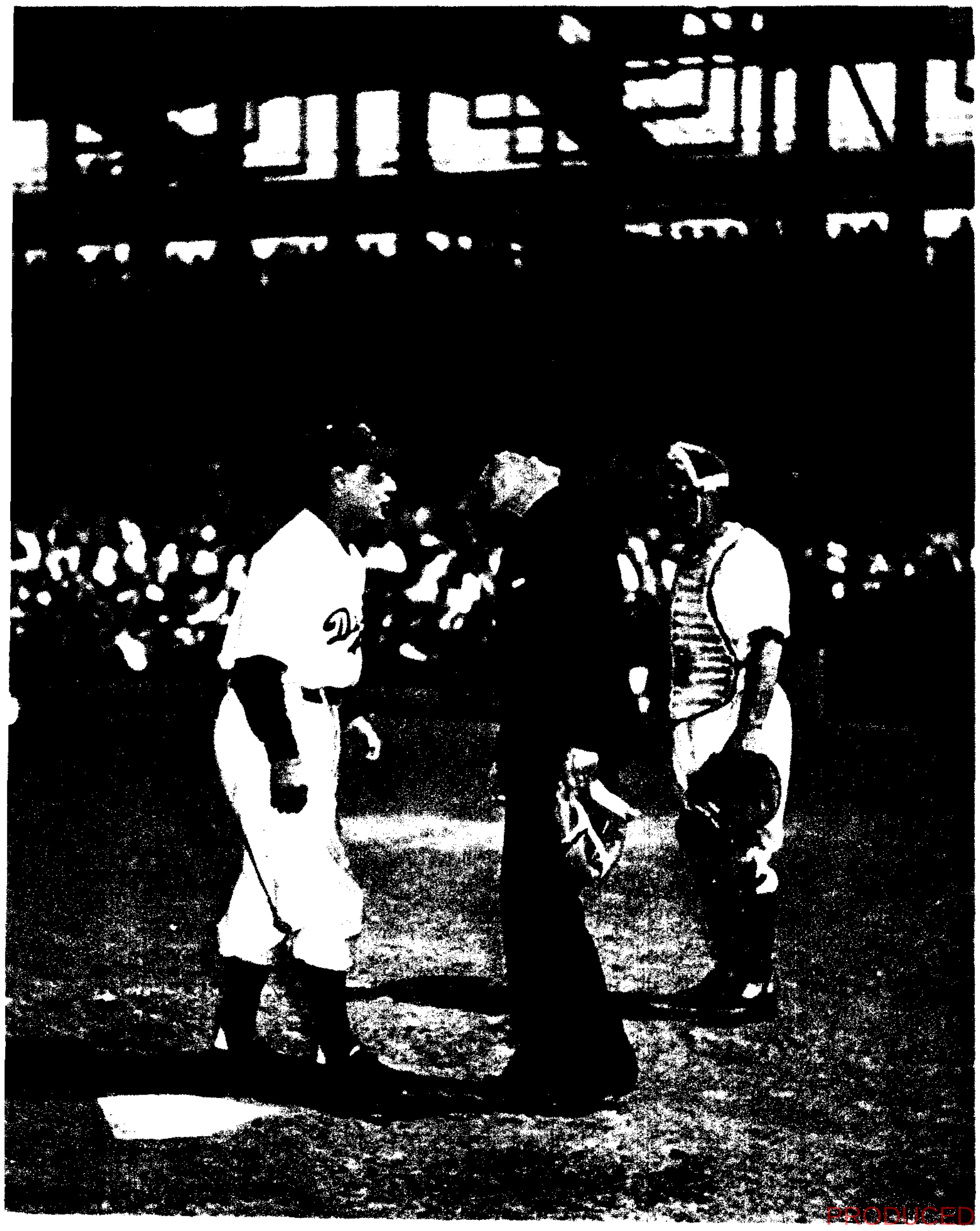


Bobby Doerr, sensational second baseman for the Red Sox, hustles around third base to score a run against the New York Yankees on Boston's home field

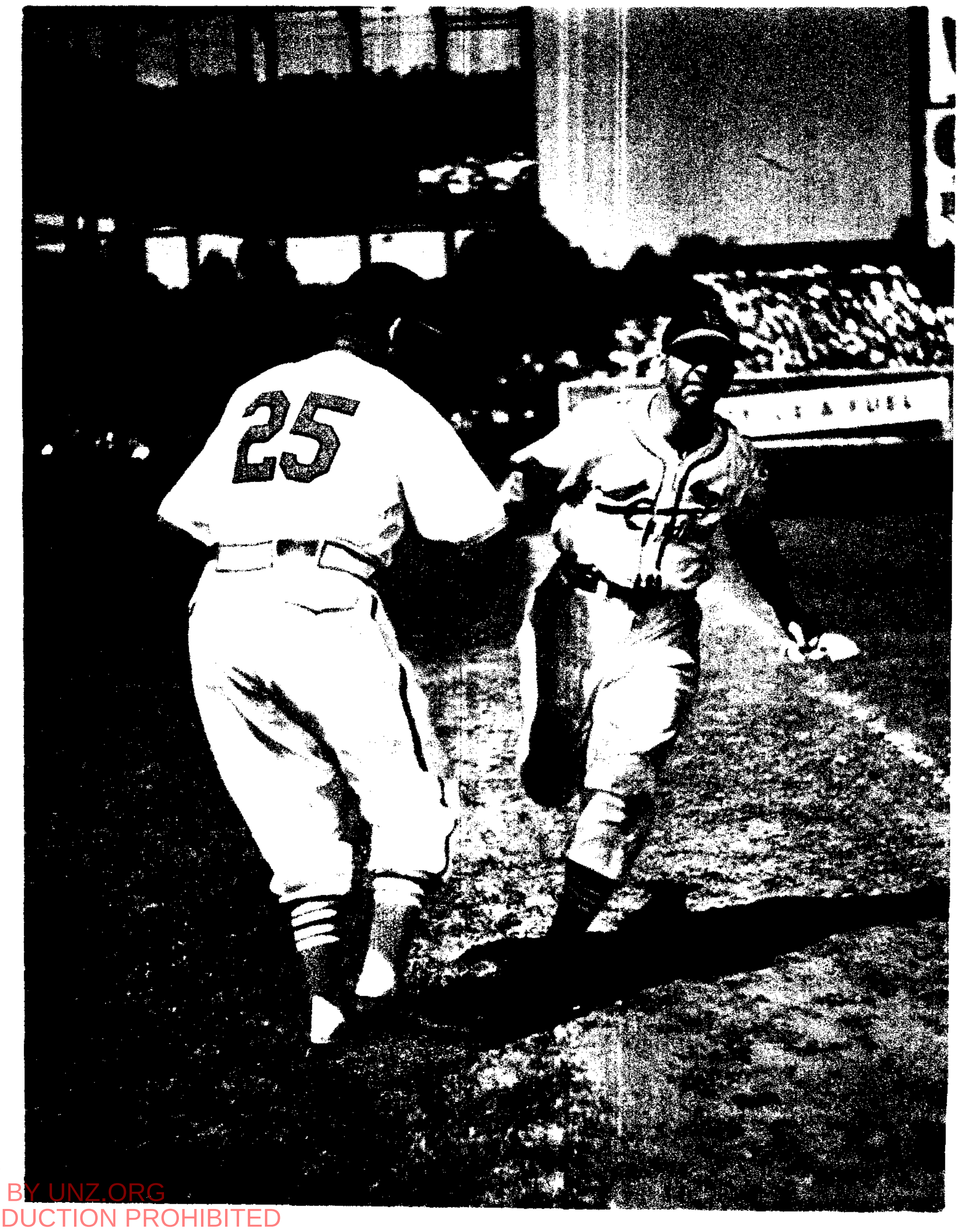


Out at first. Dodger Dixie Walker loses a hit when the Cardinals' Musial makes a great stop and throws to Beazley, who covers the bag

Umpire trouble is nothing unusual for the Brooklyn Dodgers' Leo Durocher. Here The Lip argues with Umpire Lou Jorda. Dodger catcher Edwards looks on

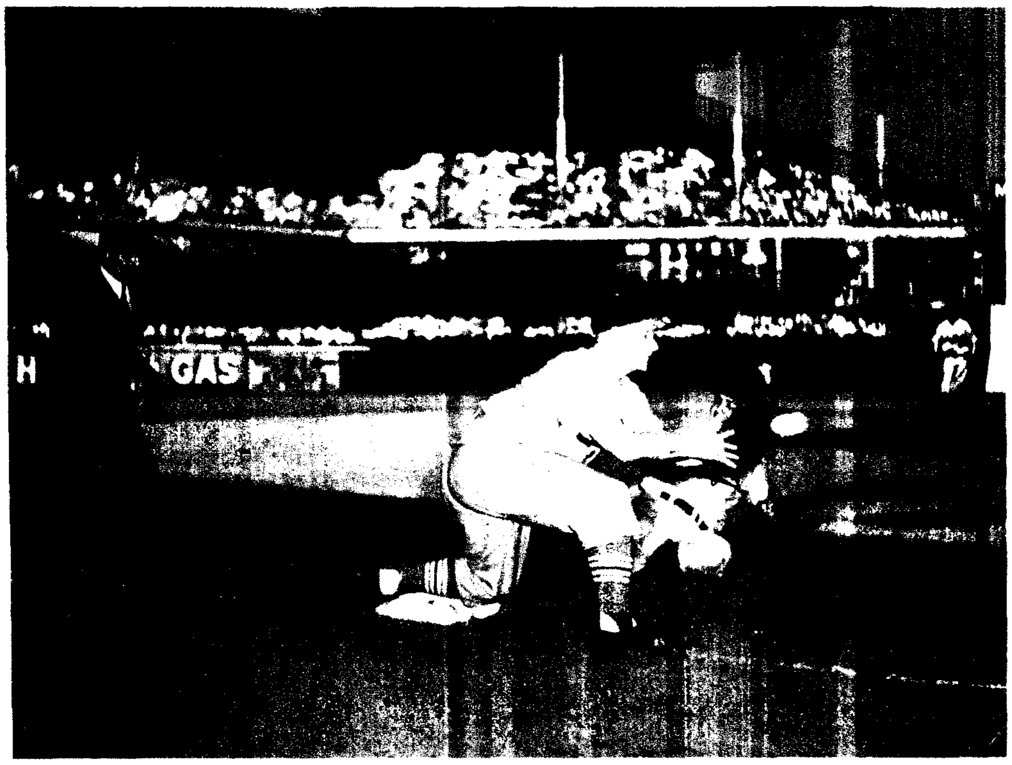


A homer. Cardinal third-base coach Gonzales (25) congratulates teammate Slaughter, whose homer gives the Cards the lead over the Dodgers



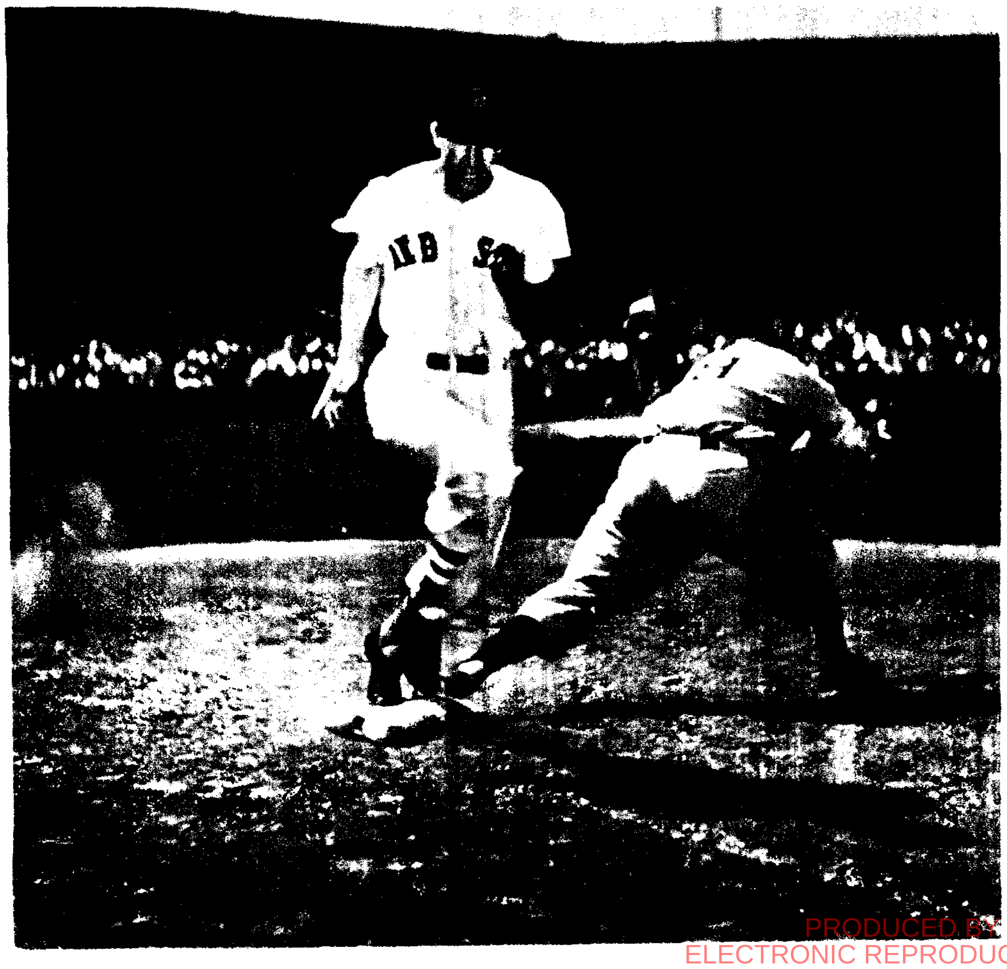
BEER
FALSTAFF
GEM
Alpen Brau COLD
Dodgers

Safe slide into third by Ramazzotti of the Dodgers. The throw is coming to Kurowski, Cardinal third baseman. Umpire Butch Henline calls the play



Caught at third. Pete Reiser of the Dodgers attempting to steal third is caught by Cardinal catcher Garagiola's throw to third baseman Kurowski

Safe at first. George Metkovich, Boston Red Sox right fielder, is safe on a fielder's choice. First baseman is Nick Etten of the New York Yankees



Detroit lost to Pittsburgh he dropped to .231. Babe Ruth's later series exploits made him the most fabulous of all clutch hitters, but in 1922 when the New York Giants slaughtered the New York Yankees in four straight games, the Babe slapped a nifty .118. The famous Honus Wagner did only .214 in his first series for Pittsburgh against Boston in 1903. Coming down to modern times, the legendary Rogers Hornsby, who three times led the National League with averages over .400, hit a mere .250 for the St. Louis Cardinals against the New York Yankees, in the series made famous by Grover Cleveland Alexander striking out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full in the antepenultimate game. For the Chicago Cubs against the Philadelphia Athletics in 1929, Hornsby was an even greater bust with a .227 for his efforts. When Red Murray, New York Giants clean-up hitter in 1911, failed to get a safety in six games against the Athletics, the fans in Harlem (which was then Irish) hung him in effigy from an Eighth Avenue lamppost.

There'll Be Some Worrying Done

So there is plenty of precedent for the betting that Williams will have a tough time in the Series. There is further cause for worry by his worshippers in his away-from-home averages up to the middle of this season. At one period around the first of August his record in various parks was: In Yankee Stadium he was hitting 0 for 14, a round .000; in Cleveland, .219, with 7 for 32; at St. Louis, .261 with 6 for 23; and .250 in Chicago with 11 for 44. But in Washington he was hitting .455; in Philadelphia, .381; in Detroit, .440; and at Fenway Park, his home grounds, .395.

"Those stinking New York writers," snorted Ted bitterly, when this matter was presented.

For those who may consider this an inadequate answer, we merely reply that they don't know great hitters. By a process of reasoning not clear to the average thinker, hitters invariably switch the onus in any argument about records. Williams almost certainly has a case against New York because somebody there has undoubtedly put the hex on him. The Yankee Stadium, with its short rightfield stands, should be meat for him but he has rarely looked good there.

As an offset to this, he goes wild in Washington, where the fences are so far distant that outfielders chasing balls can only be kept in view by the aid of telescopes. On opening day in Washington this year he slugged a ball so far over the right-field wall that Clark Griffith almost lost the power of speech. He recovered in time to remark that if he were still a pitcher, which he was at one time and a great one, he would throw the man nothing but the blooper.

"I'd let him supply his own power," said the Old Sage grimly, but has probably recanted after seeing what happened to Rip Sewell in the All-Star game.

Williams is a native of San Diego, California, and got his start there with the Coast League team as a pitcher. That was in 1936 and it was soon discovered that pitchers like Williams grow on bushes but few hitters of his quality come along in any century. Boston made a deal for him in 1937 and he reported for spring training in 1938 at Sarasota. All testimony points to the fact that he was a fresh product in every respect.

Williams is reported to have greeted Joe Cronin at Sarasota by saying, "Boy, what a lucky manager, having me on your side!" Cronin answered quite calmly that Mr. Williams would be fortunate for his part if he didn't land back in Peoria. As a matter of fact he *did* land back in Minneapolis, showing his resentment at this development by throwing the ball over the grandstand in Atlanta in disgust. With Minneapolis he tore the American Association apart. He made 193 hits, scored 130 runs and banged 43 home runs. Next year he was back at Boston to stay.

His great year was 1941 when he led the league with a percentage of .406, the first man in the majors to reach that rarefied status since Bill Terry punched out .401 for the New York Giants in 1930. To get that record Williams showed his real stature. The day before the end of the season he had dropped to .399. In a Sunday double-header at Philadelphia he removed all doubt of his class by pounding out six hits, one of them a gargantuan clout that ripped a hole in the loud-speaker horn on the right center-field wall.

As a personality Williams is entirely uninhibited. Like that other great slugger before him, Roger Hornsby, he speaks his mind freely and without favor. On one occasion in San Francisco he made Joe Cronin solid with the sports writers of his home town by denouncing them in scathing terms in Cronin's presence.

"There are only four sports writers in this country I like," he says firmly, "and Grantland Rice and Frankie Graham in New York are two of them."

But he doesn't like New York itself even slightly, referring to it scornfully as "that bush town."

The Man Behind the Bat

On trips he rooms with Charley (Broadway) Wagner and has a habit of getting up early. He is always up by eight and often by seven. Wagner has the pleasure of seeing Ted, in the raw, practicing batting swings before the mirror. He is a great student of the subject and perhaps an authority. Not only does he remember every ball pitched to him but he knows in what sequence they came. He knows what the hurlers consider their pay-off pitches and studies their mannerisms like a bacteriologist with a microscope.

"This year it's like starting all over again," he growls. "Half these guys I never saw before."

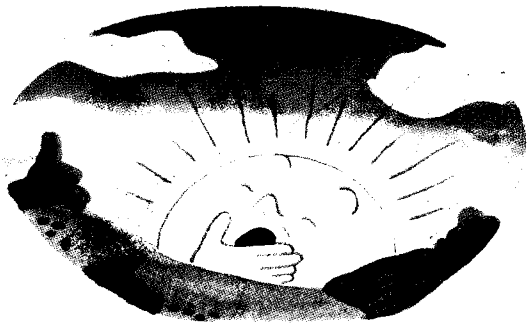
He spent three years in the Navy as a flier and was considered good enough to be an instructor. He had 1,200 hours in the air but saw no combat. He estimates that it will take him two or three years to get back to his best form in baseball.

"Harry Heilmann was telling me what it took to be a .400 hitter," says Ted. "You do it by building up year after year. You learn this about a pitcher and then you learn some more and pretty soon he doesn't fool you so much."

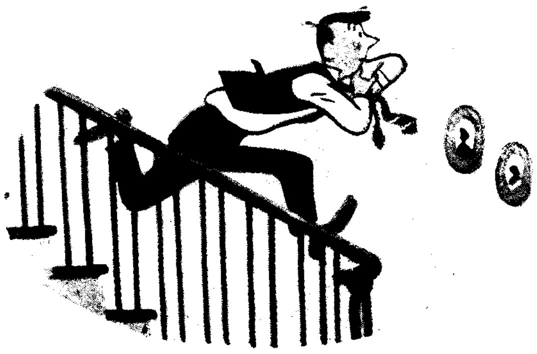
Williams has been accused of taking his fielding lightly and it sometimes looks as if he is loafing. In that respect he resembles Bob Meusel, the old Yankee outfielder. Cronin, however, insists he is a good fielder. "He has a big glove out there," says Joe,

(Continued on page 92)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX



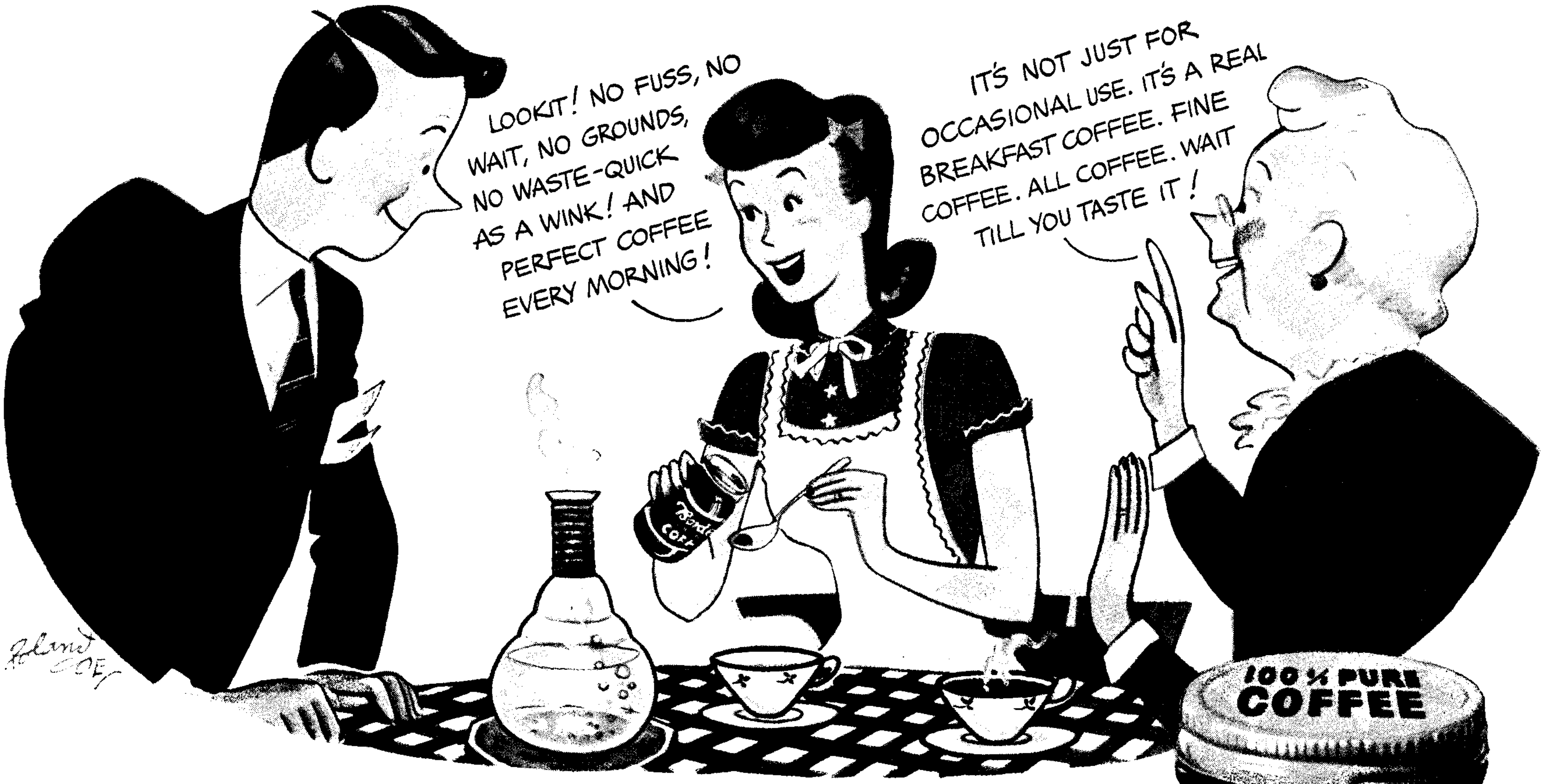
First thing in the morning . . .



when everybody's rushed . . .

and tastes are fussy . . .

Try Borden's—the new instant coffee made especially for breakfast!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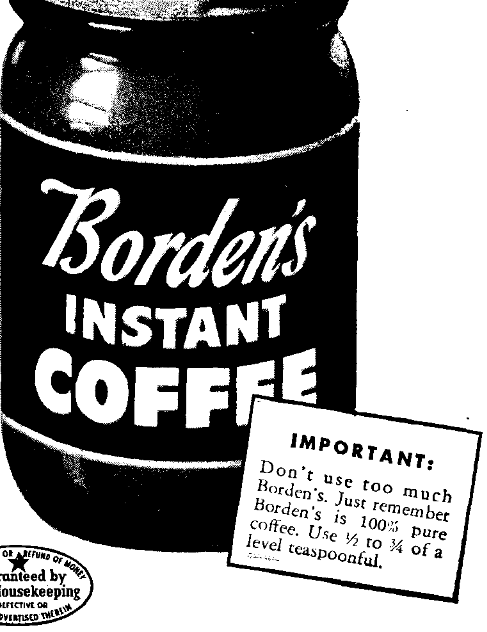
"Fair enough," says Borden. "We'll waste no words. Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay! It'll taste as good as your favorite ground coffee every day—or your money back!"*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast—not just for occasional use. It's all coffee—not a half-and-half café-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot. Serve it to the whole family. Serve it for every meal. If we aren't right, the treat's on us!


100% PURE COFFEE
Borden's
INSTANT
COFFEE

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Don't use too much Borden's. Just remember Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful.

Tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee—or money back!

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*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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STRANGER THAN TRUTH

Continued from page 22

hospital for long and the new job had taken a lot out of me. I needed sleep.

"Yes, of course, I understand perfectly," she said as she took me to the door. "Well, good night."

"I've had a swell time. The dinner was swell. Thanks."

She did not offer her hand nor ask me to come again.

I rode uptown on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. My feet were cold and I remembered how cozy it had been at Eleanor's. I got angry, not only at myself, but at William Blake and Warren G. Wilson. A mystic poet and a correspondence-school tycoon, both dead, were ruining my love life.

As I unlocked the door of my one-room bachelor apartment I heard the phone ring. I caught it just in time. It was Captain Riordan, my friend at police headquarters.

"Have you run the Wilson story yet?" he asked.

"What?"

"The murder of Wilson, the guy that took the name of the correspondence course. He was shot last May. You asked me all about it. I thought you were going to write it up."

"Of course, I remember. I was shocked at your calling me about it tonight."

"Shocked? Why?"

"Coincidence. I just happened to be thinking of that story."

RIORDAN was friendly but he was still a cop. I knew nothing definite about the Wilson murder, and I was certainly not going to tell him that the girl I loved could look both blond and brunette, that she wore a plaid coat and that Warren G Wilson had sent her a valentine

"They've got the woman in the plaid coat," Riordan said.

"Go on."

"She got lit and staggered out of a Third Avenue bar and told the cop on the beat she was the girl who had taken the elevator up to the thirtieth floor of Wilson's hotel the night he was murdered."

I tried to sound cool about it. "Who is she?"

"Name's Arvah Lucille Kennedy. We found the name in her purse."

"Has she confessed?"

"She passed out. When she's slept it off, we'll question her. I called you because you told me your story was going to press this month, and I thought there might be a new development."

"Thanks," I said. "I appreciate your thinking of me"

"I didn't want to put you on the spot by solving your Unsolved Mystery before the magazine came out"

"You think you've got it solved then?"

"Arvah knows something Otherwise it wouldn't have taken six months and a bun to get it off her chest"

After Riordan had hung up, I sat on the studio couch and thought about the Unsolved Mystery. Was my face red? Remorse broke out in beads on my forehead. I hated myself for having tolerated the suspicion that Eleanor knew something about the murder. My relief was so great that I conveniently forgot Grace Eccles and how Eleanor had looked when she hurried out of the ladies' room after that secret session. I even forgot the shrimps.

I dialed Eleanor's number.

"Eleanor—"

"Oh, it's you."

"Eleanor, I suppose you're angry with me. You must think I'm an awful jerk. But there was a reason—maybe not such a good reason, Eleanor, but something—something—"

"What reason?"

I hesitated. What would she think if I told her suddenly over the phone that I had imagined her mixed up in a murder? I used the first excuse that popped into my head. "Look, Eleanor, I'm crazy about you. And I was afraid to make love to you, afraid you'd be angry."

"Did I act that way?"

"I guess I'm shy."

"Why, Johnnie! And I was afraid I'd been too forward. I've acted like a brazen hussy. I thought you were disgusted with me"

"Eleanor, my sweet. You're wonderful. You're beautiful. Can I come back?"

"Now?"

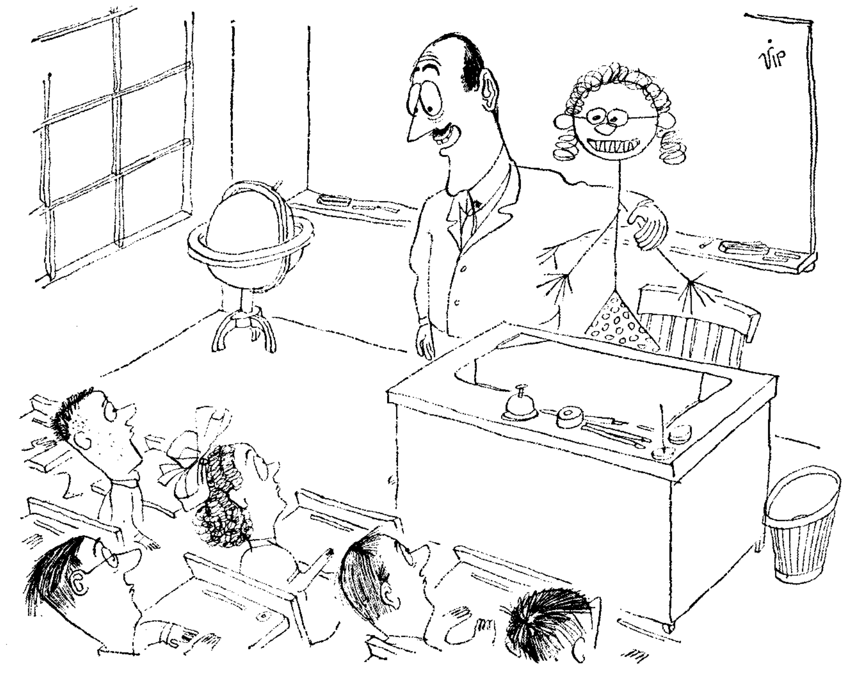
"Right away."

"It's so late."

"I've got to come and tell you how sorry I am. I want to say good night properly. I want to thank you for that wonderful dinner. I've got to tell you how much I love you. Eleanor—"

"Hurry," she said

I ran down the stairs. . . .



COLLIER'S "Class, I want you to meet your new teacher" VIRGIL PARTCH

"My God, Ansell, you do look silly with that smirk on your face What's up?" Tony Shaw asked

We were sitting on stools at the counter of the Barclay Building drugstore It was half past nine in the morning

"I'm feeling healthy," I told Tony as I finished my oatmeal and started on the ham and eggs.

I had never felt better in my life I had never seen such a beautiful morning. Alexander, having found new worlds to conquer, was a slouch in comparison with John Miles Ansell. I was in love with Eleanor and she with me We had decided to get married She hoped our children would have curly hair like mine, and I had put in a bid for a daughter who would look exactly like her mother. Eleanor had confessed that she had been annoyed the first time she met me, interested the second, and in love the third I could not name dates, but my ardor made up for the deficiencies in the history of my passion. Eleanor and I were right for each other. We belonged Nothing in the world could ever separate us.

Tony Shaw finished his coffee and left The waitress brought my Danish pastry and second cup of coffee Someone took Tony's deserted stool.

"Morning, Ansell. How's the bright young editor?"

My coffee tasted bitter. The world had been so beautiful that I had forgotten the existence of snakes, lice, cockroaches and Edward Everett Munn.

"Good morning," I said.

"How about lunch tomorrow? Are you free? I'd like to take you to my club."

When Munn talked about his club there was a solemn, almost reverent look on his face. He was not a man born to clubs; he had achieved one. Now that I had a good job and had shown myself a man of some importance in the office, I was to be patronized by a clubman.

"Thanks, but I don't believe in clubs. They promote class feeling. When it comes to clubs, I'm a bit of a communist."

The waitress set before him a cup of boiling water and a tea bag. He took out his watch and set it beside the saucer while the bag dangled in his teacup.

"The Wilson case may be solved, after all," I said.

"Wilson case? Oh, the Unsolved Murder Really?" he inquired politely.

"Yep, it may be solved. Warren G. Wilson's murderer is probably in the hands of the police at this very minute."

Without consulting his watch, Munn yanked the tea bag out of the hot water. The clown's mouth formed several wordless syllables before he asked, "Who was it?"

"The lady in the plaid coat. She staggered into a policeman's arms last night and confessed she'd gone up to the thirtieth floor the night he was shot."

"What's her name?"

"Kennedy Arvah Lucille Kennedy."

He picked up the tea bag by the string, and dangled it in the hot water again. His eyes were fixed upon the cup as if there were nothing in the world so important as the strength of his morning tea "Has she confessed?"

"She was so tight she passed out in the cop's arms The last I heard she was sleeping it off. They expect to get the full story this morning"

"It's about time" Munn laid the soaked tea bag on his saucer, measured a level spoonful of sugar and squeezed some lemon into the cup. His lips moved and I thought he was counting the drops.

In the mirror behind the counter, I could see him blowing into his hot tea. He took out his cigarette case.

As he offered it, I said, "Every time you do that I tell you I don't smoke Turkish. Can't you remember?"

He grinned as if he thought this a remarkably funny joke. It occurred to me that he smoked Turkish because he was stingy and knew that few people would accept the cigarettes he offered. I changed my mind and took one.

"If I were you, I wouldn't say anything about this to Mr. Barclay, Ansell. He won't be interested."

I put out the half-smoked cigarette and lighted one of my own. "Why do you think Barclay won't be interested? Everyone is interested in the solution of a mystery."

He crushed the light out of his cigarette and went through the regular routine of squeezing out the unsmoked tobacco and rolling the paper into a little ball. "I don't think you like me, Ansell."

"You're oversensitive," I said. "I'm sure I've never done anything to give you that impression."

"I've always tried to help you. I've given you a hand wherever I could and you've always laughed at me. Someday," he hinted in a whisper, "you may need help. I'm not without power in the organization."

"Thanks, but I don't believe in patronage. I'm the sort of fellow who fends for himself. Pulls himself up by the bootstraps, so to speak. Why is it, do you suppose, that my salary was raised to two hundred a week if it wasn't for my hard work and willing spirit?"

His mouth worked. "I've warned you, young man. If you're too smart to take a hint—" He slipped off the stool and, without finishing the sentence, left.

I WAS too smart to take the hint. Hating Munn and not wanting him or Barclay or anyone else to think I'd take a bribe, even temporarily, I did exactly what Munn had advised me not to do. Whether or not Barclay was interested in the lady in the plaid coat, he was going to hear about her. Even though the unknown Arvah might be proved Wilson's murderer, Barclay was involved in the case. When I had pursued my private investigations too far, someone had slipped a dose of poison into my water bottle. Then I had been bribed with a big raise and an important job. Probably other people had been bribed, too. Either I had been poisoned by shrimps I never ate or a few crisp bills had been slipped into the hand of an underpaid ambulance doctor.

Instead of dictating it to Miss Kaufman, I typed the memo myself. I did not want her to ask questions nor offer advice. The memo, I thought, was fat bait and would make the fish bite.

MEMORANDUM
From the office of: J. M. Ansell.
To: Mr. Barclay.
Re: Unsolved Mystery (Warren G. Wilson case)

According to information I have received privately from my contacts at police headquarters, this murder has been solved.

Inasmuch as we have gone to the expense of making layouts, illustrations, etc., I suggest we absorb this expense by having part of the story rewritten, eliminating the Unsolved Mystery angle, and publish it. All objectionable matter, such as reference to spiritous liquor, irreverence toward correspondence schools, etc., can be eliminated.

Any personal objections you may have had to the use of this story are obviously eliminated by the solution of the mystery.

Copy to E. E. Munn.

I filed the third copy and sealed the other two in office envelopes, addressed

"I'm gonna spend ALL my winnings on TruVal Shirts!"

You can say that again, brother—there's nothing that your dough can buy today so well worth the money! TruVal shirts, for dress and sports wear, are cut roomy and generous. The shirt tails are pre-war length again. The fabrics, whether white or patterned, are "good goods"—colors won't fade, collars won't shrink. And say: the prices are way below what you'd expect! Look for the TruVal label—Tru(e)-Val(ue): get it?

TruVal's popular Zelan Avi-jack sports coat of water-repellent poplin, lined in fireman's red, zipper front, 2 two-in-one pockets.

TruVal's famous white broadcloth shirt has patented two-in-one collar (looks *starched, actually is soft!) Sanforized (won't shrink over 1%).*

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Look for this label: it's a foxy thing to do!

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16

them to Barclay and Munn, pasted red *Rush* stickers on them and put them in my "out" basket.

Miss Kaufman came in, looked suspiciously at the "out" basket but did not ask why I typed my own memos. "You'd better step on it," she said. "Mr. Barclay won't like a new editor being late for a meeting."

I strutted out, the new editor bound for his first conference. On the way I passed the Truth and Love office. The door was open. Eleanor turned from the typewriter and blew me a kiss. At the risk of keeping her father waiting, I stepped into her office and took her in my arms. She squealed.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?"

"I love it but the door's open."

"You weren't so cautious yesterday."

"It's your reputation I'm thinking of, Johnnie."

Lola Manfred had not come in. Eleanor was worried. "I've called three times but no one answers the phone. I can't imagine what's wrong. Lola always lets us know if she's going to be away from the office."

"She's probably sleeping off a hangover. How about dinner, Eleanor? We ought to celebrate. Think of someplace expensive you'd like to go. Still love me? Then give me a kiss for luck and wish me well. I'm on my way to my first Truth Digest conference."

NO ONE broke a bottle of champagne over the masthead of the new magazine. The boss was a teetotaler. We launched our ship on a dollar-fifty blue plate sent upstairs by the Barclay Building Grill.

The conference table was covered with a damask cloth. Dishes and glassware were decorated with Barclay's monogram, surrounded by laurel wreaths. The forks were so heavy that the lightness of the food was barely noticeable.

Barclay sat at the head of the table. Opposite him was Gloria, his wife. He had found her in Beverly Hills, California, where her type is said to be indigenous. She was a long-legged, high-shouldered, full-breasted beauty. Every third month Truth and Beauty printed Gloria's picture to prove that healthy motherhood does not destroy the form divine. She had given Barclay twin sons.

I was the honored guest at the luncheon and sat at Barclay's right. At his left was Old Faithful, E. E. Munn. Next to Munn sat Loring Wince of the advertising department, then J. J. Javes of legal, Burton English of circulation, Henry Roe, editor of Truth Magazine, and, completing the group, Dr. Mason of the Board of Religious Co-ordination.

When we were all seated, a silence fell. It was like the moment before opening prayer.

"Gentlemen," Barclay began, "and Mrs. Barclay. Our meeting today is a happy one. First of all we greet the new editor of a new magazine. From the day he entered our organization I recognized this young man's potentialities. Gentlemen and Mrs. Barclay, John Ansell."

It was like being singled out in the school assembly. Except for Gloria and Javes of the legal department, I had met them all before. I noticed Munn nodding as if he, as well as Barclay, had recognized my potentialities from the start.

Mrs. Barclay smiled graciously. "Why aren't you eating your cocktail, Mr. Ansell?"

"I don't eat shellfish. I have an allergy," I said.

"We don't believe in allergies." Gloria's smile condoned my ignorance. "We've proven they're part of the medical racket, another way of putting money in the doctors' pockets. Don't you just adore Truth and Health?"

"But shellfish doesn't agree with me," I argued. "I haven't touched it since my freshman year at college when—"

Barclay cleared his throat.

I remembered why I was the new editor and guest of honor at this luncheon. "Oh!" I said as if I'd been hit on the head with a mallet. "I did eat shrimps last week and the next thing I knew I was in the hospital."

Barclay grinned.

Gloria's lovely brow puckered. "You must have had some humiliating or terrifying experience in early youth. In your unconscious mind it's probably associated with shrimps. Do you remember ever having been hurt or punished at the same time as—"

"My dear," Barclay interrupted, "your intentions are admirable but we haven't time now. These are busy men."

She accepted the rebuke with a smile.

"The purpose of this meeting is to discuss our new magazine," Barclay said.

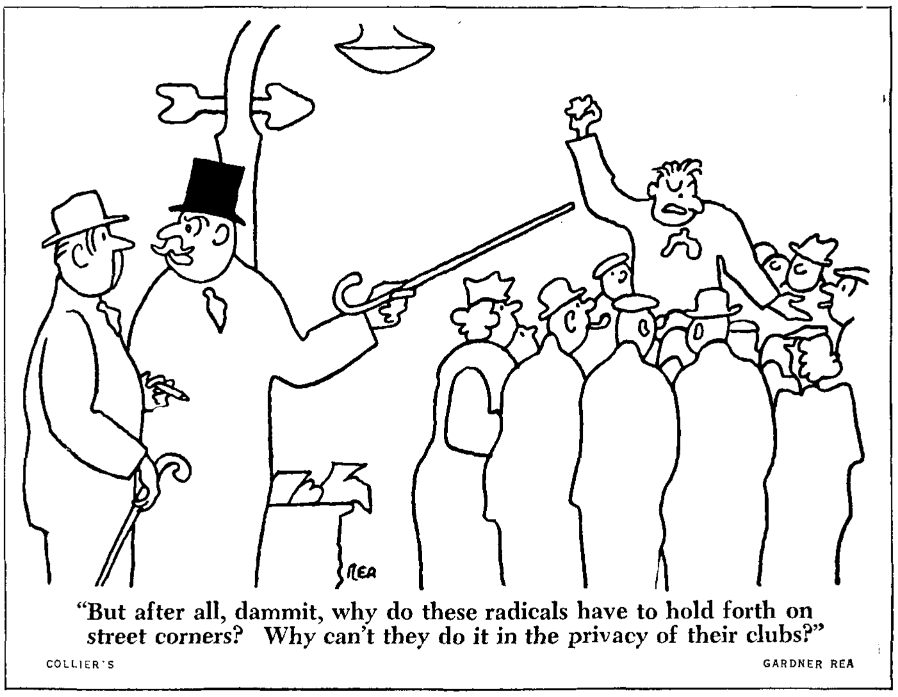
They all stopped chewing and nodded.

"This new magazine is going to be terrific. Brief, punchy, succinct, timely and"—Barclay paused for emphasis—"courageous!"

They all nodded again and Munn repeated, reverently, "Courageous."

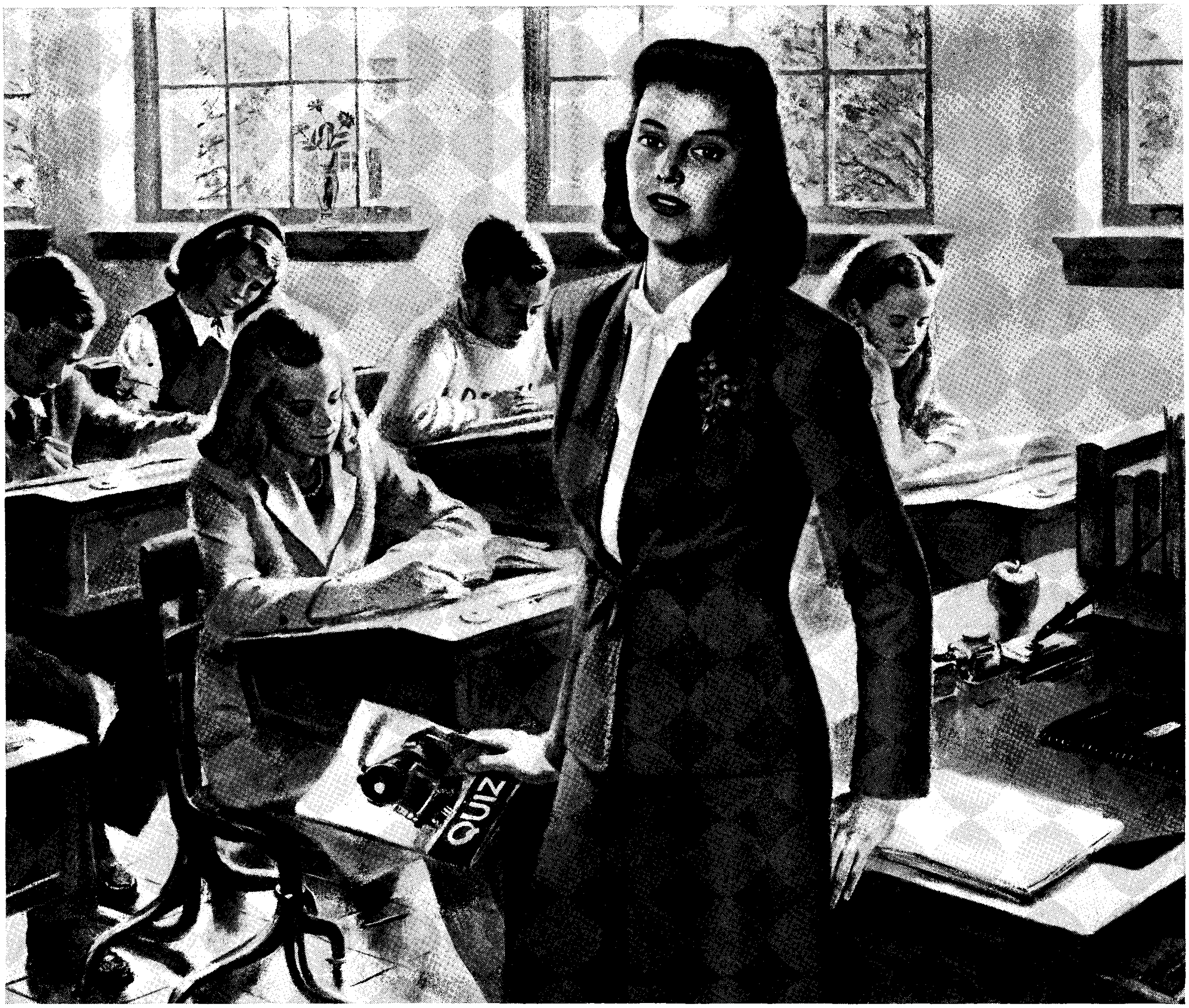
"Not that we've lacked courage in the past," Barclay continued. "In all modesty I say that no braver trumpet has heralded the truth to the reading public than the Truth group. We've bared the truth about subjects which no other publication would have looked at through a microscope or touched with antiseptic gloves."

"How true," muttered Dr. Mason,



"But after all, dammit, why do these radicals have to hold forth on street corners? Why can't they do it in the privacy of their clubs?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



"I'd like to suggest a *fourth* 'R'"

"'Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic' were about all that children learned in the days of the little red schoolhouse. Today, of course, we cover a lot more ground. And classroom projects on transportation form so important a part of our studies these days that this fourth 'R' of mine would stand for Railroads.

"Our young people have learned that the railroads are an important partner in the business of living . . . because only the railroads have the enormous carrying capacity required to transport most of the food the children eat, the clothes they wear, and the things they need and use every day.

"Yes, 'R' for Railroads means a real partnership—one which has been firmly interwoven into the whole pattern of our American life."

•

The partnership of the American railroads with the American people reaches deep down into thousands of towns and villages all over the nation, for the railroads are a home-town partner in every community they serve. They employ local people, buy supplies locally, own local property and pay local taxes on it.

These railroad taxes are the same kind as those *you* pay. They are not spent on railroad tracks or stations, but help support local public services of all sorts, including public health, fire and police protection, and public schools.

Last year railroad taxes alone paid for the education of more than a million children throughout the United States.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

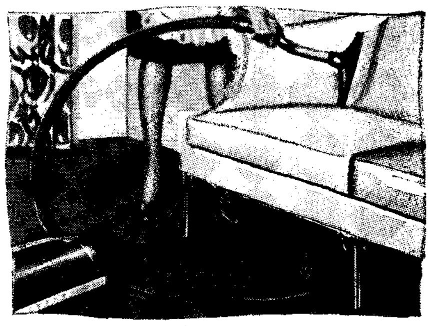
IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

"I'm a free woman...

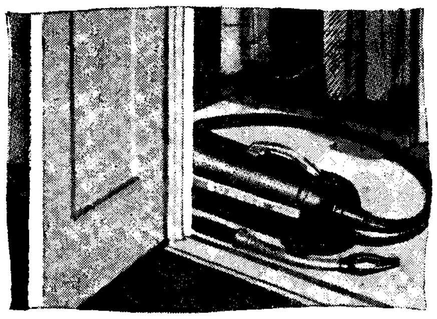
I'VE GOT THE MOST WONDERFUL 'SYSTEM' FOR DOING ALL MY DUSTING, SWEEPING, BRUSHING, WAXING—BETTER, FASTER, EASIER, TOO!"

New EUREKA COMPLETE Home Cleaning System!

You're telling us now! It's a miracle. What an easy, quick and simple way to keep the whole house shining from attic to cellar. Yes, it's a complete Home Cleaning System all wrapped up in one package and it's wonderful. First new idea in years!



The portable tank-type cleaner (with cleaning tools) for above-the-floor cleaning plus the powerful upright for floor-level cleaning, makes a super combination, upstairs, downstairs, all through the house.



Moth-controlling and paint-spraying are "extras" the Eureka System does in addition to all your dusting, sweeping, brushing, rug cleaning. It's a time saving, work saving modern miracle and what it means is a new kind of freedom for you.

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Home Cleaning System
CLEANING TO

See Eureka's *complete* System at your Eureka dealer's today!

Now you can purchase the new Eureka Home Cleaning System complete or unit by unit. Ask for details of Eureka's special "Add-to" plan.

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WILLIAMS DIVISION, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Williams Oil-O-Matic
Heating and Air Conditioning Systems

It's Cordless
It's Electric
IT'S THE NEW EUREKA
CORDLESS ELECTRIC IRON

Factory authorized service and genuine Eureka repair parts are available nationally to all Eureka users. Check your Classified Telephone Directory for your local Eureka dealer or nearest Eureka factory branch.

scraping up cocktail sauce with a soda cracker.

"When I first told Ansell my idea for the new magazine, do you know what he said? He said I'd have to face stiff competition in the digest field. As if I didn't know! As if this were the first time the Barclay-Truth Publications has had to face competition—"

An office boy came in, dropped mail into Barclay's "in" basket, looked over his shoulder at the lunch table and went out contemptuously. Among the mail in Barclay's basket I saw an office envelope decorated with a red *Rush* sticker.

"—and we're going to fight competition just the way we fought it in our other publications. How? By cutting the price. Just as we've done before. Remember, Wince, when we started Truth and Love? We beat the competition by cutting our price to fifteen cents. When I brought out Truth and Health, we did the same thing." Barclay enjoyed the recollection.

He did not, I noticed, bother to mention those magazines which had failed. Truth in Pictures was one of the failures. The younger generation had spurned his Truth and Youth, and while Truth and Beauty managed to stay alive, it limped far behind her competitors in the woman's field. His motion-picture magazine had died ingloriously. Although Barclay had poured a mint of money into the project, Truth in Hollywood could not endure.

WHILE Barclay entertained with a detailed history of his triumphs, two waitresses entered, took away our empty cocktail cups and placed before each of us a plate containing creamed chicken, mashed potatoes, string beans and a few limp beets.

"In our new publication," Barclay intoned, "we shall be courageous as no other digest is courageous. As of this day, boys, the brakes are off. Truth Digest is going to make magazine history. And more than that, it's going to leave an indelible mark on modern civilization."

"What about advertising?" asked Loring Wince.

Barclay shook his head. "We're going to make more money without it. What do you think of that, boys, a magazine without advertising?"

"What's so new about that?" asked Burton English. "None of the digests carry advertising."

Munn looked hurt. He had no power over the insolent fellows in the advertising and circulation departments. They brought in the money and could be as impudent as they liked.

"In considering the contents of our first issue," Barclay said, "I've made a survey of our magazines for the past ten years and found some great stuff. Dr. Mason—"

The head of the Board of Religious Co-ordination looked up guiltily, as if it were a sin to enjoy creamed chicken.

"That campaign you and your associates prepared, Doctor, to run spiritualist fakes and other faith-parasites out of the country, that's as fresh as the day it was written. We might have to bring it up to date by including a few timely items, but very little work is required. And, Henry," Barclay aimed his charm at Roe, "I want to reprint that remarkable series you did for us in thirty-eight."

"Not that stuff on unmasking dictators of the WPA?" Burton English cut in.

"Why not?" demanded Barclay.

"It's dated, and besides, many of our readers don't like it. Plenty of them have been on the projects."

Barclay shook his fork at the dissenter. "Truth Publications will never quit fighting until we're rid of such dictatorship in our country. We may endanger ourselves in the battle, we may lose our worldly goods, our lives, even our liberty, but let us not falter in our duty."

Burton English winked. Loring Wince smiled to himself. These cynics were less concerned with principles than with profits.

"What about the woman's angle?" asked Gloria brightly.

Barclay thanked her with a gracious smile.

It was the chance Munn had been waiting for. "I suggest illegitimacy."

"Good old illegitimacy, it never fails," said Wince of circulation.

"Got to be careful," warned Javes of legal.

Dr. Mason agreed.

"Do you gentlemen and Mrs. Barclay remember that confession in last April's T and L?" asked Munn. "About the woman who refused marriage?"

"I do," cried Gloria. "'I Spurned a Wedding Ring.' She had six daughters."

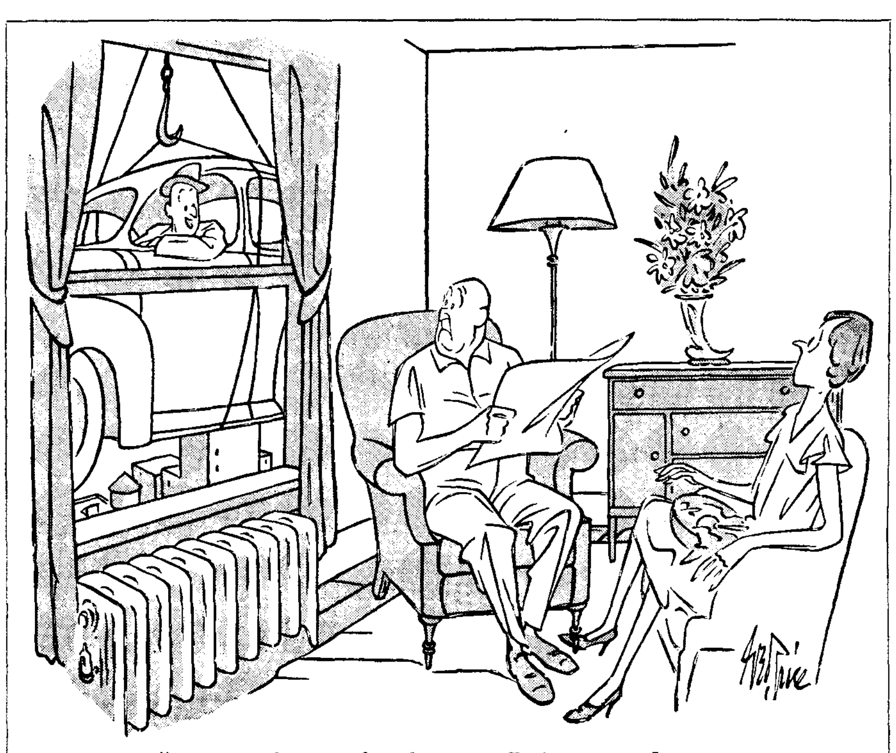
"Perhaps she should have settled for the ring," I said.

Wince and English laughed. Munn looked pained.

The waitresses were in again. One was removing our plates while the other served ice cream.

"Syphilis is better," Dr. Mason said.

"I agree." Burton English was now



COLLIER'S "Are you the people who are offering to trade your apartment for a 1946 car at the ceiling price?" GEORGE PRICE

Calvert
RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert embodies that unusual smoothness and gratifying bouquet pleasing to the connoisseur

"Something tells me they won't go far from shore"

A doggone good hint for hosts!

Tuck a bottle of Calvert in a beach basket, or serve up some glorious Calvert Highballs on the terrace . . . and nothing can lure your guests away!

This pre-war quality whiskey is unmistakably *the real thing* . . . so deliciously smooth and rich, there's simply no imitating it!

Planning a friendly little gathering yourself? Pay your guests the compliment of serving Calvert. . . . . ***It's the real thing!***

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

Calvert
RESERVE
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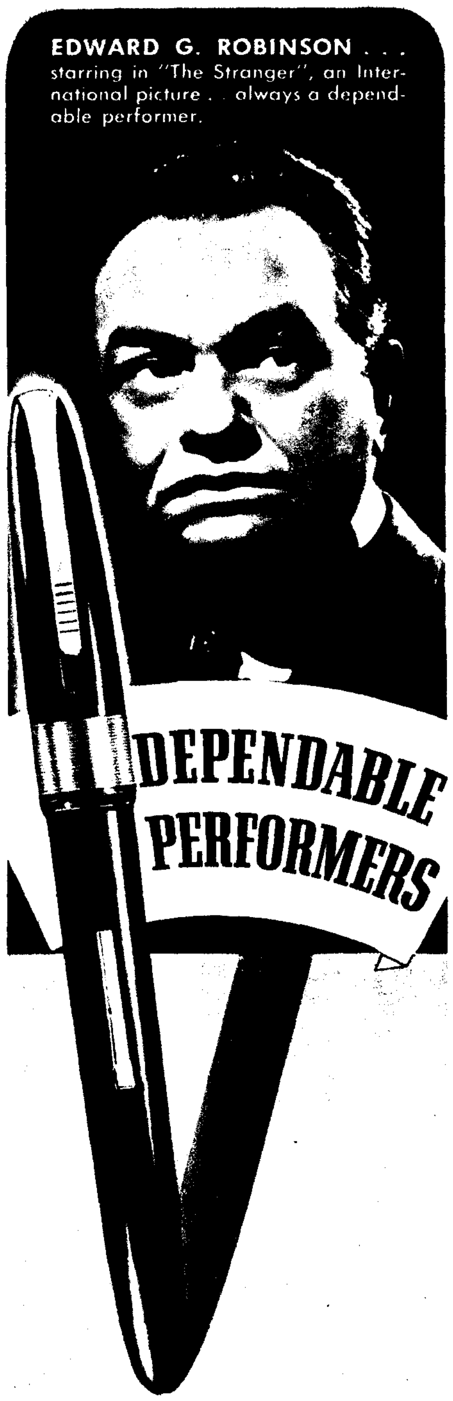
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits


EDWARD G. ROBINSON . . . starring in "The Stranger", an International picture . . always a dependable performer.

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quite serious. "We always go to town with syphilis."

The waitress dropped a plate of ice cream.

Barclay frowned slightly at the interruption of the conference. "I vote no on syphilis," he said, "particularly for the first issue. Syphilis has been overdone lately. The most conservative magazines are taking it up. I've got a better medical piece: Consider Your Glands, Medicine's Biggest Racket."

We considered our glands. In the corner the waitresses conferred in whispers. A critical situation had been caused by the ice-cream accident. One order was missing. All but Dr. Mason had been served. He looked anxious.

"Just a couple of minutes, dearie," the waitress said to him soothingly.

Javes of legal asked, "When was it printed? I don't remember any gland pieces recently."

"I'm having it written now," Barclay said.

"Don't digest magazines use reprints?" asked the literal-minded legal member.

"This will be a reprint. Truth and Health will be on the stands a few days ahead of the Digest. That will give it a timely quality. Shaw's doing the piece. I told him to give it the same guts and punch as Perversion in Our Colleges."

THE waitress came back with a double order of ice cream for Dr. Mason. He took it like a Sunday-school treat.

"I've got an idea," Munn said eagerly. "If we want lively material, what about a condensation of the Podolsky articles?"

Henry Roe put down his spoon. "Are you crazy?"

"I believe they increased Truth circulation," Munn said coldly. "Isn't that true, Mr. English?"

"Increased cancellations."

Munn started to protest but Barclay silenced him with a wave of his ice-cream spoon. He addressed himself to the circulation and advertising departments. "Was it our fault that Russia didn't seize Manchuria as soon as the Jap war ended? Podolsky thought she would. So did I. So did a great many people who are wiser than we are, politically speaking. Let's say that Podolsky made an error."

"It wouldn't be the first time," I said.

"Are you questioning the integrity of one of our contributors?" Munn asked. "A rather important contributor, by the way. After all, he's a well-known authority on world affairs."

"A well-known fake," I added.

The silence was uneasy.

Gloria smiled brightly. "But General Podolsky's so charming. He has such old-world manners."

"He isn't a general," I told her. "He was never an officer in the Czar's army. He's not even a Russian. His adventures never happened and most of his facts have been proved false."

Munn let out a hollow laugh. "Ansell must have been reading those Red newspapers."

"Like the New York Times and the Herald Tribune, Mr. Munn."

"Ansell's right. You're right, lad," Barclay assured me. "Like everyone else in the world, Podolsky's made mistakes. But he's always been ready to acknowledge them. As a matter of fact, my faith in Podolsky is so great that I've asked him to join our staff."

Gloria beamed. Wince of circulation whispered to Javes of legal. Burton English tried to show no feeling. Dr. Mason went on eating.

"In what capacity, may I ask?" queried Munn.

"As a sort of roving reporter," Barclay said. "Later I may give him an editorial title. Right now I want him to travel around the country, take the national pulse, so to speak. I expect a sensational series for the new digest."

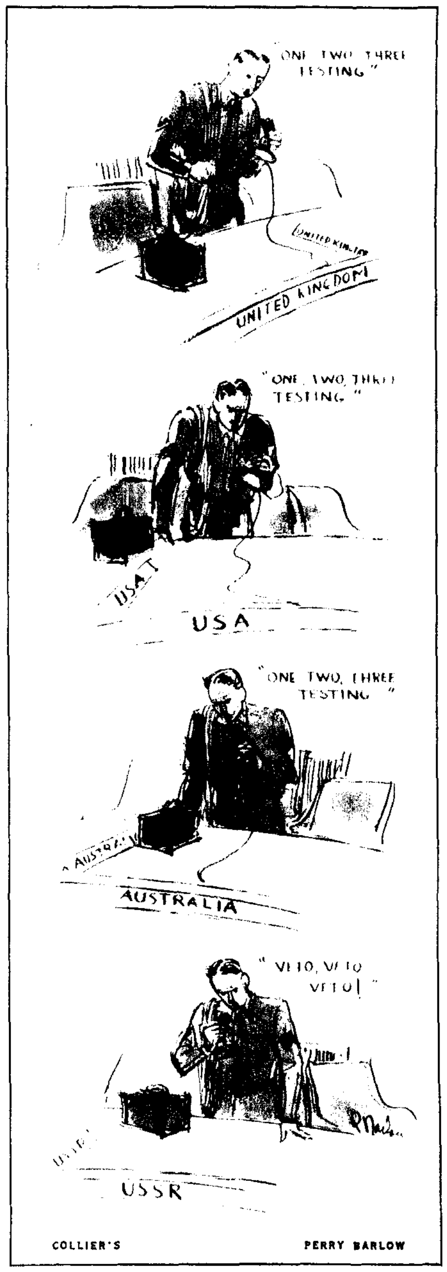
"Couldn't we use his articles in Truth first? Save a little money," suggested Munn as solemnly as if he were proposing a world-shaking idea.

"That's what I'd planned," Barclay said.

Munn wilted. Henry Roe winked at Gloria. She suppressed a giggle. The waitresses brought coffee for Javes, Wince, English, Henry Roe and me. Munn and Dr. Mason had tea, and Barclay and Gloria drank milk.

The contemptuous office boy brought in the afternoon papers. The conference table was in use, so he put the papers on the metal cover of the radiator just behind my chair.

I looked over my shoulder and read the headlines. Then I turned my back to the table and read a front-page column:


"ONE, TWO, THREE TESTING"
UNITED KINGDOM
"ONE, TWO, THREE TESTING"
USA
"ONE, TWO, THREE TESTING"
AUSTRALIA
"VETO, VETO, VETO!"
USSR
COLLIER'S
PERRY BARLOW

PLAID COAT SUSPECT FOUND
Mystery Woman Confesses Ride
in Death Elevator

"The woman in plaid, sought in connection with the death last May of Warren G. Wilson, bachelor recluse, confessed this morning to Captain A. C. Riordan of the Detective Bureau that she rode in the elevator to Wilson's floor the night he was shot in the back. She is Arvah Lucille Kennedy, divorcee, of Bayside, L. I. Suffering pangs of— (turn to page 21)."

I turned to page 21. Barclay went on talking about policy, truth and the new digest. Arvah Lucille Kennedy had not killed Warren G. Wilson. She had never met the late tenant of Suite 3002-4. On the night of May ninth, wearing a plaid coat, she rode to floor 30 of the exclusive apartment hotel because her "friend" did not want her to be seen getting off at the 28th floor. She had walked down two flights for the sake of her friend's reputation.

Her friend was Frederick Semple, morning-coated manager of the hotel. He could not set a bad example to guests. It was for Mr. Semple's sake that Arvah had kept silent for six months.

"What are you reading, Ansell?"

Everyone at the table stared. I could see that Dr. Mason and E. E. Munn were shocked by my bad manners. "You'll be interested, Mr. Barclay," I said and handed him the paper.

He was about to refuse it when I pointed to the plaid coat headline.

"Excuse me, boys," muttered Barclay and began to read the Kennedy story.

In the wire basket on his desk was the envelope with my memo. The basket was less than ten feet from where I sat, but I could not, in the sight of the boss, his wife and six employees, snatch mail from his desk.

"Very interesting," Barclay said as he handed me back the paper.

We went on with the meeting. I contributed nothing. It was my first important conference and I was a flop. English, Wince, Mason, Javes and Roe offered bright ideas or criticized unprofitable ones. All I thought about was the memo in Barclay's basket.

It was after three o'clock when the meeting broke up. English, Roe, Wince and Javes left. Dr. Mason stayed for a private word with Barclay. Gloria was talking to Munn. I had no excuse for hanging around. I walked to the door slowly.

Barclay had gone to his desk. Dr. Mason leaned over it, whispering some confidential question or opinion. Barclay was not listening. He had taken the mail from his basket.

As I left he was opening the envelope with the red sticker.

THE phone rang.

I looked at my watch. It was 3:40.

"Yes, he is," Miss Kaufman said. She put down the phone and turned to me, saying, "He wants you in his office. Right away."

I was glad. The agony was about to start but the suspense was over. Barclay had promoted me, raised my salary, made me his new favorite in order to keep me quiet. I had accepted the bribe and he thought he had me where he wanted me. And now he had discovered that I was not content to stay quiet.

Munn passed me in the hall. "Great meeting, wasn't it?" Evidently he had not seen my memo.

Miss Eccles smiled, too. "Go right in. He's waiting for you, Mr. Ansell."

Gloria was still in Barclay's office. She greeted me brightly. "I'm so glad to know you at last, Mr. Ansell. Daddy's told me so much about you. You must dine with us some night. I'll arrange it with Eleanor."

News traveled fast in the Barclay office. I did not mind their knowing about Eleanor. What puzzled me was the air of approval. Barclay nodded over Gloria's invitation. On his desk, at the center of the blotter, my memo lay.

"Lover," Barclay said to his wife, "I've got to speak to this young man about business. I'm sure it wouldn't interest you."

"Yes, dear." She kissed her husband, wrapped herself in sables, waved a farewell and was gone.

Barclay picked up the memo. "What's the meaning of this, lad? Trying to be funny, eh?" The approach was mild. He had probably planned his strategy.

"No, Mr. Barclay."

"What are you trying to get at?"

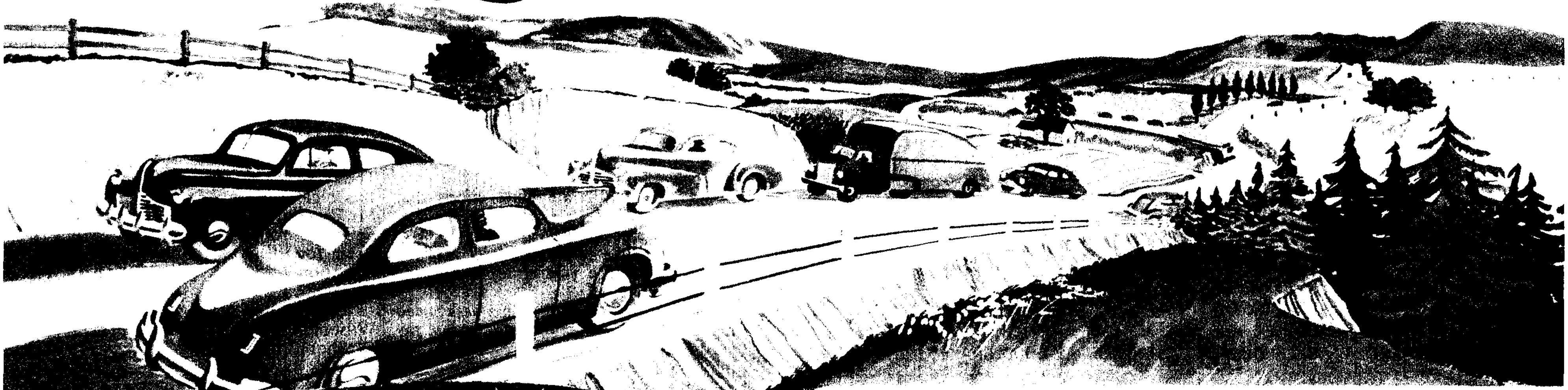
"Don't you know?"

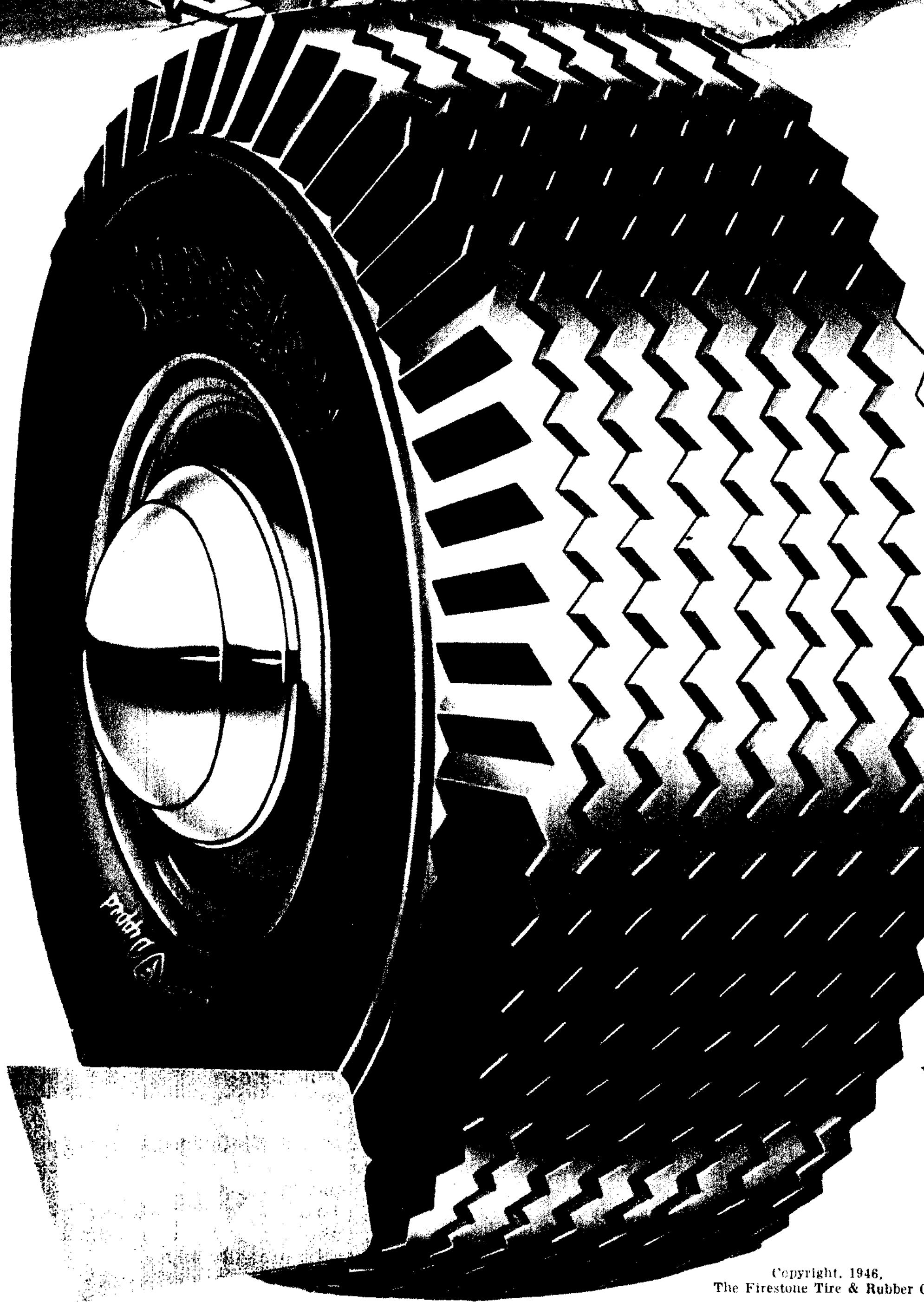
Barclay knew the power of silence. In the outside offices typewriters were clicking, people talking on telephones, office boys slamming doors, but Barclay's quarters were soundproof. There was

AMERICA'S *FIRST and ONLY* NEW POST-WAR TIRE

Firestone

De Luxe CHAMPION





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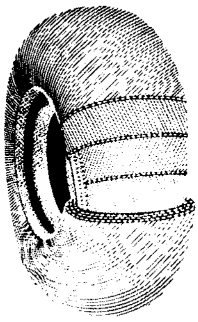
HERE is one post-war product that you can buy *right now!* The new Firestone De Luxe Champion is the *first* and *only* tire that contains all of the improvements in design, materials and manufacturing techniques developed during and after the war. It is especially engineered in every detail to take full advantage of the extra strength of rayon cord. It has been tested and proved in millions of miles of service over all types of roads in all kinds of weather. It sets a new standard of performance, *yet it sells at regular price!* See this safest, longest-wearing tire ever built at your nearby Firestone dealer store or Firestone store TODAY!

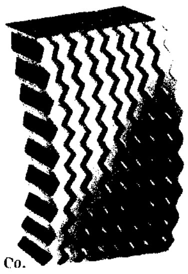
*Rayon cord bodies in size 6.50 and larger, extra-strength cotton cord bodies in smaller sizes until more rayon is available

HERE'S WHY THE NEW FIRESTONE DELUXE CHAMPION STAYS SAFER LONGER

UP TO 55% Stronger
Special Firestone Rayon Cord Body and exclusive Firestone Safti-Sured Construction provide EXTRA PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS.



UP TO 32% Longer Wear
Wider, flatter tread especially compounded with Vitamic Rubber gives greater resistance to weather and wear and assures EXTRA MILEAGE.



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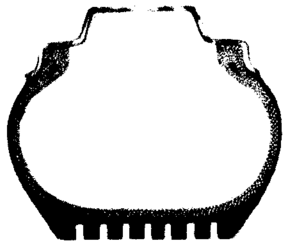

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The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

THE ONLY TIRES MADE THAT ARE SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

Trouble with a hot ice-man

BOSS, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED AN ICE PACK! AND YOU'VE GOT ALL THE MAKIN'S FOR IT!
THAT'S FOR SURE, STOPPER! AND I'LL NEED ALL OF IT TO GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE!
I'D SAY WE WERE ON THE WAY TO THE COOLER-AND I DON'T MEAN ICEHOUSE!
I'LL COOL HIM OFF WITH COLD CASH. THEN WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME GOOD BRAKE LINING!
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only the muted hum of traffic, 25 stories below.

"Look, Mr. Barclay," I began nervously, "I heard the lady in plaid had been found and I naturally thought the murder had been solved." I spoke in the clear monotonous voice of a schoolboy reciting the multiplication tables. "As I told you in my memo, I thought we could use the cuts instead of junking them. Save the organization some money."

It was a neat excuse. Showed that I had the interests of the firm at heart, rather than a single magazine. It should have convinced Barclay of my good will.

He shook his head. Strong, tanned hands clenched and unclenched.

"Tell me, Mr. Barclay, why do you want to suppress that story?"

He crossed the office. The thick carpet muffled his footsteps. He came close to me and we stood side by side, Barclay six foot three and Ansell, a pint-sized runt. But Barclay could not answer my question.

I went on bravely: "What have I got to be afraid of? I don't eat shrimps. I can't take sea food. I could get the waitress to say that I ate lamb chops that night."

"You're a cocky little guy, aren't you?"

"I don't like being pushed around. Why the hell are you afraid to run the Wilson story?"

Barclay walked back to his desk, head high. "All right, I'm going to lay my cards on the table. After you know, you may change your tune. Sit down."

I sat down.

The door opened. Munn rushed in, the carbon copy of my memo in his hand. "Did you see this?" he said.

"I know all about it, Ed. John and I are talking it over now." Barclay had recovered his poise. Edward Everett Munn was the dirt under his feet.

Munn looked at me as if he could not believe that I was there, sitting in a comfortable chair, peacefully talking to the boss about that infamous memo.

"I shan't need you, Ed."

"I'd better stay." Munn stood firm.

"I told you I didn't need you," Barclay snapped. "Get the hell out."

There was neither devotion nor obedience in the look Munn gave Barclay. I expected a retort, even a quarrel. But Barclay had caught the look of rebellion in Munn's face, and had turned to stone. The silent trick was evidently one of his strongest weapons. Munn shrugged and went away.

"What's this all about, Mr. Barclay?"

"Why are you so keen on this Wilson story, John?"

"I'm a writer, Mr. Barclay. I wrote a story. You said it was a good story and then you refused to publish it. That's all that concerns me."

Barclay rolled my memo into a cone and swept its point back and forth across his desk blotter. It was the first time I had seen him make a nervous or unnecessary movement. "Do you know that Eleanor was a friend of Wilson's?" he asked.

THERE was a long silence. He looked at the paper cone, at the desk blotter, at his hands, while he waited. I showed no surprise. I wasn't shocked because I had had this information already—from Wilson himself. Back on St. Valentine's Day he had inscribed a volume of poetry to a genteel lady.

"Was she?" I had decided to play dumb, to wait and learn.

"Do you know she had a date with him the night he was killed?"

That hit me harder. It took effort for me to answer in the same dry monotone. "Did she?"

A light burned green in the box on Barclay's desk. He spoke into a grilled panel. "I'm busy now. I'm not taking any calls." The room was getting dark. Twilight had entered like fog. The big man sat quietly at his desk, shoulders bowed, arms extended, hands limp beside the bronze nudes that held a caldron of ink.

In a voice so cold and distant that I barely recognized it as my own, I said, "She had a date with Wilson the night he was killed, you say. What happened? Do you know the facts, Mr. Barclay?"

He crushed the pink memo and tossed it into the wastebasket. "You know how I feel about secrets." His voice was warmer. Barclay had decided to take me into his confidence. "I don't believe in secrets. Buried truths are festering sores. Dig them out, cleanse the wounds, tell the truth no matter how painful. That's my creed and I try to live by it. But when someone else is involved," he drew in his breath, "and that person has never confided in you, it plays the very devil with your conscience."

"Wait a minute. If she hadn't confided them, how did you know Eleanor's secrets, Mr. Barclay?"

"Eleanor had a date with Wilson; they were to have dined together the night of his death. I learned about it by mistake. The switchboard girl thought his message was meant for me instead of Eleanor. Mr. Barclay, not Miss Barclay, you understand. As soon as I learned about it I sent for Eleanor and demanded an explanation."

"Why?"

"Eleanor had never told me she knew Wilson."

"Should she have?"

HE SWALLOWED twice, nodded and said, "A father is a father."

"So I've been told. Do you always demand an explanation when you discover that she's dining with a man? Or was there something special about Wilson?" My voice was low, my manner objective. I might have been asking his opinion of an editorial detail.

"If you knew the facts you wouldn't be quite so flippant, young man. Eleanor had a gun on her when she came into my office. She was hysterical . . ." His voice trailed off, and he looked beyond me into the window which the room's lights and the sky's darkness had turned into a mirror. It gave back a hard, glazed portrait of Noble Barclay.

"A gun. Why?"

"She'd been in the studio, directing pictures for Truth and Love. When she came up here, the gun was in her hand."

"What the hell's that got to do with Wilson?" I shouted. Barclay's facts had not got under my skin. They were too tenuous and irrelevant. What irritated me was his assumption that I ought to be frightened off by scattered hints. "Are you trying to scare me off by hinting that Eleanor shot him with one of the studio guns?"

Barclay winced. "You love her, John. You and I, we both love that kid. I was glad when I saw that she was falling for you. A clean, intelligent and ambitious young man. Why do you suppose I've been trying to build you up? You've got a great future, you know."

"Shrimps, Mr. Barclay. I do not eat shrimps."

"Eleanor needs you. You can help her, take care of her."

I saw then that Barclay wasn't playing a game. Veins bulged on his forehead. Sweat stood out. His eyes clouded.

"Look, Mr. Barclay, let's get at the facts. You found out that Eleanor had a date with Wilson, and you sent for her to come up here. She had a gun in her hand, one of the property guns from the studio. It wasn't loaded—those guns never are. Granted that she could have got shells if she had wanted them, why should she? What possible reason could she have had for wanting to kill Wilson?"

"She was very angry when I sent for her. Irrationally angry."

"Why irrationally? She's a grown woman and even though a father is a father, must she be interrogated whenever she dines with a man? What was there about Wilson? You must have known something, Mr. Barclay, to have sent for her."

"Did she ever mention Wilson to you, John?"

I had begun to sweat, too.

"That's what I thought," Barclay said. "She's kept it from you, too. It's that secretive strain in them. Her mother was the same way. You could never tell what she was thinking." He passed his hand over his eyes as if he had caught a glimpse of some hideous shape lurking in the shadows. "Eleanor's mother killed herself, you know."

I did know. The introduction to My Life Is Truth is Barclay's autobiography.

"Her family," he went on huskily, "were overbred aristocrats. Sensitive. Secretive. She's been growing more and more like them, John. I've been worried." He wiped the sweat from his forehead. His voice, more than his words, confessed hidden fear. I thought of the creed by which he lived. Buried truths are festering sores. . . .

"Are you trying to tell me, Mr. Barclay, that you believe Eleanor killed Wilson?"

Scorn twisted his mouth. His dark eyes hardened. Noble Barclay shuddered with contempt at John Miles Ansell, an insensitive dolt who asked stupid questions. Everything that Barclay had tried subtly to convey I had cried aloud. Why, unless sternest truth demanded, should a father accuse his daughter of murder?

Barclay walked off. At the end of the room he squared his shoulders, turned and came back to me. The mood had lightened. He was no longer contemptuous, but sympathetic, my ally in sorrow. His hand fell upon my shoulder and his eyes sought understanding.

"She needs love, John." His voice tightened. "If I'd been able to help her mother, she'd have been all right, too. We've got to take care of that girl, you and I."

I shrugged away from the heavy hand. "Your facts haven't convinced me. They're irrelevant. They don't prove anything. I care too much for her to believe she'd be capable of anything like that." It was a noble speech, but unconvincing. I did not even succeed in fooling myself.

"Fine!" Barclay boomed. "Splendid, my lad. Good for you. That's what she needs—love, devotion, unswerving loyalty."

"I'd have to have proof," I blustered. "Damn' good proof before I'd believe anything."

"Then you'll never do anything to harm her." Barclay offered his most magnanimous smile. "You'll do everything in your power to protect her. I can trust you to look out for my little girl."

He swung out his hand. I took it. To Barclay that handclasp meant he had won me and we were united now in our determination to protect Eleanor. To me it was phony, like the oaths and handclasps and drawn blood of schoolboy vows. I jerked my hand away. Barclay let his drop and stood quiet for a moment. There was a pinched look about him. He seemed afraid to turn around. I listened, too. There was no sound in the office except his heavy breathing.

THERE was a sheet of yellow paper stuck into my typewriter when I returned to my office. On it Eleanor had typed:

Johnnie darling:

I can't go to dinner with you in an old hat. Loving you as I do, it is imperative that I have a new one. I shan't be back at the office, so stop by for me around seven. I do love you. E.

A silly note but I liked it. The switch from melodrama to millinery lightened my mood. How could I suspect a girl who had to buy a new hat because she loved me? Notice that word, *suspect.* I tried again and again to reassure myself by arguing that Barclay had dragged Eleanor's name into the case merely to throw me off the scent, but I could not achieve one hundred per cent conviction. I did not believe Eleanor had killed Wilson but I was sure she knew something about the murder.

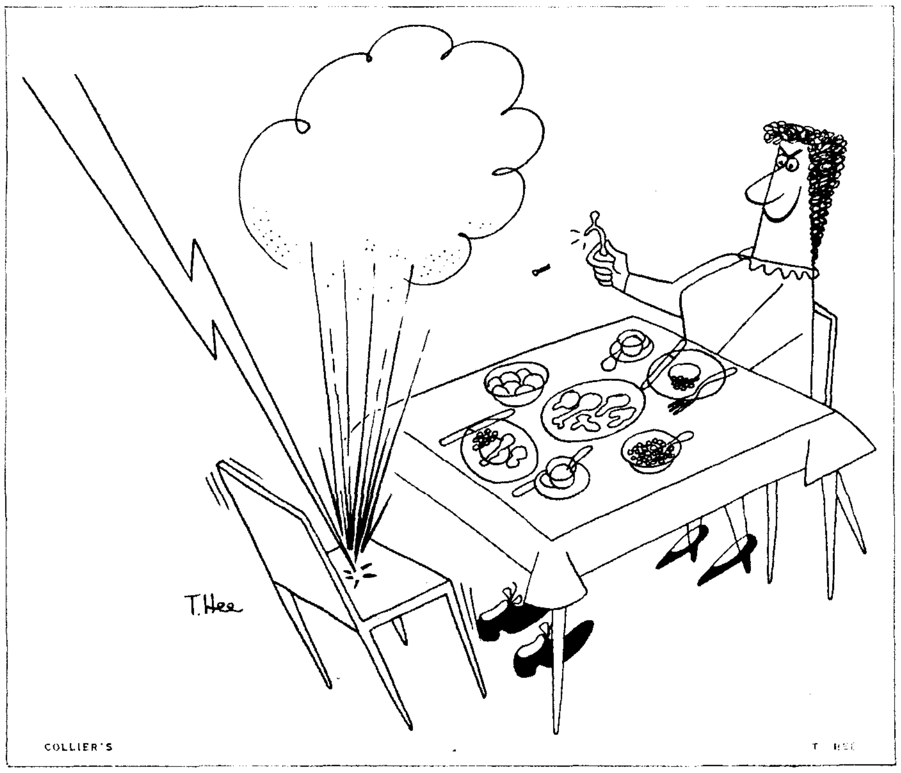
Why, for instance, had she never told me of her friendship with Wilson? Why had she kept it from her father until the switchboard gave *Mr.* Barclay's secretary the message intended for *Miss* Barclay? Was it merely coincidence that this happened on the day of Wilson's death, or had there been some connection? Why had Barclay summoned his daughter from the studio when he heard that she was dining with Warren G. Wilson?

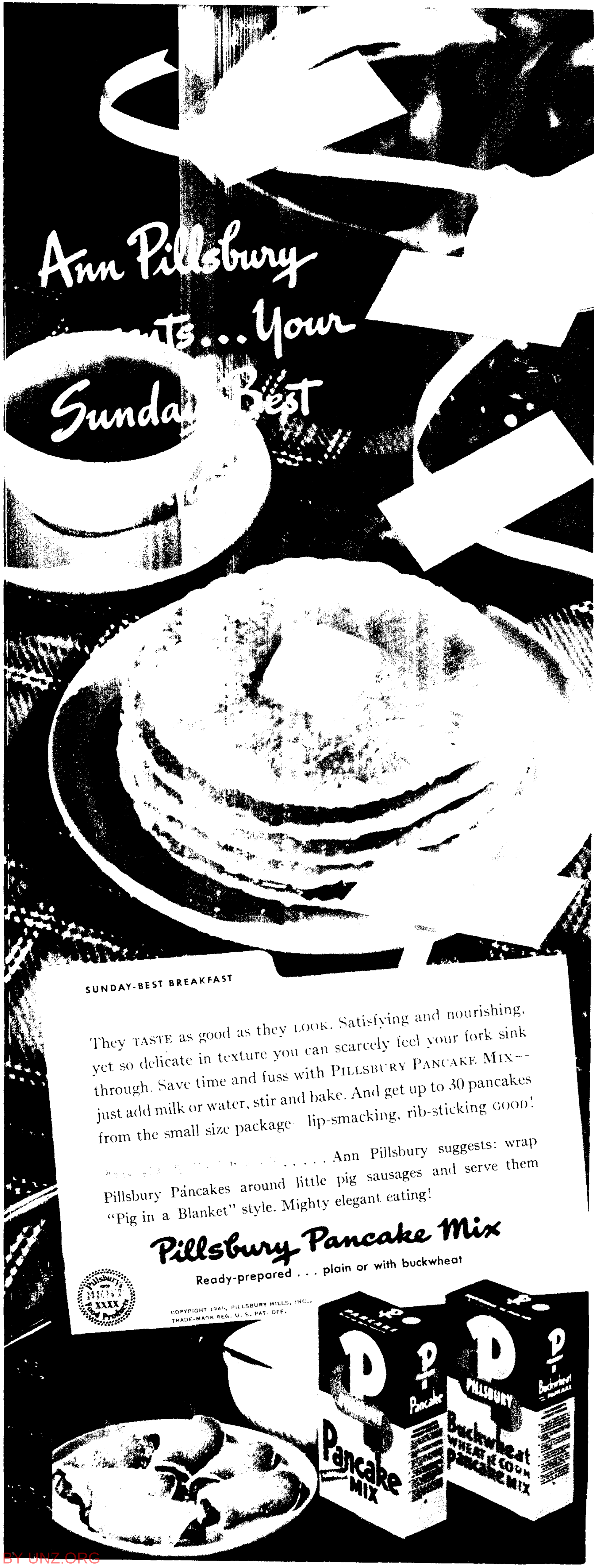
It was 7:30 when I arrived at Eleanor's. I was late deliberately. My idea was to get her out of the apartment, into some public place where we would both have to be careful of our words and our voices. I had no definite plan but I knew myself well enough to distrust any vows of discretion.

She greeted me sweetly. We kissed.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Why are you like that?"

"Like what?"





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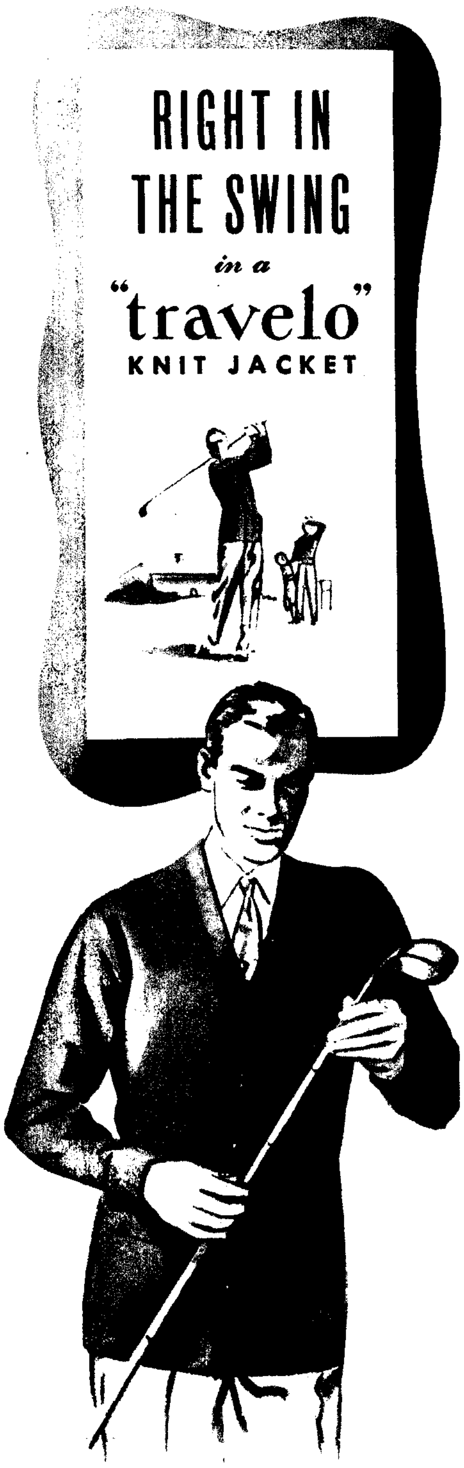

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AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Without answering she went off to fetch her wraps. I looked at the Blake again, studied Wilson's inscription. When I heard her coming, I put the volume back on the shelf. She was wearing a fur coat that smelled faintly of camphor. Her hair hung loose. It was tied on the side with a brown bow.

"Where's the new hat?"

"I didn't get one."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't find one I liked."

"In all that time? You were gone two hours."

"I don't like the hats this season. They look like deformities."

On Fifth Avenue we turned. Eleanor went on talking about hats. She was trying to be funny. The season's hats were all designed by men who hated women, she said, or by hideous women who wanted to destroy other women's looks.

"You've certainly given a lot of thought to the psychology of modern millinery," I said. "Why don't you do a piece for Truth and Love about it?"

"I'm sorry if I bore you."

"Where were you this afternoon?"

"I went to buy a hat."

"Why didn't you buy one?"

We had started across Fifth Avenue. A bus came along. I jerked Eleanor toward the curb.

"What's the matter, Johnnie? Why are you acting like that?"

"If I'm acting any differently than I usually act, I'm not aware of it. Why are you so sensitive?"

I had hold of her arm. She pulled it away. "You kissed me coldly. Then you got mad because I talked about hats. In fact, you accused me of lying because I couldn't find a hat I liked. Then you practically yanked my arm out of its socket."

"I'm sorry. I was trying to save your life."

"Maybe you're sorry about last night. Perhaps you regret it now, saying you love me and"—she hesitated, shy of words—"making plans."

I DID not try to comfort her. We walked at opposite edges of the sidewalk. I led her past five restaurants to the door of Jean Pierre's.

"How about this place?"

"No." Before I had a chance to argue, she had turned around and was moving on.

"Want to go to the Brevoort?"

"I don't care."

"Why don't you like Jean Pierre's? The food is wonderful."

"I don't want to eat there."

"Does it remind you of Wilson?"

The attack was not planned. Impatience had shoved me off balance. I was too restless to fence around any longer, too undisciplined to follow a pattern.

Eleanor said, "Is that why you took me there?"

"Why didn't you tell me you knew him?"

We were again at a crossing. Eleanor darted into the street so that I'd have no chance to take her arm. At the other side she waited. Falling into step beside me, she remarked coolly, "I've known lots of people I've never told you about. Have I ever told you how Lindbergh kissed me? I'll show you the photographs if you're interested."

"You knew I was writing the Wilson story."

"No, I didn't. Not until you were ill at the hospital. Alfie Witzel was doing a Truth and Love yarn about Tommy Manville and I had to finish it because he was rushed over to Truth and Crime to finish your Unsolved Mystery." She spoke as if there had been no more to it than a switch in office routine.

"Just the same I should think you'd have told me about him."

"Why?"

"It isn't everyone who's been intimate with a murder victim."

"I was never intimate with Mr. Wilson."

"I don't mean intimate. I mean you knew him and he was murdered. It seems strange you never mentioned him. When I was free-lancing I knew a woman who came from the same part of Chicago as Loeb and Leopold and she made a career for herself of it."

"I didn't know him so awfully well." She glanced down Fifth Avenue toward the hotel where Wilson had lived and died, and then looked away as if it had been no more important to her than Grant's Tomb. Her defiance had melted into a strange, sick indifference.

"Were you in love with him?"

"Don't be a fool, Johnnie. He was 48. Let's not go to dinner right away. Are you hungry?"

"Aren't you?"

"I couldn't look at food. Let's sit in Washington Square."

THE night was cold. We must have looked like a pair of idiots to the cop who watched over his shoulder as we chose a bench. Idiots, or lovers who had no place for privacy. We did not sit like lovers. There were six or seven inches between us.

and the woman looked back at us. After a while she said, "I hated him."

"And you were engaged to him?"

She nodded.

"Why?"

"I oughtn't to get emotional, ought I, now that it's all over?" Her voice sounded small. "It was just after my father married Gloria. Not that I dislike Gloria—" She grimaced and went on quickly, "Gloria's very nice. She adores my father. This man was older, he seemed kind and he was a good friend of my father's, too. . . ."

"But you didn't love him?"

"Oh, God!" She began suddenly to laugh. There was no gaiety in it. It was like the laughter of someone who had not laughed for years, a deaf mute finding a voice and using it in mockery. The tones were all metal. They hit me in the pit of the stomach.

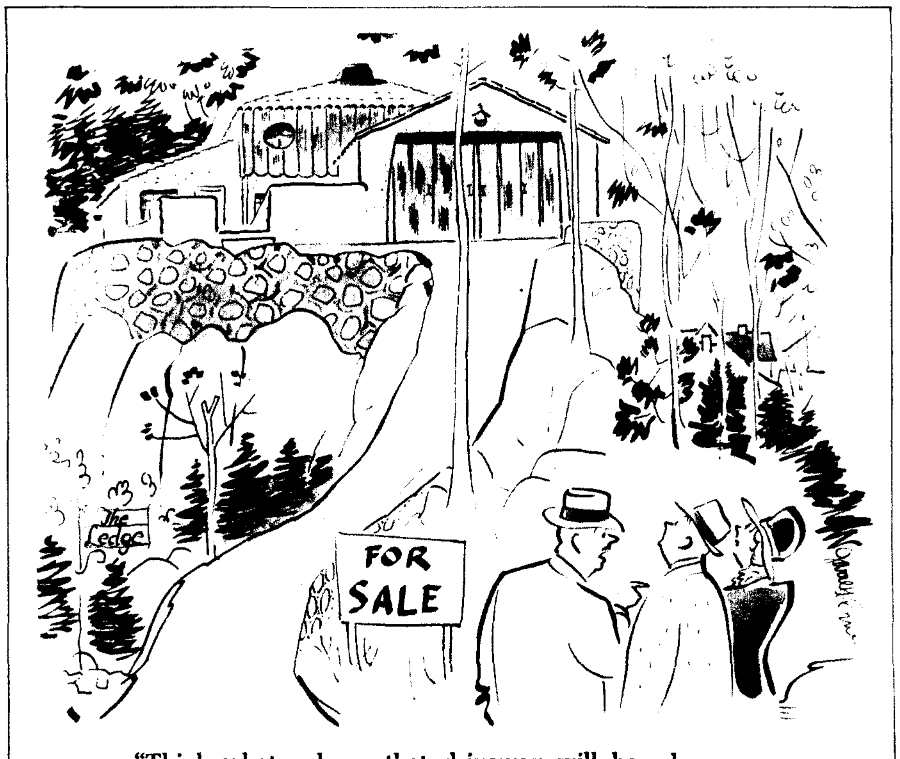
"Shut up," I snapped.

The policeman was standing under a street light. Her laughter floated out to him.

"Control yourself," I said.

The laughter ended as abruptly as it had started.

"Sorry," whispered Eleanor in a meek little voice.



"Think what a boon that driveway will be when you come out some morning and your battery is dead!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"How long did you know him?"

"Mr. Wilson?" From where we sat we had only to raise our eyes and we could see the terrace of Wilson's apartment. "I met him last year. In September. September thirtieth."

"And you say you didn't know him very well."

"I didn't."

"You seem to be pretty accurate about the day you met him. It must have been sort of important to you if you remember it that well."

She laughed. "I remember the day because it happened to be important to me. It was the day I broke my engagement."

That knocked the breath out of me. "There seems to be a lot of things you've never told me."

"I wanted to forget about it."

"Who was the man?"

She jerked her dress down over her knees and pulled her fur coat over the hem of her dress. A man and woman passed, pushing against the west wind. It was a raw night and we were a couple of fools to be fighting on a bench in Washington Square.

"Who was he?"

Eleanor laughed again, mirthlessly,

"You needn't talk about it if it affects you that way. Would you like a drink?"

"No, thanks. I'd like to tell you about it, Johnnie. You see, I once thought that I could learn to love a man. I tried," her voice was humble, "but I couldn't bear it if he kissed me or touched me. I thought I was frigid. A frigid woman. I was reading for Truth and Love and there was all that stuff about failing to respond to normal love, and I was afraid I wasn't normal. I thought I hated men." She looked at the apartment building standing tall among the old four-story houses. "I've never said this aloud before."

"There's nothing for you to be worried about. You're perfectly okay, honey. You're wonderful." I reached across the bench for her hand. The memory of last night's love sent the blood rushing through my body.

She slid toward me on the bench. I put my arm around her. To hell with Warren G. Wilson. The scene in Barclay's office had begun to fade. Her hair blew across my face.

"Believe me, Johnnie, you're the first man I've ever loved."

(Continued on page 48)

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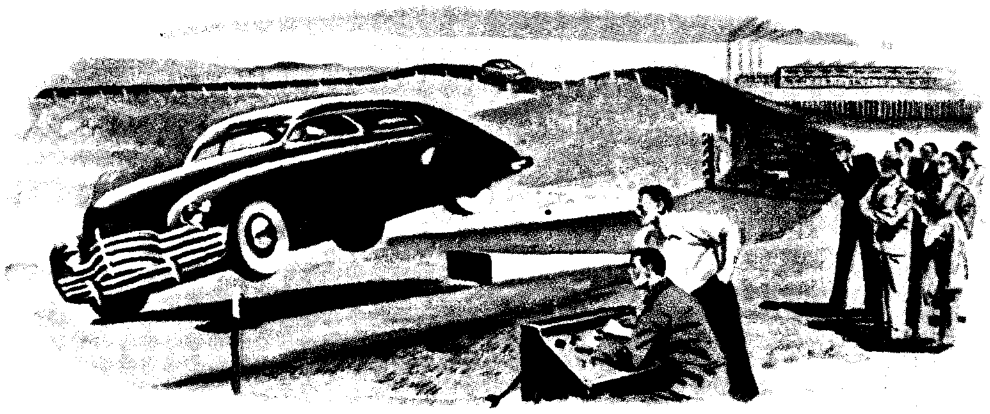

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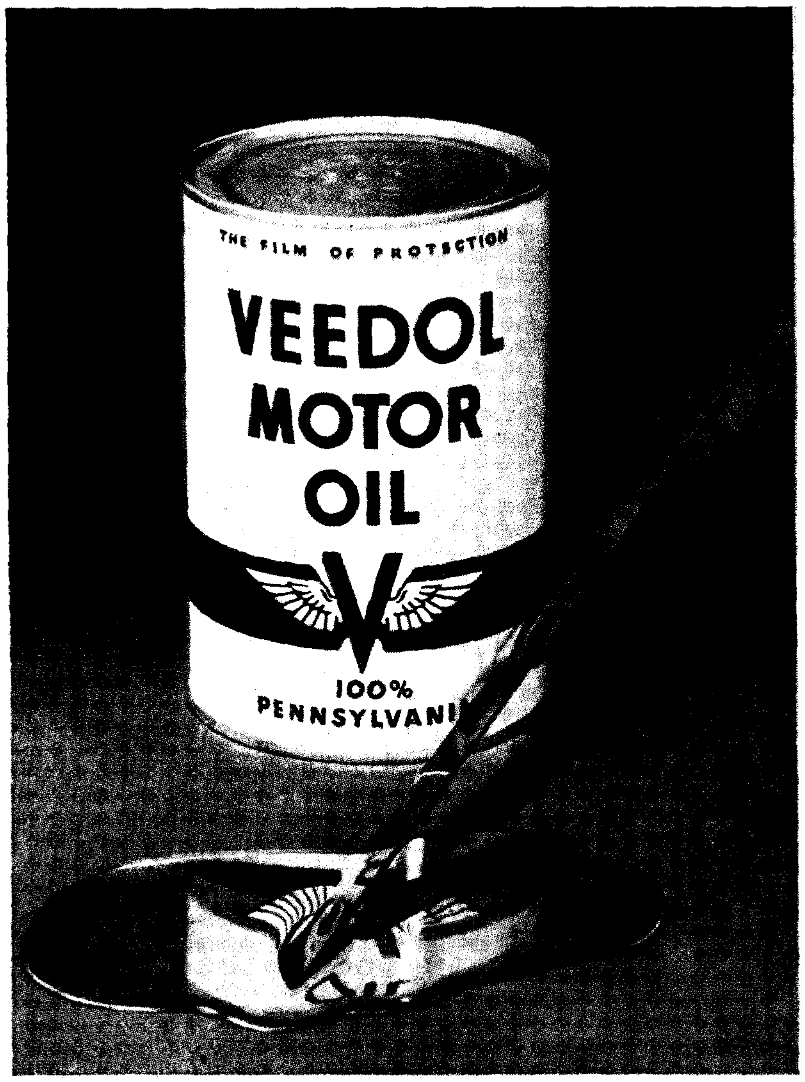

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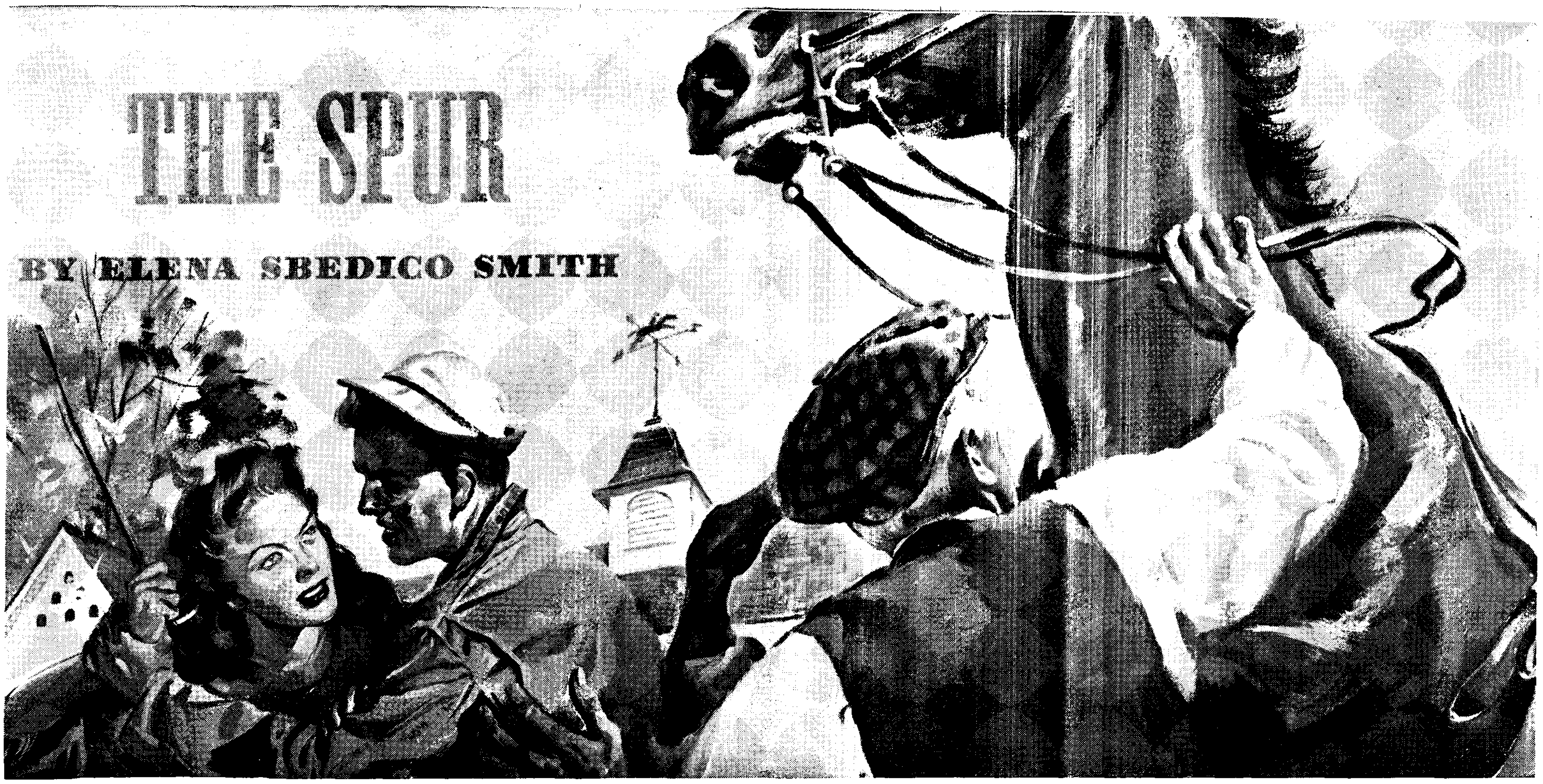
THE SPUR

BY ELENA SBEDICO SMITH



Jen's crop was raised and she struggled to get at the horse. Haskell held her until she quieted down

HASKELL put up his arm defensively against the sun. It shot brassy-bright into the big cheerful bedroom where he lay.

"Hello—you." Jen Venable had been watching him from the doorway, tall and narrow-hipped in her brown jods. Her tilted green eyes were somber and unforgiving.

"Still mad?" Haskell asked her, smiling.

She crossed the room and stood looking down at him, her knuckles on her hips. "I should be. You running off that way last night. What will Dad think?"

"I can't talk horse, Jen. You know that." Stubbornly he held his ground, remembering the houseful of Venable guests, horse lovers to a man. He saw anger flushing her soft young face.

"Don't be angry," he said quietly. "We quarrel too much. It'll be worse, of course, after we marry."

"You paint a pretty future," Jen said. *But she said it lightly and to his* immense relief she bent and kissed him. "All right. I'll make allowances for you—nerves shot, readjustment problems, all that stuff. Now get up."

He tried to hold her but she was up and away from him, closing windows, marveling at the sun. "Dick! Do you remember? Just this sort of weather that time I came down for the Harvard game."

In another autumn. Another time. "As somebody else's date," he teased her. Remembering how a recovered fumble had tossed in his lap the heroic play of the day. Later she had danced with him. That's how it had started. And on Okinawa, Jen had been something to hold to, all right. But once, that time he'd been awarded the D.S.C. and the Purple Heart, her letter had made him feel that the war to Jen had been the big Bowl game. Dreadful, of course. But terribly exciting. And her man, Dick Haskell, in there making like an All-American.

"Darling, hurry," Jen said. "I'm dying to show you Killarney."

"Killarney?" He honestly didn't remember.

"The new colt, idiot! I'm breaking him myself. Oh, Dick, he's really splendid!" She came to him, her eyes shining. She's like a child now, Haskell thought. Not willful or wrong or violent. But she had plumped down on the bed beside him, pressing against his bad leg, and he couldn't control a grin of pain.

"Oh, *hon!* Your poor leg! No wonder you're so unreasonable—" She gave him three little chirpy kisses but he felt no better.

"Unreasonable?" But he knew what she meant. The recurrent argument had worn them both raw and edgy since his Army discharge. "Unreasonable because I want to go back to school. You know, Jen, I always thought I might make a pretty fair chemist."

"Well, be one of them! But you might let Dad help. You will—if we're ever to be married!" He always marveled at her anger. So violent. So *righteous. So sure to triumph.*

"Let's not go through all that again," he said dryly, throwing back the covers.

She came close to him then, and for Jen she was almost pleading. "Dick, please. You could work for Dad for a year. *Then* if you still wanted to . . ."

He found his moccasins, limped toward the bathroom, limped almost imperceptibly. Jen came and put her arm about him. "Why is school so *important?*" she asked him lightly. "There'd be no more football for you."

Haskell stopped. He stared out into the chill brilliance of the sun. And then he limped on, waving Jen out. "Get me a cup of coffee," he said tiredly, "and I'll go see your damned horse."

IN THE station wagon, with Jen at the wheel, they drove through acres of rich Venable farm land to the white stables. In a way it was a relief. Jen could think of only one thing now; the new colt.

He was a beauty. Even Haskell could see that. Sammy, the trainer, led him into the corral. The look of tensile strength and pride were all thoroughbred. In the morning sunlight the sorrel's gleaming coat looked tissue-thin.

"Look at that conformation!" Jen gloated. "And he's mine! You know, Dick, Killarney means more than any colt I've ever owned."

She was up, lightly, into the saddle. The colt danced daintily, side-stepping, his head tossing against the unaccustomed bit.

"Careful," Haskell warned. "Give him a little head." The steel bar was biting the tender mouth, he could see, and suddenly in anger the horse plunged and reared. The crop in Jen's hand slashed instantly on the horse's flank. She turned him, with another cut of the whip, away from them and Killarney carried her at an unchecked gallop to the north end of the paddock. Sammy and Haskell leaned on the rail. Halfway around she checked the horse. She was having her troubles. The colt was side-stepping again, deliberately disobedient, and the two men saw Jen gathering up the slack, the colt's neck arching against it, and the rise and fall of the whip. Sammy shook his head. "That crazy kid," he said fondly, for he'd known her all her life. But regretfully, too.

Together they watched her pacing the thoroughbred, checking him, patting the sleek neck, holding her own body erect and supple. Haskell felt his pride in her as always. And something else, dim and wordless, gnawing him like an unformed thought.

Jen brought the colt up to them at a smart trot and she seemed pleased and happy. She started to speak and suddenly the colt pivoted, his forelegs churning the air, and Jen was lying in the dust.

Haskell was beside her before he realized his own panic and before he could help her she was up.

"Such language!" He was so relieved he wanted to laugh. And then he looked into Jen's face and was instantly sobered. Her crop was raised and she struggled to get at the horse. Haskell held her until she quieted and then she walked from him into the stable while Sammy caught Killarney's bridle, tried to gentle him. She was back in a moment, buckling spurs to her boots. Roweled, spike spurs; the kind that rodeo showmen wear.

Sammy's jaw sagged. "You ain't wearin' those, Miss Jen. You don't want to mark a fine animal like this."

"Over here, Sammy." She ignored the supplication. Even with the horse pitching and shying she got easily astride him. Gently, very gently, she took the reins in her hands, walked the horse to the rail.

HASKELL felt a terrible pity rising in him. And pity and anger and sadness were fatefully mixed as she watched the colt, nervous and skittish, churning the earth.

Then the two men saw the thrust of Jen's heels, heard the shrill whinny of *surprise and pain and terror*, and they were gone, horse and rider, in their mad and senseless gallop—round and round and round.

"The little fool!" Haskell heard Sammy breathe. "Why she want to break a fine colt that way? Take the guts out of him . . ."

Jen's face was calm and closed when she rode up to them. The horse was quiet now, shuddering, his head low. She dropped from the saddle and slung an arm lovingly around the drooping neck.

"You beauty," Jen said. "You beautiful, willful demon!"

Haskell stared at the smear of blood and sweat on Killarney's heaving belly.

"Hurry," he said, and he got into the station wagon and started the motor.

Jen stared at him. "Hurry? But why?"

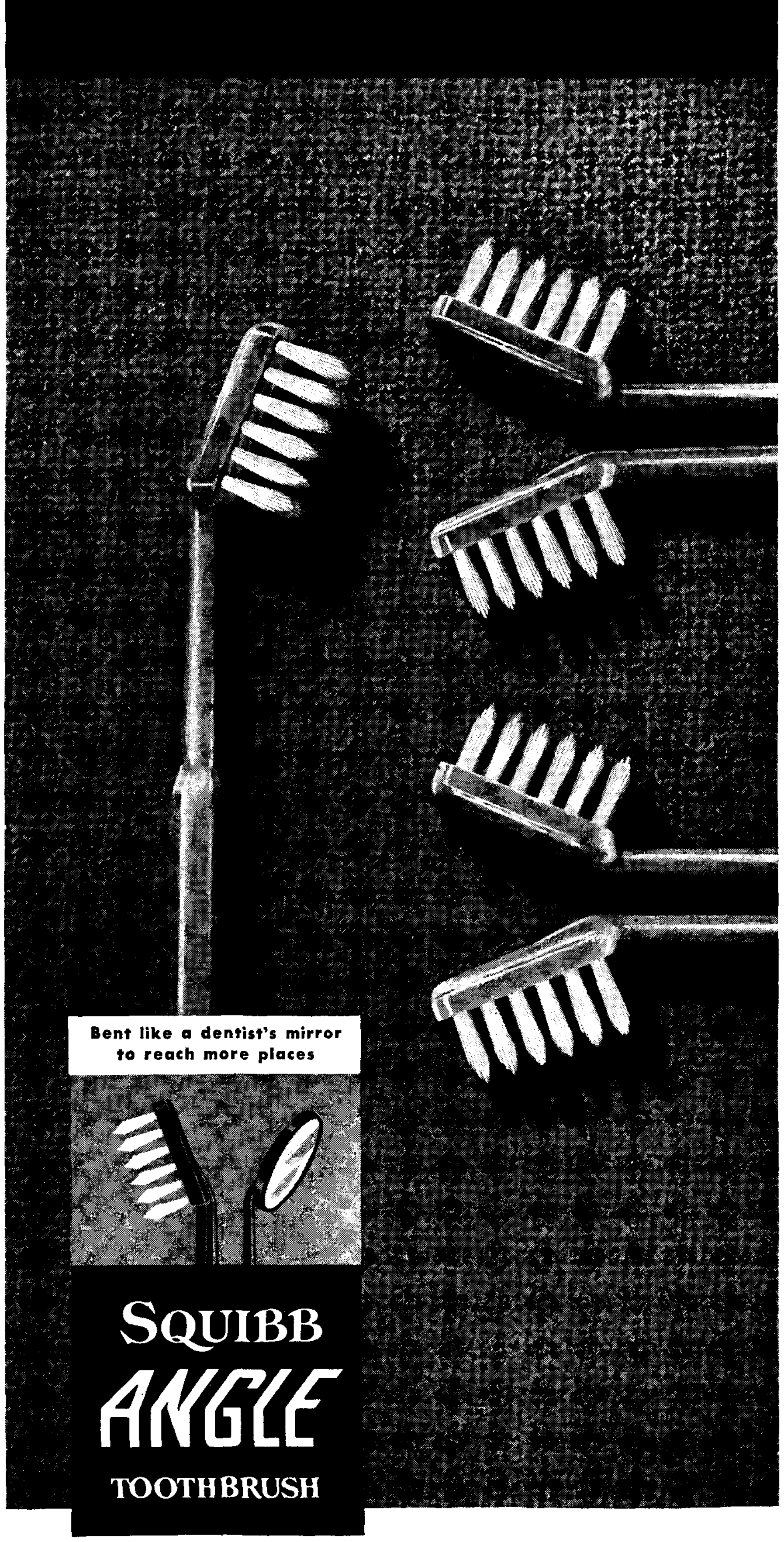
Because there's a train away from here at noon, Haskell told her silently. Wondering how you said it, when your heart still ached for her, wondering how you said that kind of goodby.

complete on this page

a short short story

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

DOES MORE FOR TEETH



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SQUIBB *A name you can trust*

Roman Mosaic

Continued from page 13

shabby, but Barrington knew that at some time they had cost plenty. Suddenly the girl looked across at him and turned away quickly, and Barrington could feel the color burning in his cheeks. He concentrated his attention on the velvet-covered trays, but he was no longer interested in the tiny chips of colored stone that formed patterns and garlands of brightness. In front of him was a mirror and he could watch the girl without turning his head.

She had taken a little package, wrapped in newspaper, from her purse, and from it she produced a broad bracelet of dark amber, studded here and there with tiny designs in mosaic. The old man held it up to the light and murmured appreciatively, but then he turned to the girl and said something and shook his head in exaggerated sorrow. Barrington could not understand the language but he knew well enough what the pantomime meant. The girl was trying to sell the bracelet, and the old man was telling her that he couldn't take it; maybe he was protesting that he had too much stuff already that he couldn't get rid of. Then Barrington flushed again because the eyes of the girl in the mirror were staring at him and he knew that if he could see the girl looking at him in the mirror then she could see him looking at her. He peered down intently at the bracelets, and then he heard the girl say, very softly:

"*Cinquecento lire, signor.*" There was a tremulous appeal in her voice, but the old man shook his head ruefully again.

Barrington suddenly was irritated with him. Why didn't the old miser buy the thing? What did *cinquecento* mean? He thought of the lists in the guidebook. Five hundred. Five hundred lire. Five lousy dollars! God, the old fool wanted eight hundred for these trumpery little mosaic things! He turned away from the showcase in sudden anger and walked toward the door. The old man fluttered toward him, but Barrington brusquely muttered, "Might come back tomorrow," and brushed past.

HE WALKED a few yards up the street from the door and stood on the wet curb, just outside the yellow fan of light from the windows. It was cold outside and dismal, and the loneliness had come again, more achingly than ever, and the little shop looked warm and mellow. The girl was still there, pleading with the old man, and now he was gesticulating impatiently.

Three little boys tugged at Barrington's coat, and whispered sly improprieties in insistent schoolboy English.

Barrington cursed and pushed them away. He was suddenly nauseated by Rome and everything in it. Why? Why, in heaven's name, was the world like this? Hunger, mostly—and a million other things. Cold and disease and unemployment and the dread, inexorable approach of another winter—yes, and envy, too, of these foreign soldiers who had fires and cigarettes and money and plenty of food and warm clothing. Often he had been ashamed a little because he was with the victors instead of the vanquished. It didn't need so much to be a conqueror.

He thought of the men back in the camps and down on the beaches when life had been uglier, and the men in the hotels and how they cursed these conquered, hostile people. But how could a little girl of five, thin and shivering in the gutters with a ragged frock and no shoes—a kid with rickets and a dry, cruel cough—how could she be an enemy, or anything else? He hadn't written to Lena about these things. You couldn't explain to a woman.

He looked into the shop again, and he saw the blond girl wrapping the amber bracelet in the crumpled newspaper, and in a few seconds she came outside and started when she saw him standing there, and then she walked up the street a bit and stood on the curb and looked at him again. She stood there, in the rain, for a long time. Now and then their eyes would meet and Barrington would look away quickly and study his wrist watch with great attention and then look impatiently down toward the Via del Tritone as if he were expecting some friend who was unpunctual. He wanted to go up to the girl and offer to buy the bracelet, or even just to give her some money, but he didn't know the language and she would probably think he meant something else. She looked a bit like Lena, he thought, but then he knew immediately that she didn't. He was kidding himself. She was nothing like Lena. But she was attractive. Her figure was nice and she had a strange dignity and character and her eyes held an odd, shy appeal. Somehow she looked as if she might have been a braver woman than Lena ever could be.

THE girl looked at him again. It was a long, emotionless surveillance, and then she turned away and began to walk across the square slowly. He could feel an empty numbness rising inside him. He wanted to call out to her to come back. He didn't want her to go. She would disappear into those black, endless caverns beyond the fountain and he would never see her again. But she reached the little traffic island under the street lamp, and then she stopped and turned and looked at him again. Barrington glanced awkwardly at his watch and stared away down the street. When he glanced back she was still staring toward him and this time neither of them looked away, but they made no move, and after a time she turned and looked toward a group of three American soldiers who were standing beside the line of black, boxlike horse carriages. They were noisy and evidently a little drunk and they were jesting boisterously with the kids who were trying to arrange assignations.

The girl looked once more at Barrington, and then she started to walk very slowly toward the three soldiers. He watched her dumbly. The bones in his fingers ached. It was all so horrible, so pitiable. He could see the shame and humiliation and the terrible strength of decision in her thin face as she moved so slowly past him beneath the street light. He noticed the travesty of beguilement in the nervous, uncertain attempt she made to swing her hips provocatively. He knew that he was present at the brutal moment when a chaste woman becomes a prostitute.

She was talking to the soldiers and one of them laughed stridently. For a few moments Barrington watched the group with its dramatic Daumier lighting, its Daumier savagery and pity; and then the tallest of the soldiers went away with the girl. They walked toward where the Via Vittoria Veneto curled down to the square like a broad, black, shining river. At the corner the soldier put his arm around the girl's waist, roughly. There was something possessively offensive in his movements, and suddenly Barrington was running after them, his heart hammering. The couple had disappeared in the wet blackness beyond the corner light and he felt a swift spasm of agony that he might not find them. But when he reached the corner he could see them crossing the wide street between the luxurious shops that glittered curvingly up the hill into the hissing darkness, and in a few moments he had reached them.

"Hey, soldier!" he called, and the big man turned, questioningly. He almost looked an Italian himself, thought Barrington. He was a swarthy, uncouth giant of a man, and then Barrington saw the name, Canoletti, stamped on his jacket below the paratrooper's wings. The girl seemed stunned and ashamed.

"I'll have to take this girl from you, soldier," said Barrington. He tried to control his gasping, and the quaver in his voice.

"Now listen, feller—" The big man spoke hoarsely, pugnaciously. He spoke like a man who would give his officers lots of trouble in almost any circumstances.

"That's an order, soldier," Barrington snapped. "I'm with Counterintelligence. We've been chasing this girl a long time."

"Oh!" The man's attitude changed. "Hell! I thought she's just another o' these cheap pick-ups. I ain't to know she's one o' *those*." He turned in anger to the girl and spat Italian at her savagely. Barrington didn't know what he was saying but he could see the astonishment and horror and fear in her startled eyes, and she shook her head at him imploringly, and started to talk rapidly in Italian.

THE big man snarled something at her and she was silent, and then he turned to Barrington. "She's all yours, lieutenant," he sneered. "I just told her what we think of dames like her. Someday some wise guy will tell me why all these fift'-column tramps ain't put up against a wall an' shot!" He spat contemptuously at the girl's feet and strode away into the darkness.

Barrington looked at the girl pityingly. "Where in hell do we go from here?" he muttered, helplessly. His brain was a turmoil of embarrassment and excitement and regret, and yet of a fierce pride that at last he had taken the initiative. She was not looking at him. He could see only her profile, tense and set, and her cheek was wet, maybe from the rain. He reached out and took her hand and began to lead her back along the street.

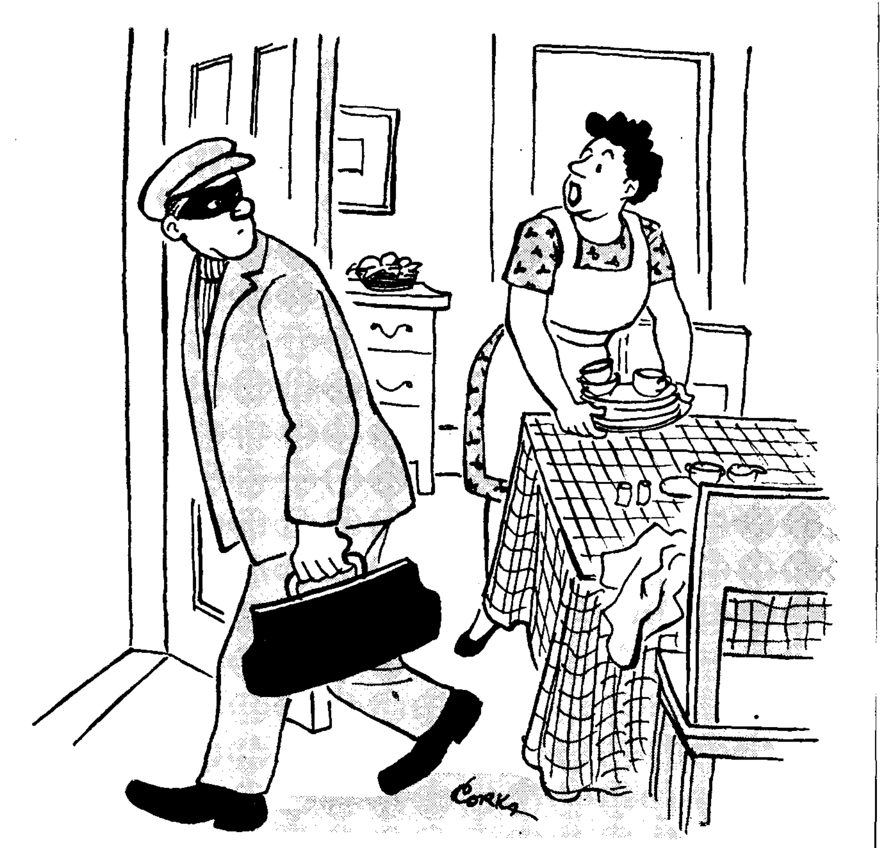
He saw a few people looking at him curiously. It must have been the expression on the girl's face, and the two of them walking along and not talking, just walking along hand in hand. She followed him limply, apathetically, like a woman in a trance, and once, as they passed a lighted window, he could see the stunned pallor of her face. Her hand was cold and trembling. They went back across the Piazza Barberini and down to the Via del Tritone. The rain had stopped and the reflections of the lights were stiff in the shining, streaming street.

Once he spoke to her, softly and with kindness, saying, "Do you speak English?" But she just shook her head dumbly, without comprehension. They walked on in silence until he saw a reasonably well-groomed Italian standing alone outside the big newspaper office. He went up to him and said, "Do you speak any English?" The man looked at the girl and smiled faintly and looked back to Barrington and nodded.

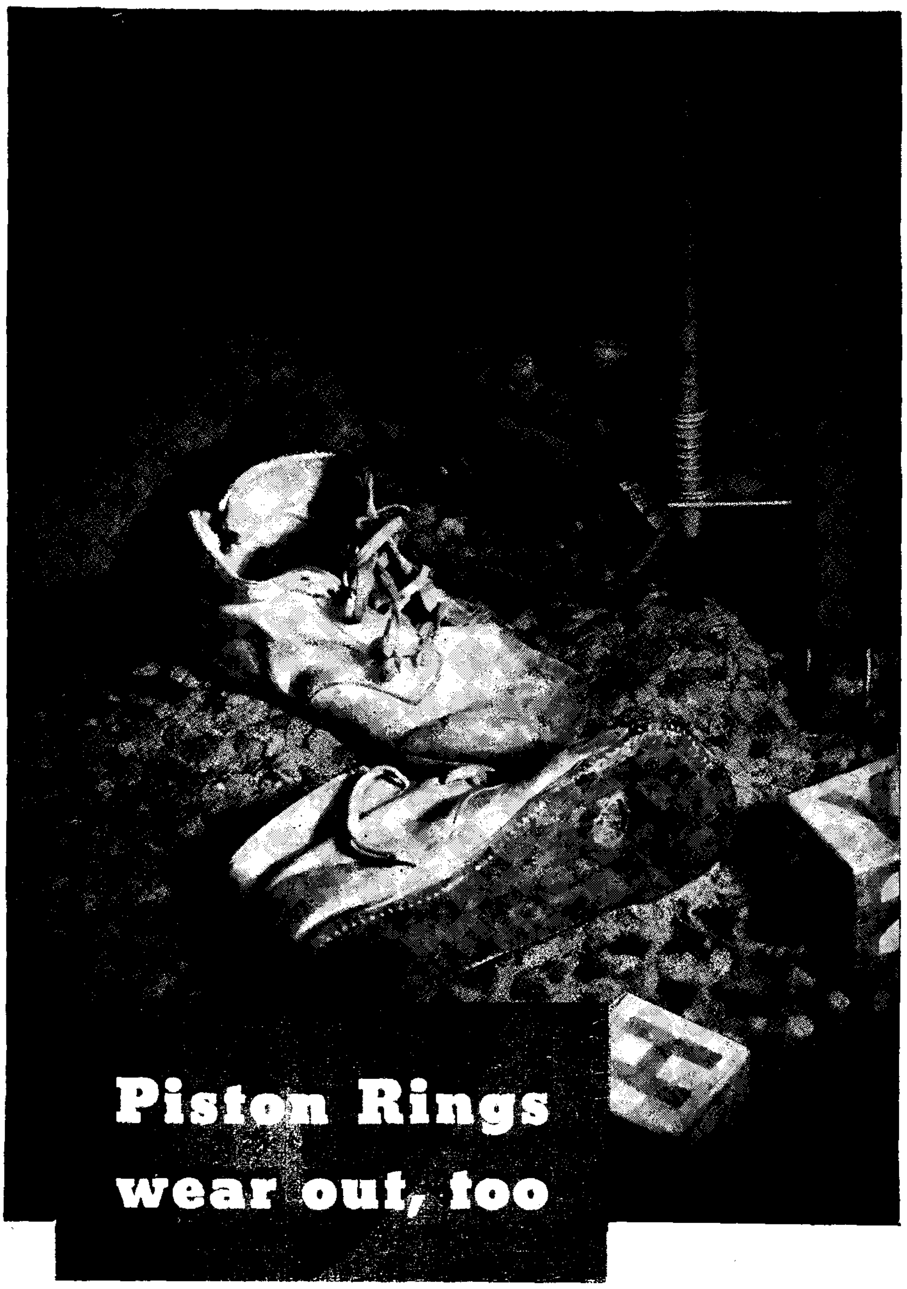
"I want you to tell this girl something," said Barrington, and the man smiled again, knowingly. Barrington wanted to punch him, to punch him hard.

"Listen," he said, coldly. "I got this girl away from a soldier back there a few blocks. I told him I was an Intelligence officer and this girl was a spy." The Italian's eyes clouded quickly with dread. His mouth opened, but Barrington grasped his arm. "It was all a lie," he added, quickly. "A stunt. You understand, stunt?" The man grinned in relief and nodded. "It was the only way I could get her away from the other man. The other man was not good for this girl, see? You understand what I say? Well, you tell her that—just as I've told you."

The Italian turned to the girl and Barrington watched her face as the man talked. The tautness in her cheeks disappeared, and then he saw the fear go from her eyes, and the pain, and only bewilderment remained. His chest tightened as he looked at her. She seemed lovely with the lamplight shining in her wet, black eyes. He saw that she had been crying. She kept turning and looking at him, and her lips were parted a little and a frown puckered her forehead. Then she spoke softly and the



COLLIER'S "I hope you won't have to work late, dear. Remember, we're having the Mulrooneys for breakfast" JON CORNIN



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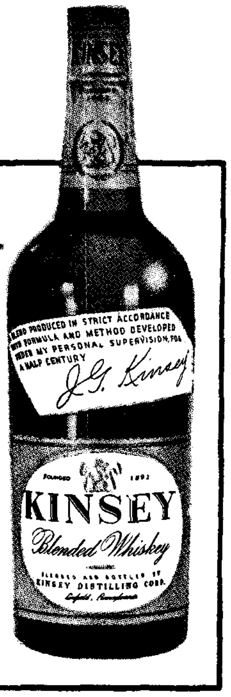
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Italian turned to Barrington and said, "She asks to know why you did it?"

Barrington felt foolish and embarrassed. It was a question he really didn't know the answer to himself. Suddenly he wished he had stayed back in the hotel writing the letter to Lena.

"Well—er—she has a bracelet thing she wanted to sell, and I—er—I wanted to buy it—and . . ." He looked at the girl helplessly and then turned again to the man. "Tell her that," he concluded, lamely.

The man translated something, and the girl smiled faintly and looked up at Barrington with a shy, appraising curiosity. Suddenly he felt conscious of the awkwardness of his position, and he turned quickly to the man.

"Look," he said, urgently, "ask her if she's hungry—if she needs food or anything. Tell her if she likes to walk up to my hotel she can wait outside and I'll get her some stuff—then—then I'll see her home safely. Tell her there aren't any strings attached, not to this. Well—I only want to help her because I think she needs help."

The man grinned, and spoke softly to the girl, and suddenly her face was glowing as she turned to the soldier, and she took his hand and pressed it between her own. She talked quickly and emotionally, and the man said:

"She thanks you, *signor*. She thanks you very much for taking her away from that other man. She has no food. That was why she was trying to sell something so that she could buy food. She will go with you, *signor*."

Neither of them spoke as they walked up the Via Sistina toward the hotel, but once she looked up at him and smiled gently. She looked much younger when she smiled. Like a little girl, thought Barrington, a forlorn little girl. He felt good. The rain was trickling away from the smooth cobbles and the lights were out in the little shop with the filmy lace step-ins in the window. He felt wonderful.

They reached the hotel beneath the big sign that still read *"Alb rgo,"* and he told her to wait outside, under the dripping tree. He ran up the steps and looked back as he reached for the door. She was still there and he nodded. She lifted her hand a little.

UPSTAIRS he crammed the stuff hurriedly into his knapsack—cigarettes and some chocolate, fruit juices, biscuits, canned meat and vegetables and soup, chewing gum, three cans of beer, some milk and butter, three flat tins of cheese. The bag would not hold any more. He slung it across his shoulder and then went to the cupboard and took out some more money. He folded the bills into his wallet and galloped down the stairs. He was afraid that the girl might have gone.

The officer at the billeting desk saw his bulky knapsack and grinned slyly and said, as Barrington passed: "More trade goods for the natives, eh?"

Barrington wanted to stop and ram the words down the man's leering mouth, but he was scared the girl would be gone, and he just grinned self-consciously and mumbled, "Looks that way, I suppose." He pushed through the door. The girl was still standing beneath the tree, in the spluttering yellow light from the hanging sign, and she smiled as he walked down toward her.

She pointed up the hill toward the Piazza della Trinità dei Monti, where he had stood only an hour before in his loneliness, watching the rain sweep across Rome. They crossed the lonely square and went down the stairs and she led him across the Via Babuino and through the dark, curving streets to the Corso Umberto, and then to a dank, narrow alleyway writhing off the wide street. Two or three times they had tried to talk, but neither had understood anything of the other's language, and finally she had laughed, a tiny rippling laugh, and after that they had walked together silently. Barrington felt happy and warm and no longer lonely; the girl was holding his hand tightly and leading him expertly through the twisting tunnels of darkness.

The alley was deserted and the squalid, menacing buildings seemed to press in above him. She opened the door of a narrow, dark, evil-looking building and motioned him to enter. A light was burning dimly at the first landing, and his hand tightened on hers as they groped cautiously up the crazy, creaking wooden stairs. The damp, stale mustiness dragged at Barrington's nostrils. He was suddenly conscious of the squalor and the sordidness and the fundamental rottenness of the adventure. He was no longer Barrington the knight-errant; he was Barrington the fool. He was superlatively glad that nothing physical was involved. He wanted only to help the girl, because she seemed decent and he was sorry for her; and then he could feel the tins and packages in the knapsack pressing against his ribs and he felt good again. He was filled with an overwhelming pity for the girl. He knew that she had known better dwellings than this grimy, depressing horror. He thought: It's worse than a Brooklyn tenement, and then realized he had never seen a Brooklyn tenement.

THE girl fumbled for her key, and then she opened the door anxiously and switched on the light and hurried inside. He stood there, on the sour-smelling landing. The muted light streamed out from a grimy fanlight above the door. A moment later she appeared again, smiling contentedly, and her gesture for him to enter was without coquetry. He walked in slowly.

There were two narrow beds in the room, and in the smaller was a sleeping child, her black hair rumpled against the coarse gray calico of the pillow. Her closed eyes were deeply shadowed, too deeply. The child was breathing softly and her thin, pale hands were clenched.

"Bambino mio," said the girl, softly, and smiled at Barrington. Some of the sadness seemed to have gone from her eyes. He set the knapsack on the little pine table and began to unbuckle the straps slowly. The room was almost empty, almost devoid of furniture and decoration. There was a little wooden crucifix on the wall, and a photograph of a swarthy, handsome man in the uniform of an Italian officer; there was a black bow of ribbon attached to the frame.

The room was clean. It was like the girl, thought Barrington, shabby and tired but clean. The bedcovers were thin and frayed and inadequate—he suspected that the covers for one bed had been made to serve for two—and there was a great emptiness in the room. There was nothing on the shelves beside the curtained window except some battered cooking utensils and an empty Chianti flask. It looked as if the girl had sold everything she had been able to sell—except the amber bracelet and the crucifix and the photograph on the wall. He took the food out of the knapsack and placed it shyly on the table.

He glanced quickly at the girl and he could see the tears brimming in her wide eyes, and then she was beside him, and again she had clasped his hands in impulsive gratitude. He had the same feeling of awkwardness that he had experienced in the street, outside the newspaper office. He wanted to talk to her. It was the time, he knew, for something casual: a wisecrack, some flippant comment to shatter the emotional tension. But he couldn't talk to her. If only he had known a few phrases of Italian—the right sort of phrases.

He lighted a cigarette nervously and

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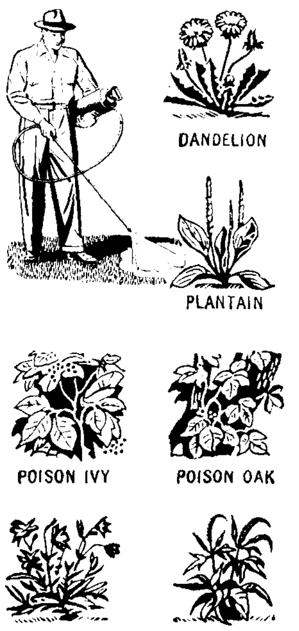

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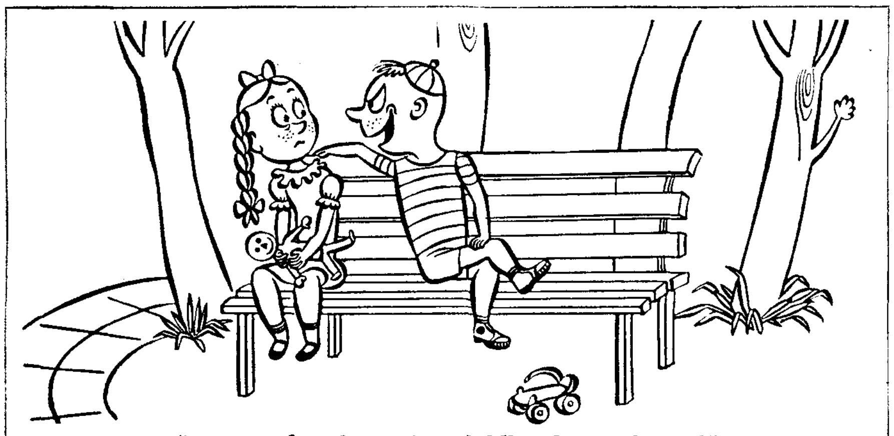

COLLIER'S "Interested in becoming childhood sweethearts?" IRWIN CAPLAN

offered the pack to the girl, but she shook her head absently, still staring at him. He felt for his wallet and took out a thousand lire and put it alongside the food on the table. He pointed to the sleeping child and smiled nervously at the girl. He turned his back on her and, with careful concentration, buckled the straps on the empty knapsack. He turned back and grinned at her. There was nothing more he could do; there was no sense in prolonging the agony. He grinned and bowed almost imperceptibly and walked to the door. He closed it behind him quietly and stood for a moment on the dim landing. He felt suddenly faint and his lips were dry. He was almost nauseated by the staleness, the dampness and the loneliness of the cobwebbed stairs dropping away into a pit of blackness. The girl's room had smelled clean, he remembered, and then he walked slowly down the groaning stairs into the well of evilness.

He heard the girl's whisper, but he did not look up, and then she spoke louder, almost in a gasp: *"Signor!"* He turned. The light from the room painted a strange golden disk behind her tawny hair. She looked something like the women in those fly-spotted old religious prints he had seen in the locked shops of the Via Babuino. *"Signor!"*

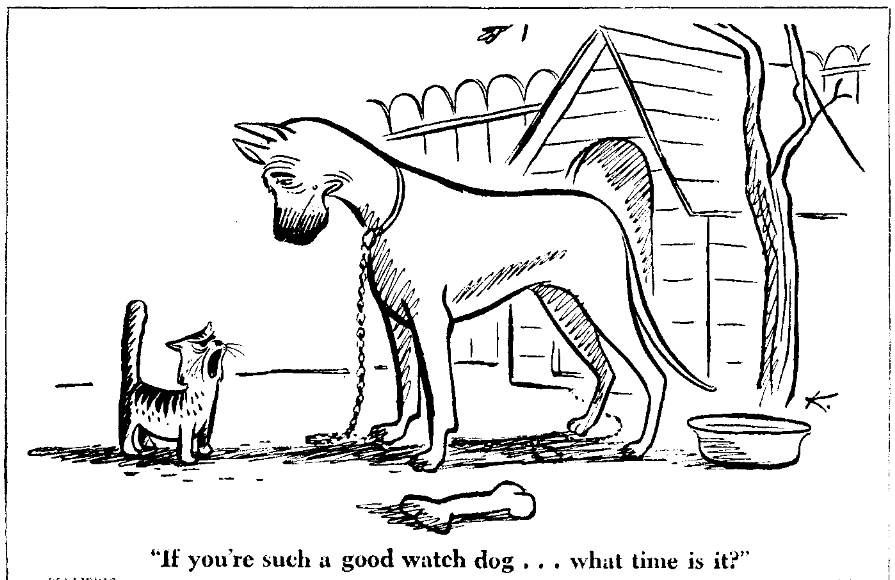
Barrington went back slowly, as if some strange force was dragging him reluctantly out of the blackness into the little square of light. His heavy Army boots pressed protestingly into the creaking timber. He went back to the dusty landing where the girl stood tensely with parted lips and he looked into her dark eyes—eyes that were as lonely as his own. The door closed behind him, and after a time the shaft of light in which the dust danced like golden elves disappeared from the fanlight above the shabby door. . . .

There was nobody in the wide, wet breadth of the Corso Umberto as Barrington walked home slowly in the first chill grayness of the dawn. The wind stung his face. He hitched the knapsack across his shoulders and hoped the same officer who had seen him go out was not on duty at the billeting desk. He thrust his hands deeper into the pockets of his greatcoat. His fingers closed around the smoothly polished circlet of amber and touched the tiny chips of colored stone. He could feel the little card on which she had written in Italian her name and the directions to her dwelling. Her name was Marcia. It was a pretty name, Barrington thought.

THE dawn wind nagged at him and he shivered, although his eyes were burning and he had a scratchy dryness in his throat. He walked on thoughtfully until he reached the steps and then he slowly climbed the wet steps to the Piazza della Trinità dei Monti. He leaned on the stone parapet and looked back to where the dawn's silver had touched the dome of St. Peter's with intangible light.

In his fingers he crumpled the little piece of pasteboard, and then he took the amber bracelet from his pocket and looked at the little chips of colored stone that flecked the circlet's tawny translucence. He grinned oddly, and then he flung it, clatteringly, across the lonely square. He would not go back to see the girl, not any more. Tonight he would stay back in the hotel and write the letter to Lena. There was no sense in telling her what had happened, not in a letter. Some day he might tell her. He was indifferent to whether she would understand or not. He could fill in with that stuff about the Catacombs and standing on the step where they'd killed Caesar. He was glad he had dismissed the momentary thought that he might send the amber bracelet to Lena. After breakfast he would go back to the little jeweler's shop in the Piazza Barberini and buy one of the mosaic things, and he would tell Lena that it wasn't really worth a damn, but it was sort of typical of Rome.

THE END


"If you're such a good watch dog . . . what time is it?"
COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

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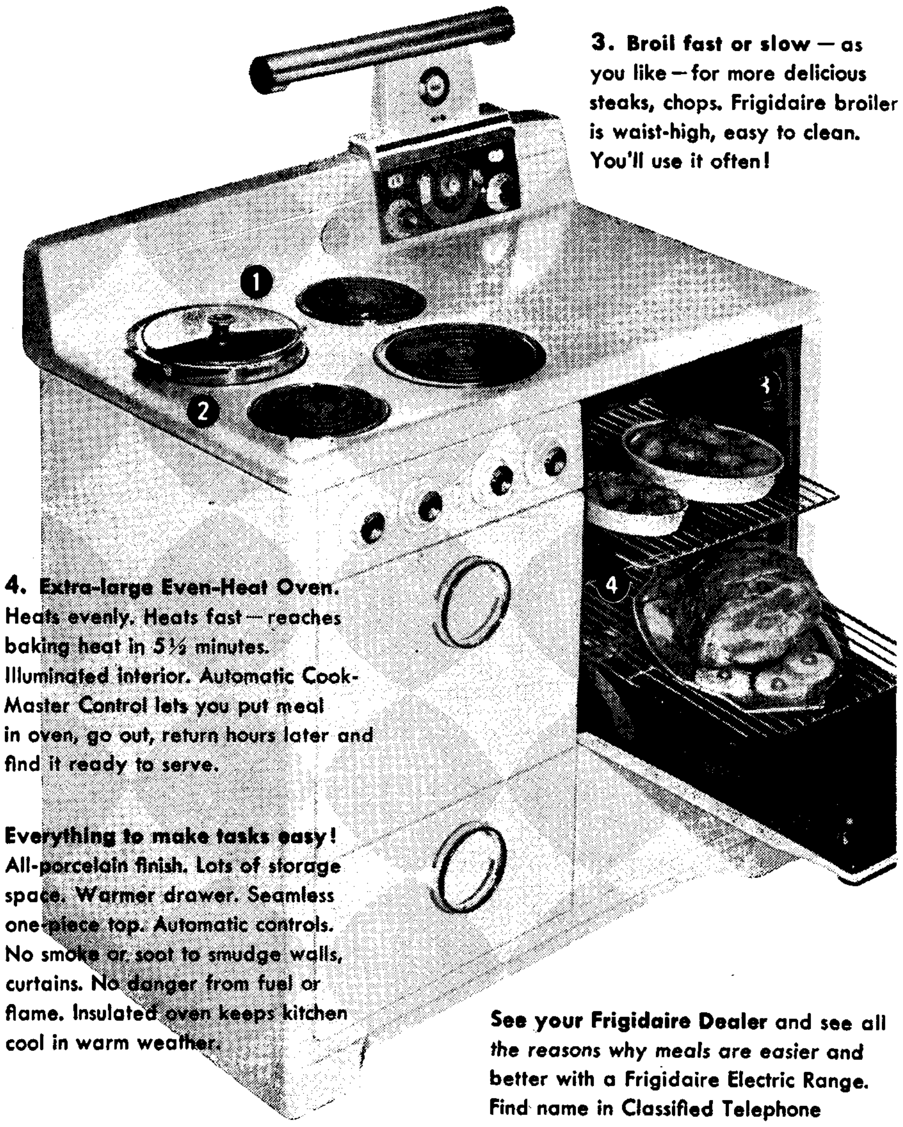

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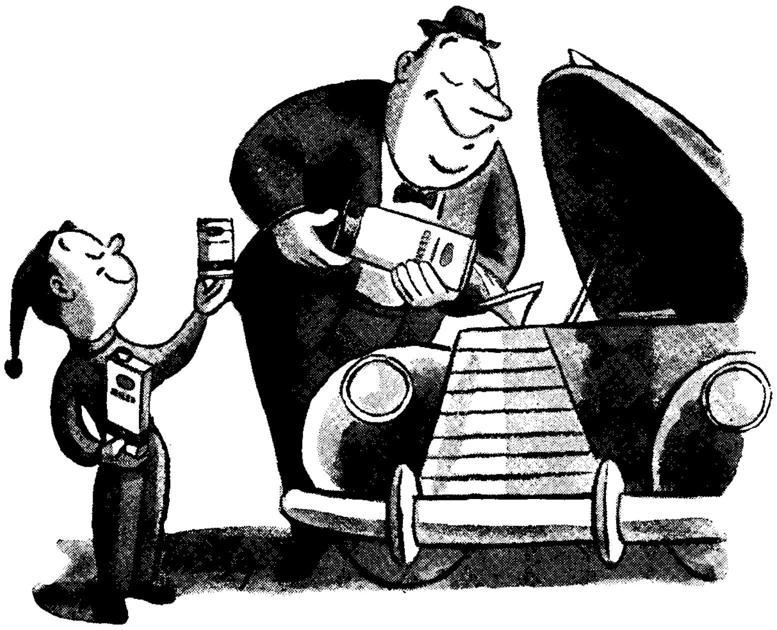

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Here's a safe, sure way to clean out rust and scale—to get ready for anti-freeze. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine for 30 minutes or more, and drain. No reverse flushing needed. No fussing with the hose or flush gun. A clean cooling system paves the way for top engine efficiency.

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DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

STRANGER THAN TRUTH

Continued from page 38

"I believe you," I said.

"Mr. Wilson was nothing but a friend." She pressed my hand. "I've got to tell you about him, or what will you think? I have nothing to hide." Her face was close to mine, and in the lamplight I could see the contrasts. No wonder Gustav and Jean Pierre had not been able to name the exact color of her hair and eyes. With every variation of light and mood she was different.

"I'd been engaged for almost a year," she said. "And then I decided I couldn't stand it any more. That was September thirtieth. So I went into my father's office and told him about it. I was scared to death. This man, you see, was my father's friend."

"How'd your father take it?"

"He was wonderful, just as kind as could be. Lots of people don't understand Father. They think he pretends to believe in Truth-sharing because it's made such a lot of money, but he is sincere, Johnnie. That I know with my heart; Father is the most sincere man in the world." There had crept into her manner the defiance with which she always met her father's critics. "Father said I was sensible to face the truth, he was glad he'd educated me to be honest with myself, and I certainly need not marry a man I couldn't love. Father was wonderful."

SHE would have gone on talking about Barclay, defending him against unspoken criticism, if I had not interrupted. "What had this to do with Wilson? You met him that night, you say. Where?"

"At Jean Pierre's. I picked him up. Have you a cigarette, Johnnie?"

I lighted one for her. She pushed closer toward me on the bench, fitted her shoulder under my armpit.

A new tenant had moved into Wilson's apartment. I saw the lights go on in the room beyond the topmost terrace.

"How did you happen to pick him up? What were you doing in Jean Pierre's? Dining alone?"

"I'd gone to dinner with Lola. In a way it was a sort of celebration. Lola had never approved of this man I was engaged to—"

"Oh! She knew?" I said and felt angry about it, cheated because neither Eleanor nor Lola had ever spoken to me about the engagement.

"I'd never told her in so many words that we were engaged. I never told anyone," Eleanor said. "No one knew except Father and Gloria. But Lola guessed, she watched me when I talked to him, even on the phone. She said I showed it. So naturally when I broke it, I asked Lola to have dinner with me. Or maybe it was Lola who suggested it. I don't remember. I do remember that she suggested Jean Pierre's because I'd never eaten there. Lola insisted on buying the dinner and we ordered wonderful food—*petite marmite* and sweetbreads *sous cloche* and a green salad and *profiterolles* and coffee. . . ."

"Considering that you'd just discarded your fiancé, your appetite wasn't at all bad."

"That's just what Mr. Wilson said."

"Oh, you told him your life story."

"I told him why I was eating alone, and how an emotional crisis always affects my appetite."

"Eating alone! I thought Lola was with you."

"Right in the middle she remembered that she'd stood up a lovelorn young man at the Lafayette. So she had to excuse herself. She paid the bill though and told me to finish my dinner."

Wilson's apartment was dark again. The curtains had been drawn. I had seen pictures of the living room and I wondered how it had been when Wilson lived there and Eleanor came to visit him.

"So the minute Lola left you alone, you picked up a man?"

"That's not kind of you, Johnnie. You make me sound like a trollop. Anyway, he picked me up. He was sitting at the next table and he kept watching me—"

"Through the soup, sweetbreads, salad, dessert and coffee?"

"He was very courteous about it. He sent the headwaiter over to ask if I'd accept a liqueur. Then he came over to my table and said I looked awfully familiar."

"Couldn't he have thought of a more original line?"

"It was true. He'd seen my picture in the magazines. After all, Johnnie, I've been the Truth Girl since I was twelve years old. When you've had as much publicity as I've had, you can't be fresh to people."

"Not when they come to your table and offer you liqueurs."

"Mr. Wilson wasn't like that. He was one of the most interesting men I've ever met. He knew such a lot about poetry, for instance, and the life of marine animals and the Russian novelists and desert vegetation." She took a last puff at the cigarette and threw the stub on the gravel walk.

"You used to go up to his apartment," I said.

"Why shouldn't I? Mr. Wilson wasn't fresh. And besides I'm independent. I earn my own living. If a girl supports herself, why shouldn't she go to a man's apartment?"

"Look, dear, I'm not trying to put you on the spot. I know Wilson wasn't fresh. He talked about marine life and the Russian novelists and desert vegetation. He had seven hundred phonograph records and always gave you the best brandy. Why shouldn't you have gone to his apartment?"

"You're talking like my father," she said coldly.

"Oh! He didn't approve, I take it."

"He was furious when he found out."

"Apparently he doesn't approve of the same conduct for his daughter as for the heroines of his true love tales."

"That's just what I told him," Eleanor said. "I told him I was shocked at finding him so hypocritical."

"Was that on the day he discovered that you knew Wilson?"

"What do you know about that day, Johnnie?"

"I know the switchboard operator made a mistake and sent a message intended for Miss Barclay to Mr. Barclay's office. I know that when your father sent for you, you were down in the studio—"

"Who told you? My father?" Her voice had grown brassy.

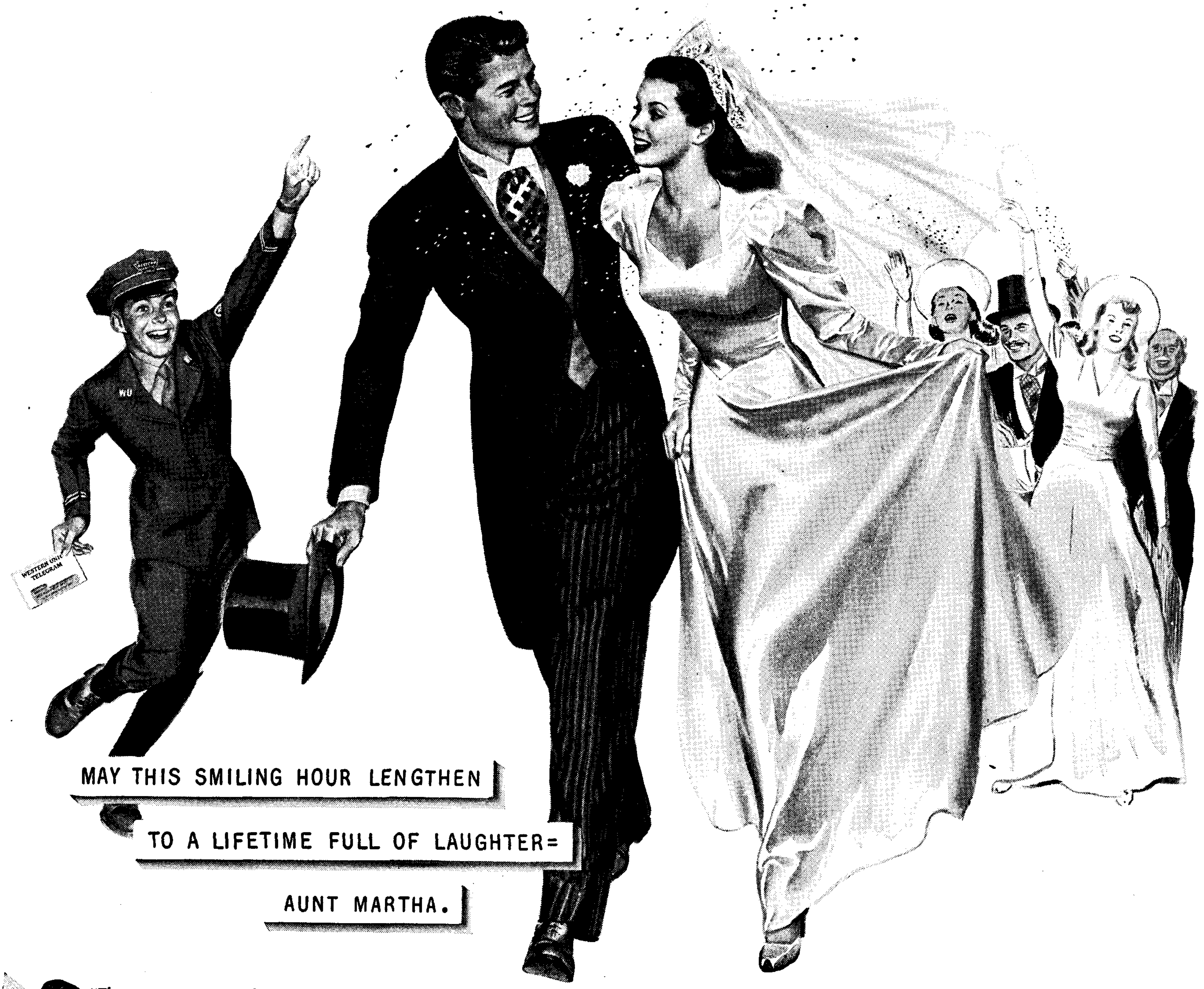
"Let's try to keep our heads," I said. I wanted to sound strong and dependable. I hoped that Eleanor would feel that she had at last found someone in whom she could safely confide. "For some reason or other, everyone seems to get hysterical when Wilson's name is mentioned. Please, please try to keep calm. . . ."

MY WORDS had the wrong effect. She was starting to laugh again. I took her hand and twisted the wrist so that it hurt. Her laughter ended abruptly.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I didn't want you to go hysterical on me again. I can't stand it."

"You're right," she whispered. She fished in her bag for a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. I lighted her another cigarette. She thanked me in a small, remote voice.

"Look," I said, "we're going to hold hands. If you feel that you're going to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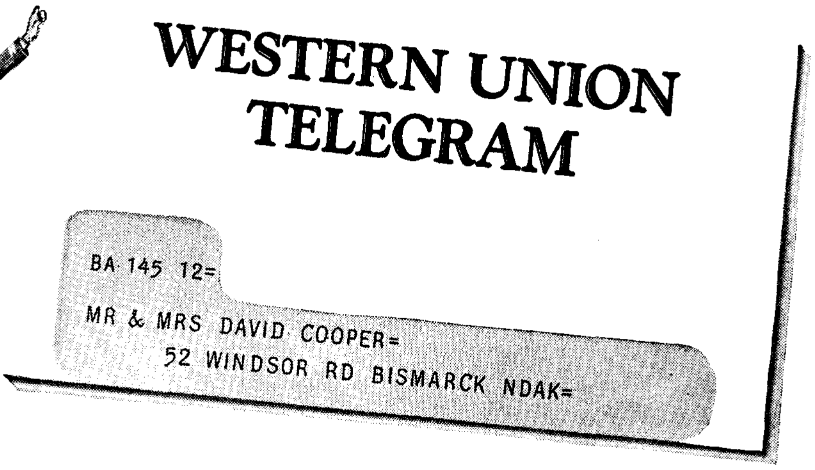

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start laughing, just squeeze. Although I don't see why you get so worked up every time we mention something that happened six months ago."

She squeezed my hand. "You're sweet, Johnnie."

"Now, take it easy. I'm going to ask you some questions. Why did your father get so upset at discovering that you had a date with Wilson?"

Her hand lay quiet in mine. "I don't know," she said. "It seemed ridiculous. After Father got that message from the switchboard operator, he phoned Mr. Wilson to see what it was about."

"Then your father knew Wilson?"

Her hand tightened. "Obviously, if he phoned him. He must have known where Mr. Wilson lived. And I guess Mr. Wilson must have told him the message was for me."

"What did the message say?"

"It was only to remind me of our dinner date. That we were meeting at half past seven. It wasn't a very revealing message."

"Obviously your father had some reason for sending for you and asking about Wilson. Or does he do that whenever you have a date?"

ELEANOR began to push at the gravel with her foot. "We had a ghastly fight, the first fight I'd ever had with Father. What right had he to forbid me to see Mr. Wilson?"

"Your father evidently knew Wilson and had something against him."

"He said Mr. Wilson wanted to destroy *him.* He said the only thing Mr. Wilson lived for was to hurt him."

"Sounds pretty melodramatic," I said.

"That's what I told Father. But he wasn't as bad as Ed. Ed was all excited. Father got angry and told him to keep his mouth shut. He kept snapping the lid of his cigarette case until I nearly went crazy."

"So Munn was there, too?"

"What do you think?" she asked scornfully. "Father had him tell Mr. Wilson that I couldn't have dinner with him. I was furious."

"Naturally. But didn't you find out what it was that Wilson had against your father?"

"He told me Mr. Wilson had done him a bad turn."

"Sounds as if your father ought to be the one who wanted revenge."

She shook her head.

"I said that, too, but Father thinks it's more human to hate people we've injured than those who have hurt us. I think that's sound psychologically, don't you?"

I thought of Lola Manfred and how she had once said that Noble Barclay had put the word psychology into the one-syllable class.

"Johnnie—" Eleanor looked at me intently, her eyes straining in the dim light to catch my expression.

"What is it?"

"When my father talked to you, did he mention a book?"

"Book? What kind of book?"

"Then it doesn't matter, I guess. It must only have been my imagination." Eleanor sighed. "I looked in the newspapers after he died, but there was never any mention of a manuscript."

"You mean Wilson was writing a book?"

"He was writing a book," she said in a slightly irritable way as though I should have got this information from some psychic source. "I told them about it that night when my father said Wilson was only living to hurt him. I said Mr. Wilson was only living to finish his book. Ed Munn got awfully excited but my father said Mr. Wilson was a fraud and nobody'd believe his book anyway."

"Do you know what the book was about?"

"I know the title."

"What was it?"

"The Autobiography of Homer Peck."

My fingers tightened on hers. This was not consciously an exorcism of hysteria; it was my impulsive reaction to the title of Wilson's book.

"Are you shocked, too? What does it mean?"

I drew a deep breath. "I don't know. When I was working on the Wilson story I came across a reference to this Peck guy. I don't know anything about him, but it rings a bell. Do you remember what they said about Mr. Peck's autobiography?"

"They didn't say anything at first. They seemed to hold their breath. You know what I mean, Johnnie, when the silence becomes louder than sound. It embarrassed me and I began to chatter. I said—"

"What?"

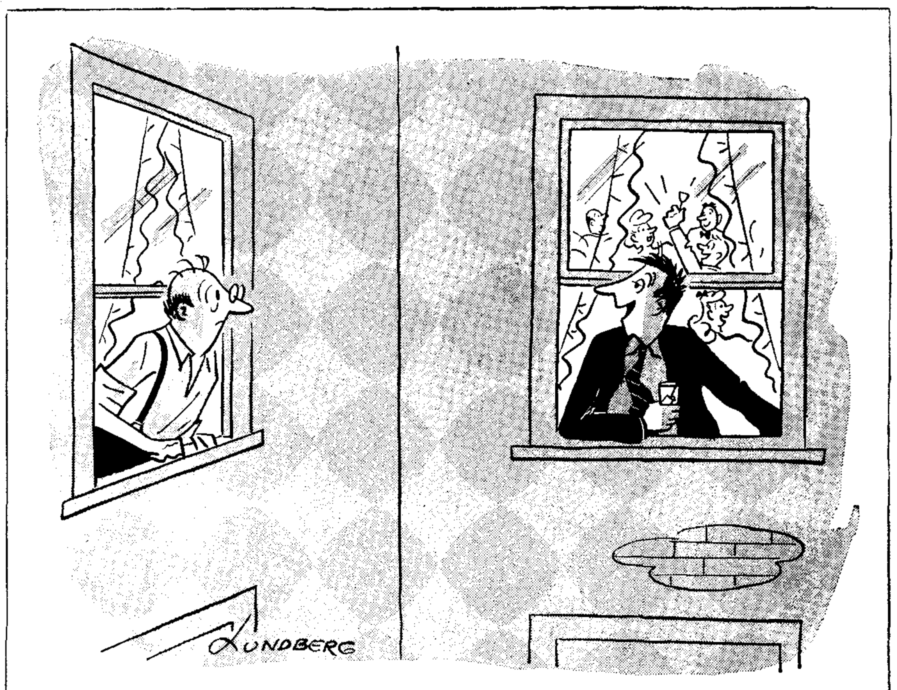
"It was silly. About the title of Mr. Wilson's book. I had told him I didn't like it. Why should he call a book an autobiography unless it was about himself? Or fiction, of course, written in the first person. But he said it wasn't fiction. He said it was the truth about fiction, that's why it was stranger than fiction."

"Is that what you told your father?"

"Uh-huh."

"What'd he say?"

"I don't remember." She pondered.



"Mind turning your radio up a bit?—we're having a party"

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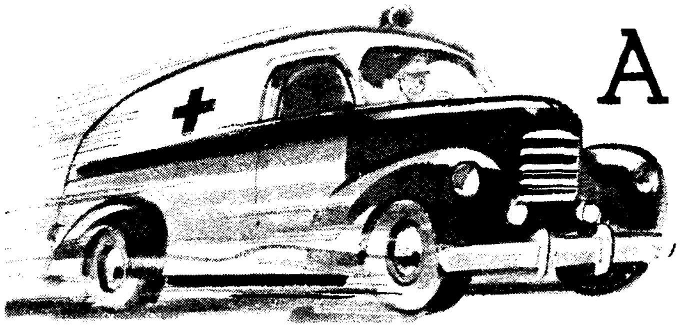

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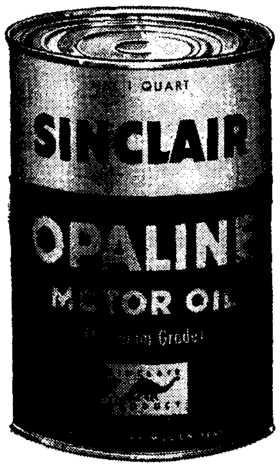

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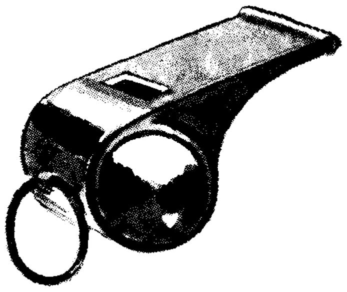

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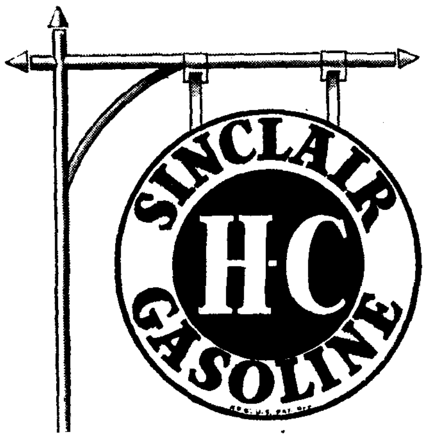

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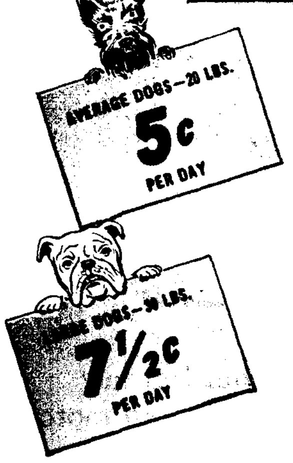

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"Ed wanted to say something but Father sent him away. Father said he wanted to talk to me privately."

"What did he tell you?"

She uttered a half note of laughter. "His life story. About how he used to be drunk all the time and full of passion and how his dear mother had died of a broken heart and it was his fault that my mother killed herself, and all the rest of it."

"Then it wasn't the first time he'd talked like that to you?"

"I've been hearing it since I was six." She laughed again, ruefully. "But there's something about my father when he tells that story. He's so sincere and powerful that when he used to lecture, people thronged to the platform to confess their secret desires and their hidden sins."

"Did you confess?"

"I had nothing to confess. But he broke me down—he can always do that. Makes me feel that I've been stubborn and willful, that there's something weak and inferior that I have to compensate by trying to express my own will. And then he shows me that I'm not alone in these unworthy feelings and that he understands and forgives, and I'm all right. Perhaps you don't believe me."

"It's happened to me, too. When your father uses his charm the beasts of field and forest lie down together."

"But when it's over and you're away from him, it stops. You fall with a thud. I've been falling a lot lately. People like Gloria and Grace Eccles can read a chapter from the book and become uplifted again. Not me, though. Not lately." She laughed again, but this time her laughter was free. "I've never talked like this before in my life, Johnnie."

"That night," I said slowly, "you fell with a thud, huh? How long after?"

"Later in the evening. Father took me to dinner and made a terrific fuss over me. It was like old times before he met Gloria. He made me feel so wonderful and important I felt disloyal for having questioned him. And then"—she ran her hand through her hair—"then he had to broadcast. It was Friday, Voice of Truth night, so he put me in a taxi and sent me home. I suddenly realized that I'd been a sucker and he hadn't given me a single reason why I shouldn't go on seeing Mr. Wilson. So I phoned him—"

"What time was it?"

"Half past nine, ten, I don't remember. I tried calling him again Saturday, but there was no answer. So I thought maybe he'd gone away for the week end."

"When did you find out he was dead?"

"Sunday. It came over the radio." Her face in that uncertain light was like a mask made of some brittle material like clay or china, and her eyes were like hard stones set into the mask.

"What did your father say about it?"

"I never mentioned it to him."

"The hell you didn't." I let go of Eleanor's hand and stood up. I couldn't believe her. It was incredible. On Friday evening she and her father had quarreled about Wilson; on Sunday Wilson's murdered body was discovered and Friday night named as the time of his death. "You must have talked about it. It's not possible."

"No." Her voice had gone flat. "Father and Gloria had gone away Saturday morning to spend the week end in Washington with the senator. I didn't see him until late Monday afternoon in the office."

"And you didn't mention Wilson?"

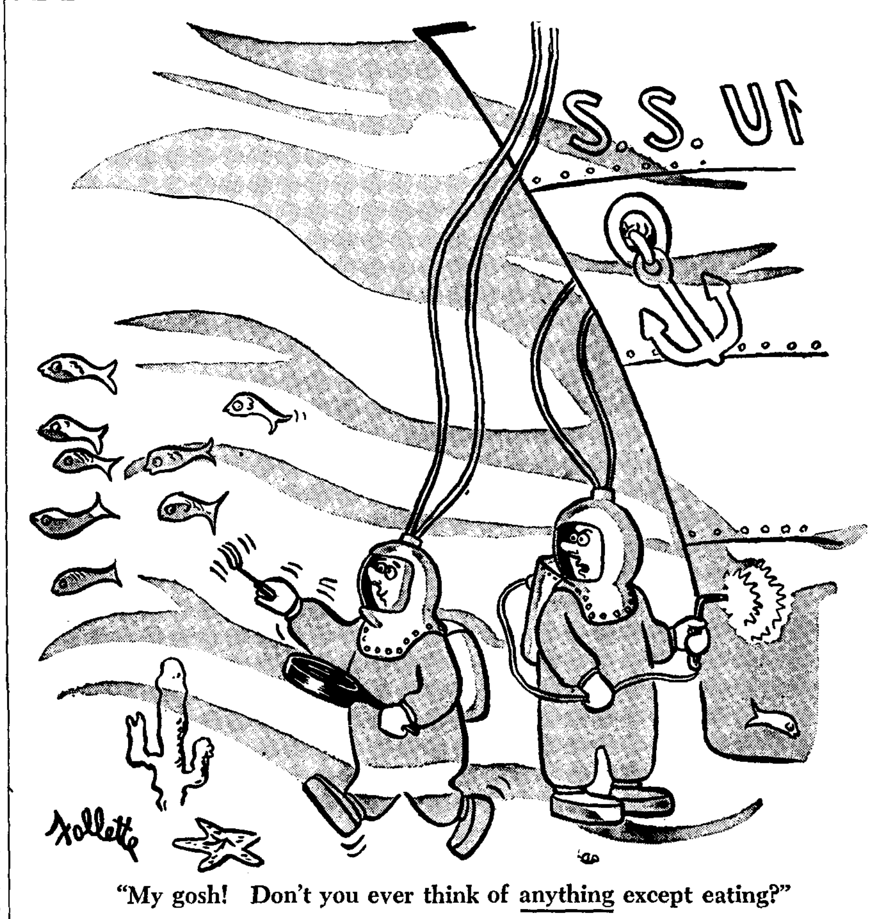
THE flat voice continued: "Father didn't bring it up so I never mentioned it either. I'm always afraid to face things that I know will be unpleasant. I guess you don't believe me."

"For a couple of Truth-sharers you Barclays are about the most secretive people I've ever met. Why were you so afraid to talk to him about it?"

She had grown rigid. I had seen Eleanor like this before, protecting herself in the same steely way against the gibes and criticisms of the cynics at the editors' table. Tonight, for the first time, I had heard her question her father's sincerity. She had given a fine exhibition of resentment. Until now I had thought it was her love for Noble Barclay that made her so contemptuous of all scoffers. She had told me, defiantly, "I love my father." I saw now that it was not love and not pride that she had been protecting, but doubt.

That clinched it for me. I said, "He thinks you did it."

"My father?"



"My gosh! Don't you ever think of anything except eating?"

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"He thinks you killed Wilson."

"Did he tell you that?" Her voice was low and polite. She might have been asking whether I thought it would snow or if I liked two pieces of sugar in my coffee.

Night classes at New York University had let out. Bareheaded girls and youths rushed across Washington Square. Their voices were young and carefree.

"He told you that, Johnnie?"

"This afternoon your father warned me against trying to find out any more about this case. He's been protecting you and what he tried to say is that if I love you, I ought to—"

"Do you believe it?"

"No, I don't," I said, "but I think you know more than you pretend."

Her hands lay in her lap. She looked up at me, straining to see my face. Her lips moved but she did not immediately speak. The city, too, had become quiet. A curious kind of silence surrounded us as if we had suddenly entered a soundproof room.

She hugged the fur coat tighter about her. "You don't love me," she said bitterly. "You're like the rest of them, wanting to find out something. You wanted to know about us, you wanted to talk and write articles and show off. You made me think you loved me. . . ."

AN AMBULANCE shrieked down Fifth Avenue. Its siren roused me. The circle was broken. I heard every living sound—the taxi horns, the tires, the brakes, the clatter of heels on the pavement, the shrill young voices. The N.Y.U. students were still passing, talking of their classwork, of economics, of U.N., of new shows. . . .

Suddenly I realized Eleanor had gone. She had hurried off, clattering along like the others on her high heels. Bareheaded, fur coat open, one of the crowd, like the girls she envied, the college girls with unimportant fathers. I hurried after her. N.Y.U. students swarmed the path. Three girls walked arm in arm, whispering. I cut through their secrets. "Where's the fire?" they shouted after me.

At Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, Eleanor jumped into a cab. I rushed across the street after her but a horn warned me and I leaped back to the curb. The lights had turned green. Eleanor's cab moved off. Before I could find an empty taxi, hers was nothing but a red taillight among a lot of other red taillights.

I walked up Fifth Avenue. At Twenty-third Street I remembered that I had not eaten dinner. I decided to do something about that. On the way I bought a newspaper but I did not read it right away for I was too concerned with my own affairs to care about the rest of the world. When the waitress brought my steak and French fried potatoes, I opened the paper.

It was a conservative paper, not a tabloid, so that I did not see Lola's picture until I turned to page three. It was a one-column cut made from an old photograph taken when Lola had been slim and young and dark-haired. The headline ran across two columns. It read:

POETESS FOUND DEAD

Lola Manfred's Body Found in
Greenwich Village Apartment

Suicide, Police Theory

I pushed my plate away. The odor of the fried potatoes sickened me. The waitress hurried across the tiled floor but I had already grabbed my hat and overcoat. I motioned toward the table where I had left two dollar bills beside the plate. The waitress stared after me through the plate-glass window.

I started walking north, thinking of Lola and what she had said about her autobiography. Sand Against the Wind would be the title because Lola had mocked at everything. She had to be an exhibitionist, she explained, because she had become too lazy to write poetry. There had been more to it than that, I thought. Something besides laziness had paralyzed her talent.

At Thirty-fourth Street I went into a cigar store and waited in line until the phone booth was empty. Fortunately Riordan's home phone number was in the little book I carry in my pocket.

"This is Ansell," I said and waited for the name to register. "Ansell of Truth and Crime Magazine."

"I know. In trouble, Ansell?"

"Lola Manfred didn't commit suicide. I'd bet my last dollar on it."

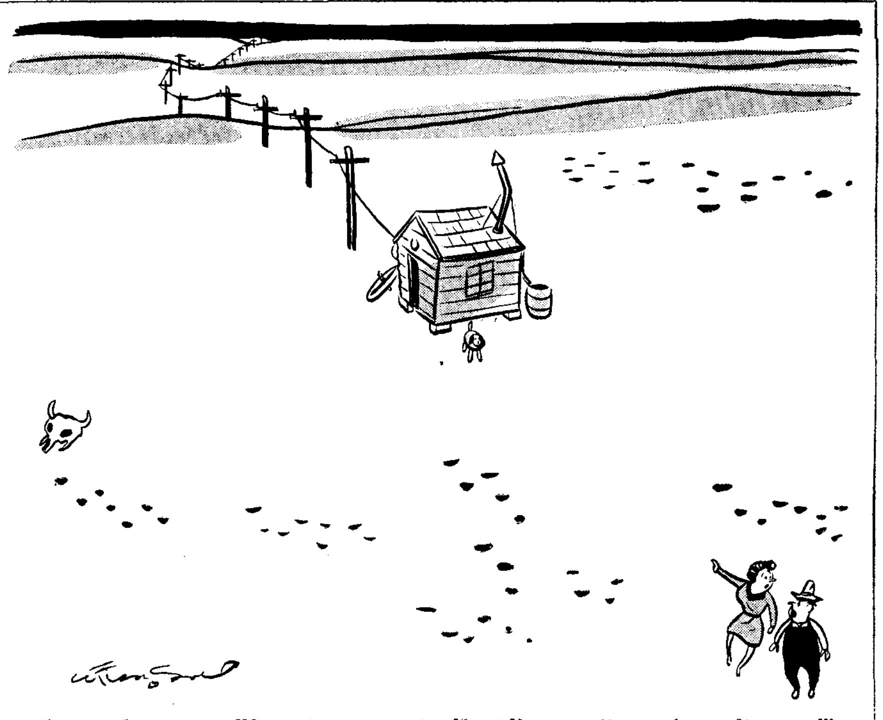
"Who's Lola Manfred?"

"Haven't you seen the papers? Poetess discovered in Greenwich Village studio apartment. They say it's suicide, but I have a hunch. Lola Manfred knew who killed Warren G. Wilson."

"Just a minute," Riordan said. He must have put his hand over the mouthpiece and talked to someone else. Then he said, "Meet me at headquarters. It'll take me about twenty minutes. I've got to get dressed."

As I hung up I thought I heard a woman's voice protesting.

(To be continued next week)

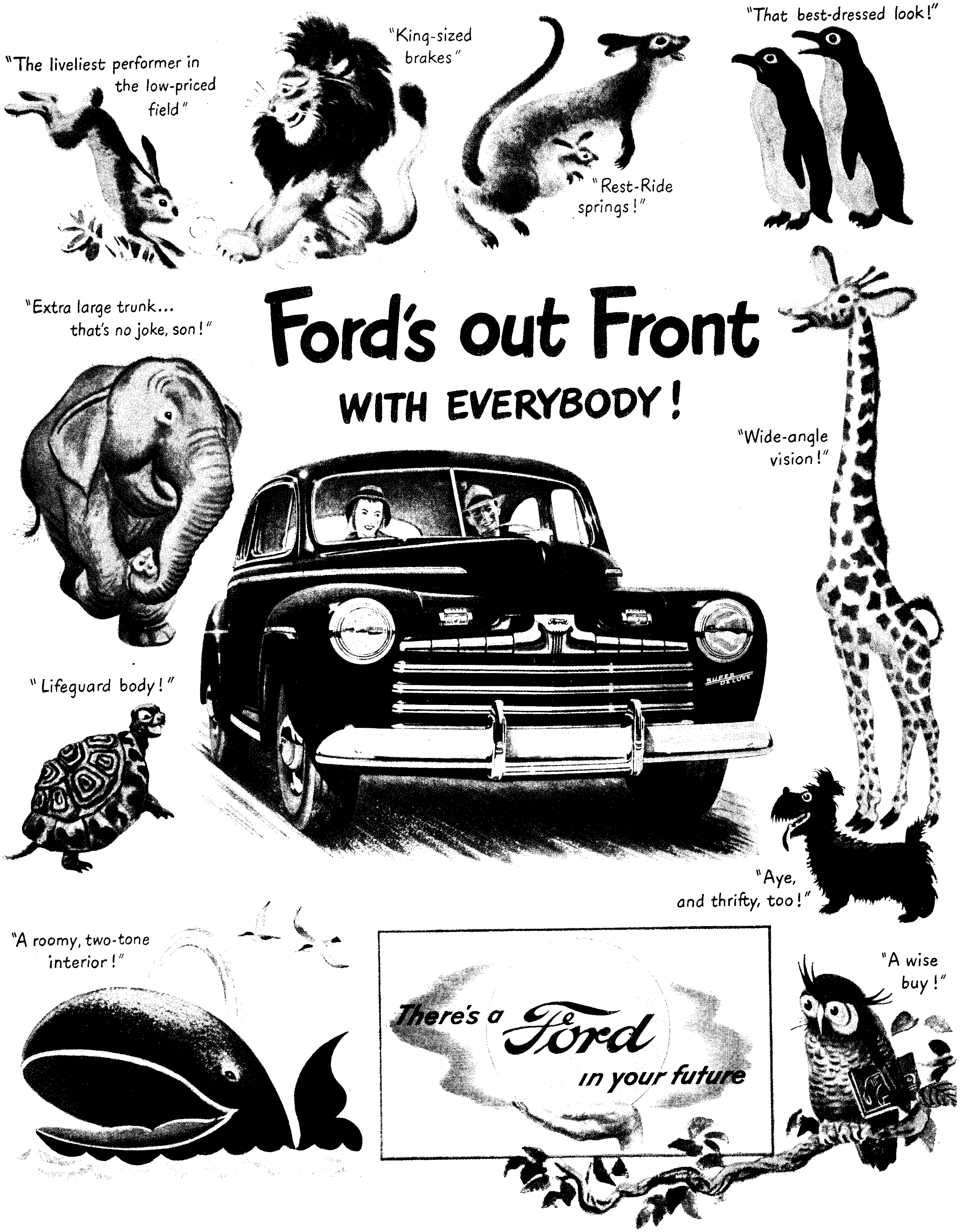


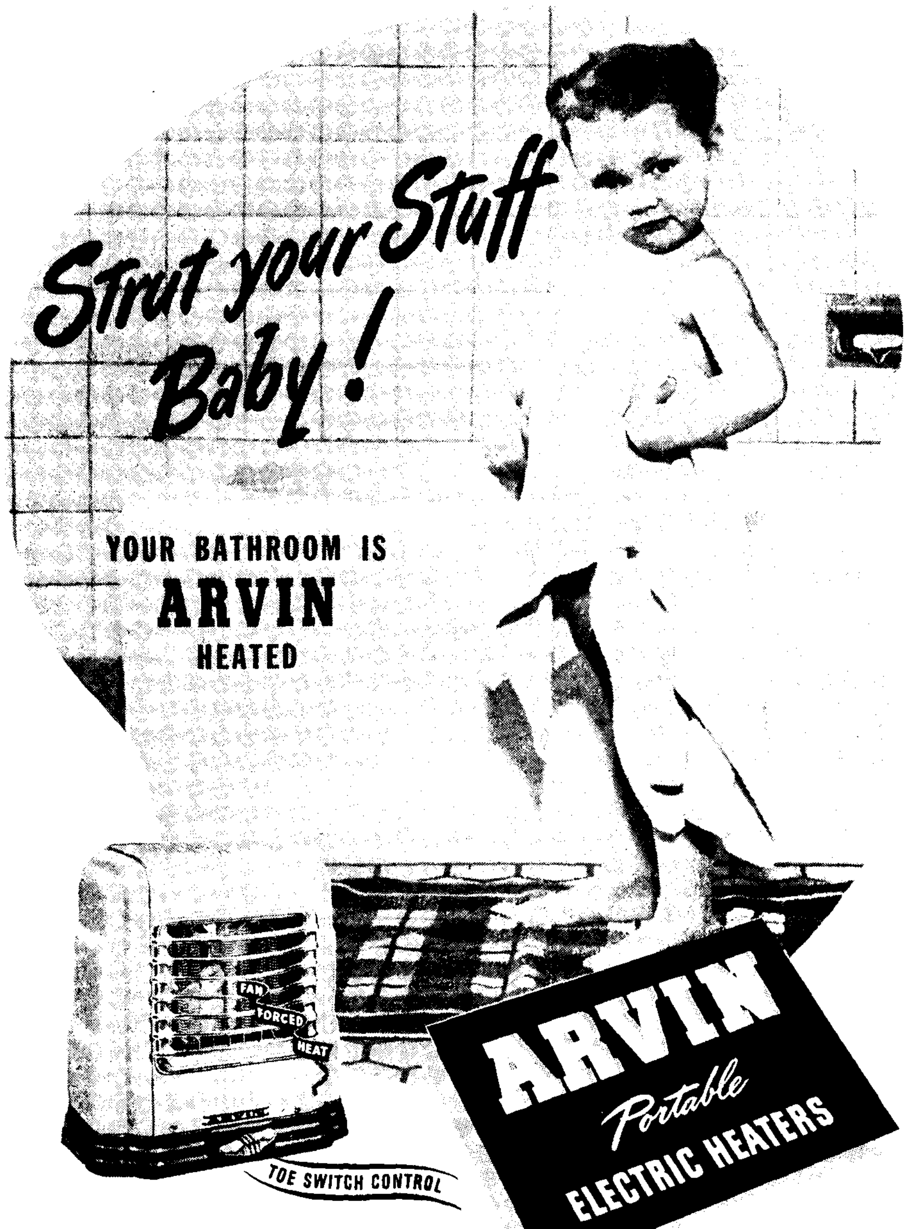
"Long-distance call? Why get excited? All our calls are long distance!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Ford's out Front

WITH EVERYBODY!


"The liveliest performer in the low-priced field"
"King-sized brakes"
"Rest-Ride springs!"
"That best-dressed look!"
"Extra large trunk... that's no joke, son!"
"Wide-angle vision!"
"Lifeguard body!"
"Aye, and thrifty, too!"
"A roomy, two-tone interior!"
"A wise buy!"
There's a Ford in your future


Strut your Stuff Baby!
YOUR BATHROOM IS ARVIN HEATED
FAN FORCED HEAT
TOE SWITCH CONTROL
ARVIN Portable ELECTRIC HEATERS

GLAMOR . . . especially in the bathroom . . . needs to be wrapped in the protective blanket of warmth of an Arvin Fan-Forced Electric Heater.

This heater belongs in every bathroom where there are youngsters to bathe. And you can carry it easily to the bedroom, game room, sun room, den—just plug it in at any 110 AC wall outlet.

It circulates extra heat—45 cubic feet of warm air per minute—fan-forced into the room while you bathe, dress or shave. And any time or place, it chases the chills away.

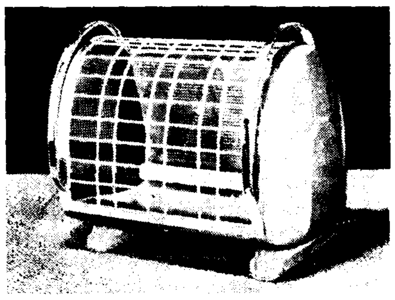
Safe with children—heating element and fan are fully enclosed. The air is heated—but the cabinet stays safe to touch.

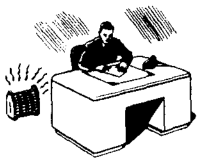
Beautifully built and finished in ivory and other attractive colors. You'll get long, dependable service from any Arvin Portable Electric Heater you choose—fan-forced or radiant type shown at right.

Many thousands are now in use. All the new Arvins are Underwriters' listed for safety. Sold by electrical, hardware and department stores.

FAN-FORCED TYPE—chases chills from bathrooms and other cold spots about the home. Many used in offices, trailers and camp cottages. Gives instant, fan-forced heat. *Easily carried—hand grip in back.* Three handsome models, priced as low as **$9.45***

RADIANT TYPE—serves as a portable electric fireplace. Just the thing for early morning comfort when the furnace fire is low.





This big heater provides quick comfort and reflects a cheerful fireplace glow in your home or office. **$8.95***

*All prices slightly higher in the far west.

ARVIN *the name on many fine products from*

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC., *Columbus, Indiana*

ARVIN Top Flight Radios • Electric Irons and Appliances • Metal-Chrome Dinette Sets
Outdoor Metal Furniture • Laundry Tubs • Ironing Tables • Car Heaters

Tiger Swamp Campaign

Continued from page 23

Malfers got him deferred once or twice but old Lockey, he sure looked like he could do a good day's work in the Army. It wasn't long after the trouble started that they called him up.

They sent Lockey off to Fort Benning up in Georgia. First thing we knew old Lockey was with the Infantry on Guadalcanal. Next thing we knew he was on New Guinea. He didn't write Old Man Malfers none himself because Lockey, he couldn't write. But he'd tell it to somebody else. The somebody else would write it down and send it to Old Man Malfers.

Old Man Malfers showed us one of them letters one day. He was usually a real closemouthed old man, but he showed us that letter. He was so mad at the government for draftin' his boy Lockey that he was always lookin' for a chance to talk about it. That letter said:

> *Dear Pa. How are you? This is a bad place. I hope the pigs and the cows and the mules are fine. I purely long to see the minnies running in Little Deer Lake. Your boy, Lockey.*

"You see how it is," Old Man Malfers said. "There's my boy Lockey settin' off there on a heathen isle. He orto be home helpin' me with the critters. He orto be home plowin' that back forty. They got no right to send my boy Lockey off to set around some place that nobody wants, nor scarcely ever heard of. I tell you I can't git me a money crop with my boy Lockey off wastin' his time in the Army. He orto be home."

IT WAS a long time before old Lockey come home, but just before the Japs was licked he come on home. We heard he was in a hospital, hurt bad, then one day he come on home.

Old Lockey was purely a sight changed. He had gone off a boy and he had come on home a man. He wore a Purple Heart ribbon with a heap of them clusters. He had him a Silver Star ribbon. He had half a dozen other ribbons that lit up his chest like the old sun shinin' through a fluff cloud over Little Deer Lake. Old Lockey had lines cuttin' the flat flesh of his face, from his cheekbones down to his jaw. He didn't smile no more like he used to.

First day he got home Old Man Malfers, he said to Lockey, "Boy, I'm mighty glad to have you come on home. I'm fur behind in my work. I haven't had no help since they taken you off to the service. We'll raise us a good crop this year. I swear I been havin' a awful time without you. Put old Charlie to the plow, boy, and turn the earth on that back forty."

Lockey, he said, "Paw, I ain't of a mind to put old Charlie to the plow. I ain't of a mind to do no work for a spell. I reckon I'll just go on into town and see what's goin' on around the store." He had never talked like this to his daddy.

Old Man Malfers couldn't understand it. "You can't go to town today, Lockey. Today is Tuesday. Saturday is town day. This here is a work day. Go put on your overalls, boy."

Lockey said, "I reckon I'll go on into town now, Paw."

Lockey taken off. He come on into town and he stood there in front of that store all day long. It seemed like he didn't want to pass the time of day with nobody. It seemed like he just wanted to stand there, lookin' off.

Jim Sellars started in on him once about that fire engine. He said, "Lockey, how come you don't pay no more mind to that fire engine?"

Lockey, he said, "Sellars, I don't want to hear no more noise. I don't want to hear no more fuss. I'm a man who likes it real quiet now."

Jim Sellars, he said, "Lockey, I figger you don't mean that for sure. I figger you'll be comin' to see that fire engine like you used to do."

Lockey said, "Sellars, I don't like no noise. I don't like no feller makes as much noise as you do. I don't like a man takes his pleasurin' from pokin' fun at another man. I'm fixin' to whup you next time you talk to me about that fire engine."

Jim Sellars started in to laugh. He looked at Lockey Malfers. Lockey's eyes was burnin' real bright. He was breathin' hard. His hands was tremblin'. He looked like a man who was lookin' at somethin' horrible. Jim Sellars, he didn't laugh. He just walked on off.

Lockey, he would stand there in front of that store day after day, all day long. He would look out across Miz Gribble's vacant lot there across the street. He would stare out over that prairie beyond, where it stretched and shimmered off to the easterly tip of Little Deer Lake. He would stare off there like he seen somethin' comin' at him. Comin' across that prairie to get him. Like there was somethin' behind every tree on the pine hammocks that reared up out of the lowlands —somethin' bad. He never went out to Little Deer Lake to see them minnies runnin' nor the troutfish leapin'. He never went to where the live oaks and the old gray moss made it quiet and peaceful. Seemed like Lockey feared somethin' in that scrub.

Lockey would stand there in his uniform. He would clench and unclench his hands. It got to where nobody would pass the time of day with him. The boys, they wanted to talk about meetin's and dances; the old men, they wanted to talk about crops and the government. Old Lockey would listen for a spell. His eyes would roam off across that prairie. He would say, "It was the way they yelled at you that would git a feller. They would come out of the darkness ayellin' and ascreamin'. You ever cut a hog, you know how they screamed. Little bitty fellers, they was, and screamin'. You shoot them down in stacks and piles and they keep on acomin' out of the brush. Comin' out of the darkness at you, and screamin'."

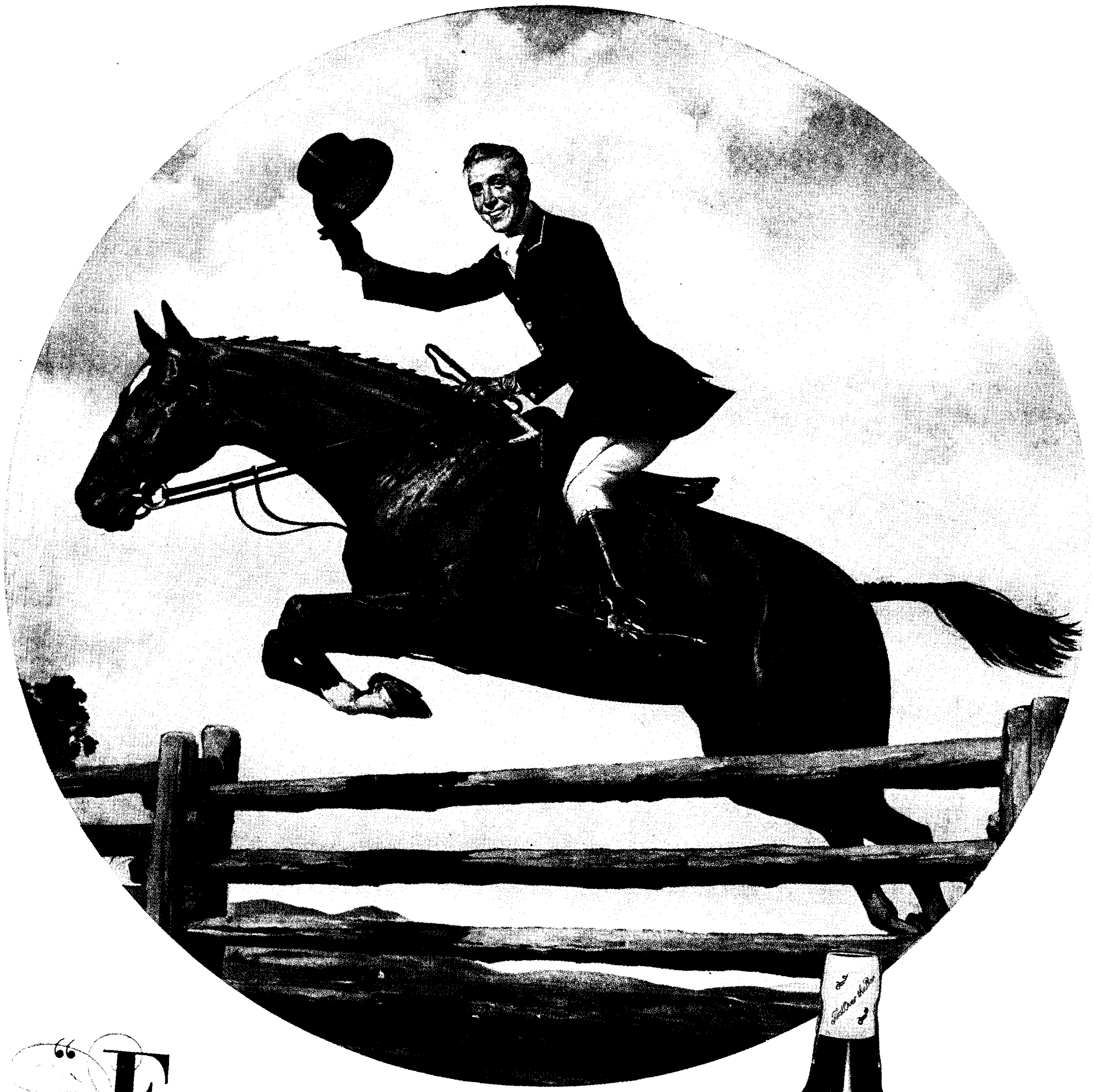
Then Lockey would turn and walk off from whoever he was talkin' to. He would stare off across the prairie. His hands would clench and unclench.

ONE Saturday afternoon along about six, eight weeks after old Lockey come home from the hospital, he was standin' there in front of the store, like he always done. Old Man Malfers was in town. He had brought a fruit jar with him and he had had his nose into that fruit jar. He wobbled up to that store in his old pick-up truck. He parked her there in front of the store and got out. Lockey was standin' there in his uniform. He was wearin' all them ribbons. That uniform was mighty clean and pretty, the way Lockey always kept her.

Old Man Malfers went up to Lockey and he said, "Lockey, I didn't raise up no boy of mine to stand around a tradin' store all day long lookin' out across the countryside. A man's place is in the fields. I raised you up and I fed you and I give you a home. Now, by God, you are agoin' to help me farm!"

Lockey said, "Paw, I been off to war for four years. I been hurt. I ain't aimin' to do no farmin' for awhile."

"I say you'll do it!" Old Man Malfers roared. "I say they's an end to a man's patience. I say you been off to war, well, that ain't so much—sittin' around doin' nothin' most of the time. I say now you



HUNTER
First Over the Bars
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended by
Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co. Inc. Louisville, Ky.

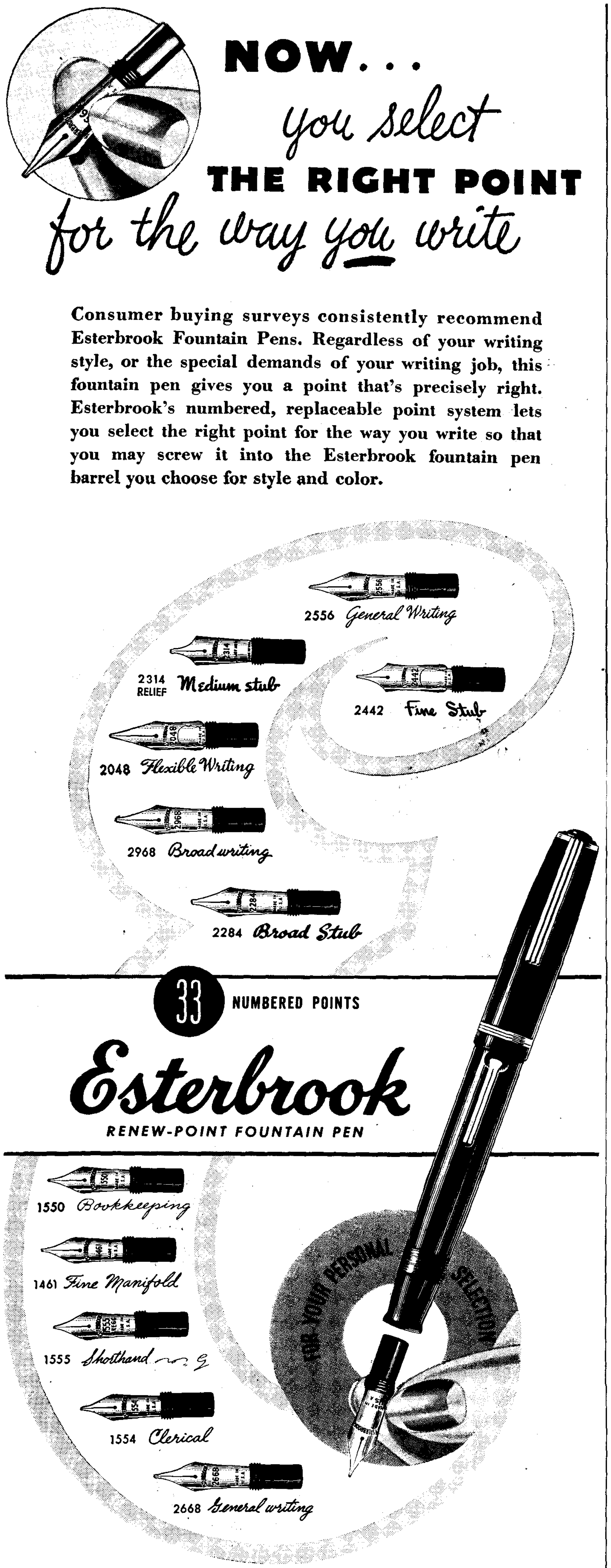
"First over the bars!"

Like a prize-winning jumper, Hunter has been developed slowly, expertly and with infinite care. For it takes *time*, *patience* and *skill* to produce a whiskey worthy of the acclaim that Hunter has received down through the years. And nothing less than eighty-six years of experience could have achieved the matchless flavor and the all-around excellence of today's Hunter—*An American Gentleman's Whiskey since 1860.*

HUNTER

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended whiskey, 92 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old. 40% straight whiskey. 60% grain neutral spirits.



Consumer buying surveys consistently recommend Esterbrook Fountain Pens. Regardless of your writing style, or the special demands of your writing job, this fountain pen gives you a point that's precisely right. Esterbrook's numbered, replaceable point system lets you select the right point for the way you write so that you may screw it into the Esterbrook fountain pen barrel you choose for style and color.

forgit about soldierin'. I say you git into that pick-up and come on home with me now. When we git home, you pull on your overalls, feed the critters and milk the cows. Monday morning at six o'clock you put old Charlie to the plow."

"I reckon I won't be doin' much farmin' for a spell, Paw. Don't know whether I'll ever do any more farmin'. Don't know whether I'll be doin' much work at all any more, Paw. I somehow don't see the sense of it."

Lockey shifted down to the end of the porch. He looked off across the prairie. The muscles in his cheek was ripplin'.

Old Man Malfers followed his boy Lockey on down there to the end of the porch. He grabbed Lockey by the shoulder. "You'll do what I say or I'll take a black-snake to you!"

Lockey stood there. His hands was shakin'. The sweat was poppin' off his forehead. "I'll ask you to take your hands off me, Malfers."

"By grannies, I'm yore daddy and I'll give the orders! You git into that pick-up for I'm fixin' to take you on home!"

IT SURE looked like Lockey was goin' to hit Old Man Malfers. They was both powerful men. Old Man Malfers wasn't so young any more but he was a sturdy man. Lockey Malfers was more than a mite pore from that hurt he'd had, but he was still a big, strappin' man. I don't know who would have had the best of it.

There wasn't no fight. Old Man Malfers won out. He was a mighty fierce-looking old man and he had a voice to him like a bull. He won out over his boy Lockey. Lockey stood there tremblin' for a minute. Then he bowed his head. His body seemed to sag in the middle. His hands come unclenched.

"All right, Paw," Lockey said, "you say four years of that war wasn't so much. I reckon you're right. I reckon I been thinkin' too much about that war. Let's go on home and git in them overalls."

Old Man Malfers swole up like a pouter. He was mighty happy to know he was still boss farmer. He was mighty proud to think that now he'd get some work out of that great big boy of his, Lockey. He would soon learn him that there wasn't nothin' so great about fightin' a war with them little Japanese people.

The old pick-up got them home. Lockey went up in the attic to where he slept. He told his paw he was goin' up there to pull on his overalls. He told his paw he reckoned he'd hang that uniform up where the bugs wouldn't get it, but if they did, it wasn't no nevermind.

He went upstairs. He got out a shoe brush and polished his slippers. Made them shine real pretty, like he'd always made them shine since he started wearing that uniform. He straightened up the knot in his tie. He knocked the dust off the sleeve of his blouse. He taken a Japanese carbine—one he had toted home from New Guinea with him—from the corner of that attic. The Japanese carbine had an attached bayonet to it, that folded back under the barrel, like. Lockey straightened that bayonet out. He put a clip of bullets in that carbine and he stuck half a dozen spare clips in his pocket. He went downstairs carryin' that carbine.

Old Man Malfers was in the barn. He had his fruit jar with him. He was fixin' to take himself a drink before he sat down to milk old Bessy.

Lockey come in through the door of the barn behind him. Old Man Malfers heard him come in. He didn't look around. "Git to milkin'," he said. "You milk Sarah. I'll milk old Bessy and you milk old Sarah."

Lockey said, "I don't reckon I'll do any milkin', Paw. I don't reckon I'll be doin' any farmin' for a spell."

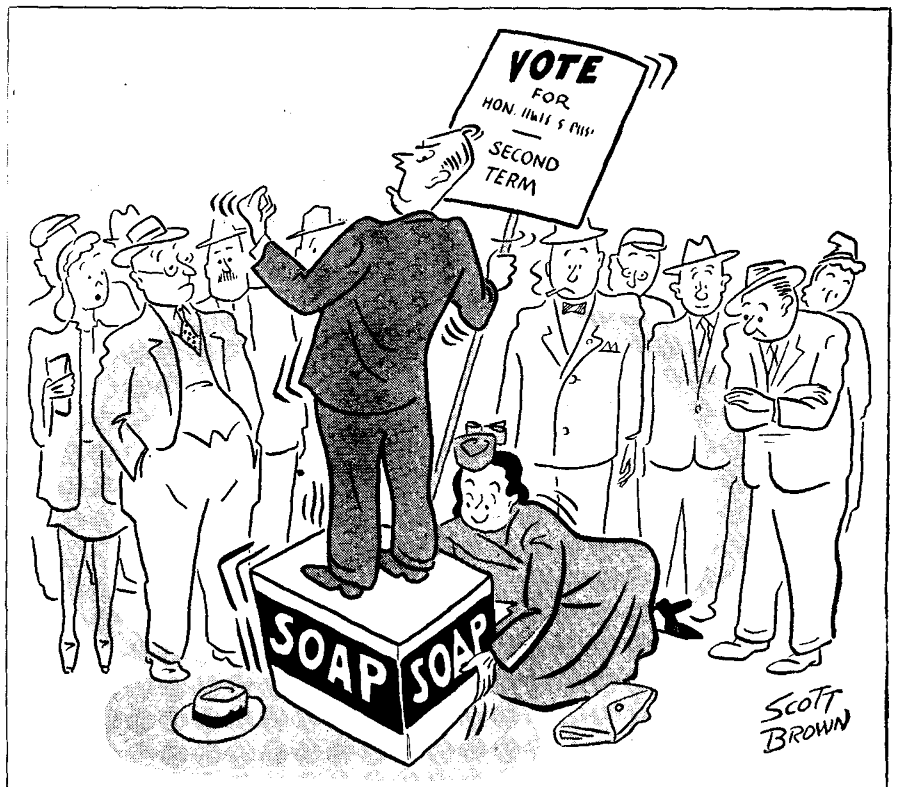
Old Man Malfers spun around.

Lockey had that carbine leveled at him. That bayonet was right at his belly. Lockey give it a little push. The point of that bayonet prickled the skin of Old Man Malfers' big belly. Old Man Malfers dropped the fruit jar It broke and old Bessy started mooing

Lockey was sweatin'. The sweat poured off of his face. His eyes looked like when he was tellin' about the way them Japs come screamin' and hollerin' out of the darkness. "Git out of the barn, Malfers," he said.

Old Man Malfers taken a look at that boy's face. He reckoned he had better do what his boy Lockey said. He hadn't never seen Lockey like this before. "Head fer the tool shed," Lockey told him.

They got to the tool shed. Lockey



"... that our loyal candidate will go forward fearlessly . . . I assure you, lady, this box is empty . . . and that his re-election will . . ."

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

How many children finish High School?

The public schools in the United States are free to all. Education is compulsory in most states until the child is 16.

Knowing all this, how many children do you think actually finish high school? 9 out of 10? 8 out of 10? 7 out of 10?

According to the last U. S. Census *only one out of three young people* 20 to 24 years of age had completed high school.

Why is the number so low? Naturally, one reason is that some children have little interest in school and leave as soon as possible. Another reason is that children left fatherless often must leave school to help support the family.

This problem of support is one that your child need not face. Even though your income may be moderate, you can make sure that your child gets a chance to finish high school. You can do it with life insurance.

Even a little life insurance would give your wife a breathing spell . . . give her a chance to get extra training that will enable her to keep the family going until the children finish school.

Your John Hancock agent will be glad to help you with this problem. He is trained to make the many benefits of life insurance fit your own particular needs.

Consult him frequently both before and *after* you buy life insurance. He will help you keep your insurance suited to your changing needs. He will see to it that every dollar you put aside for life insurance gives you full value in protection . . . for the future of those you love . . . for your own future.

An 83-year-old mutual life insurance company serving over 7,750,000 policyholders.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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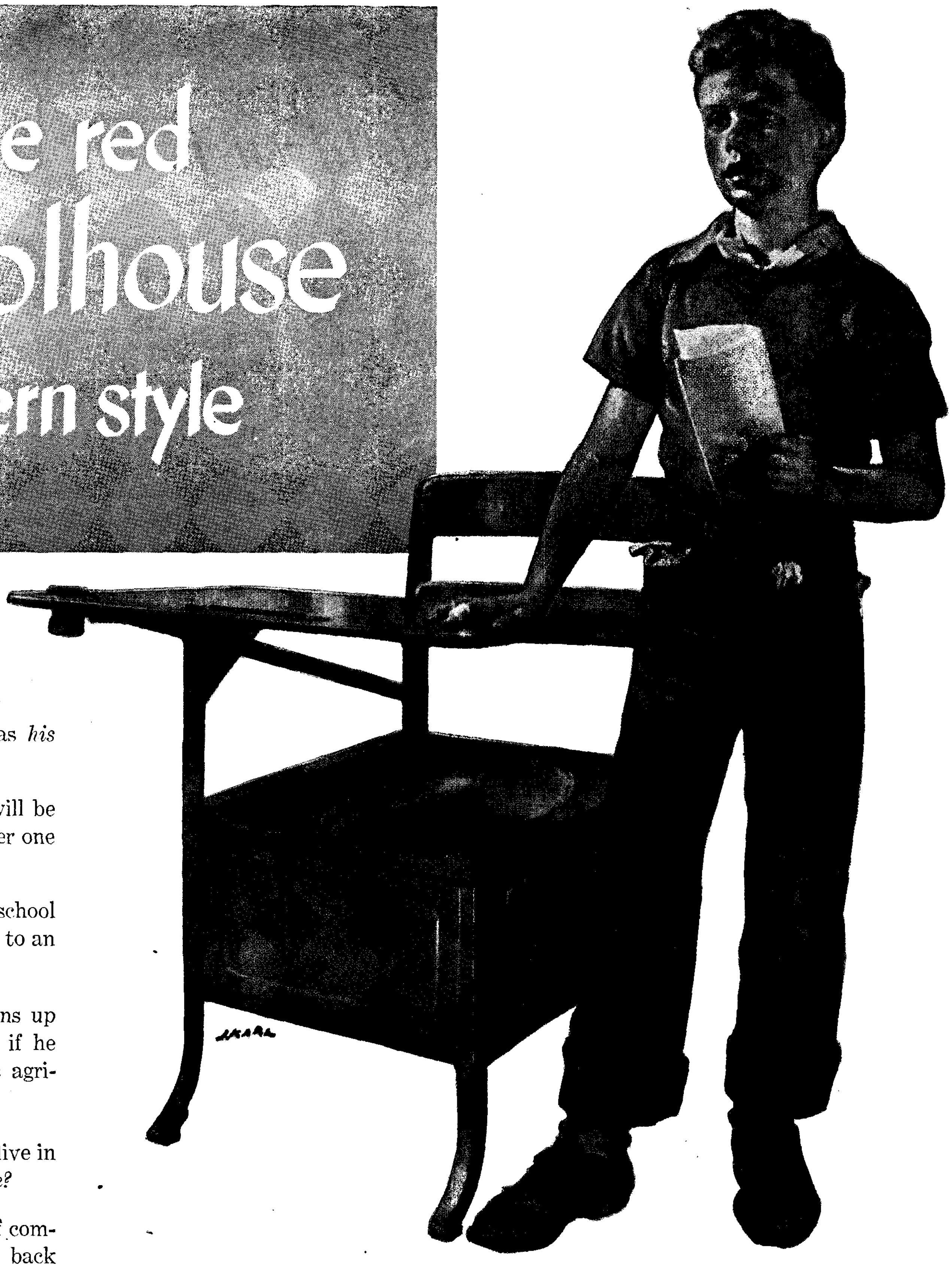
Little red Schoolhouse – modern style



Johnny's father is a farmer—as was *his* father before him.

But if Johnny becomes a farmer, it will be at his own choice—and he'll be a better one than his Dad or Granddad.

Every morning, Johnny tears off to a school bus and rides over smooth, good roads to an up-to-date centralized schoolhouse.

There he gets an education that opens up countless careers for him—including, if he likes, a fine one in modern scientific agriculture.

We can thank the motorized age we live in for all this—but *what motorized the age?*

Very simply—it was the willingness of companies like General Motors to plow back large portions of their earnings into product improvement, plant expansions, steady development of goods and jobs.

The search for profits gave constant spur to progress—and the Little Red Schoolhouse is being rapidly swept away as one result.

There are other results all around you.

Pleasant suburban communities. Swift over-the-road travel and transport. Factories. Jobs. Fatter pay envelopes. Thousands of car dealers and their local businesses.

Dividends for stockholders came too. In General Motors' case, dividends for some 425,000 stockholders.

Their share has been modest, averaging, over the past 29 years, about 7½¢ on each sales dollar. In the war years it was only 3½¢.

All of this illustrates clearly how greatly *all the people* profit when a business prospers.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

The People profit when a Business prospers

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, *coast to coast, twice weekly. See your local newspaper for time and station.*

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL

told his paw to swing that door open and get out a shovel and an ax. "Lay that spade onto the ground, Malfers. Take that ax and chop her off until she's got a handle onto her about eighteen inches long."

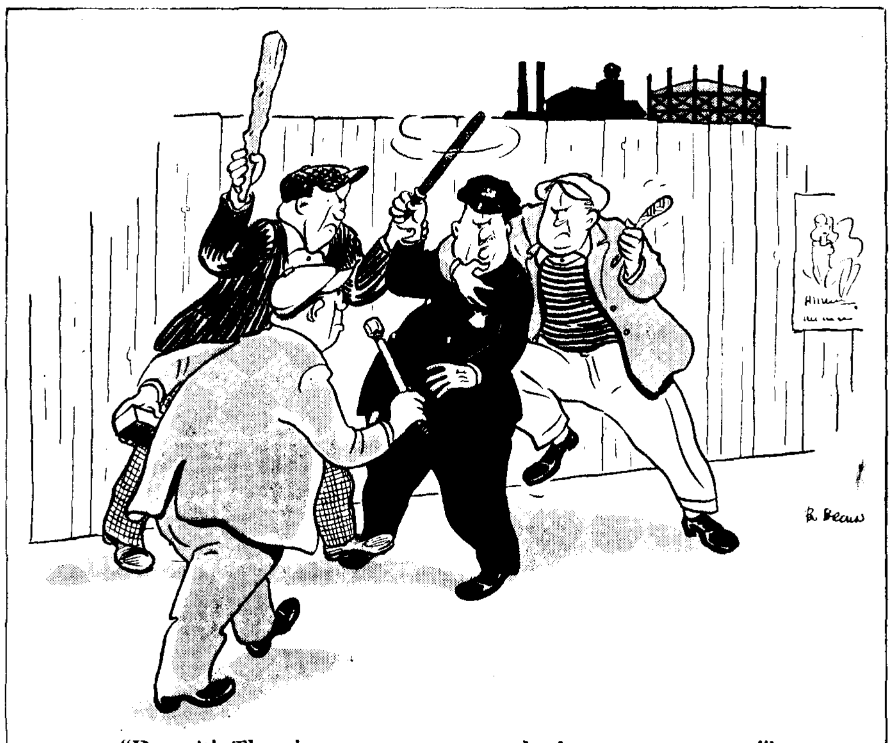
Old Man Malfers started in to roarin'. "That spade cost me good money, I'll not ruin it fer no loon!"

"Chop her off eighteen inches from the spade, Malfers," Lockey said. He give Old Man Malfers a little poke at the rear of his jeans with the point of that bayonet. Old Man Malfers chopped her off like Lockey wanted her.

"Now git aholt of that wheel hoe there in the corner. Put that wheel hoe onto yore shoulder and head for the house."

THEY went up the back stoop and into the kitchen. Lockey kept Old Man Malfers to the fore. He kept that carbine trained onto him. Them lines runnin' down off his cheekbones showed deep as plow furrows. He was breathin' hard. Old Man Malfers stood there in the kitchen with that wheel hoe slung over a shoulder and that little short-handled spade in one hand. He had but to look at his boy Lockey to shake with the fear of the devil.

There in the kitchen, Lockey taken some bread and some meat. He wrapped them in a paper sack and tucked them under one arm. He plucked a handful of old stale biscuits off the kitchen table and stuck them in a pocket. He broke off a square of hardened rat cheese that was settin' on the sill. He stuck that in his pocket with the biscuits. All that time he kept the carbine trained to Old Man Malfers. Old Man Malfers, he purely didn't know what might happen next. Lockey Malfers had his daddy plumb buffaloed.


"Darn it! There's never a cop around when you want one!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

They was an old iron pot on the stove. There was a smiddlin' of pot likker standin' in the bottom of that pot. Lockey taken the pot off the stove and handed it to Old Man Malfers. "Put that pot onto your head, Malfers," he said.

"This here pot is dirty, son. I can't put no dirty thing like that onto my head."

Lockey Malfers worked the bolt of that carbine. He pulled her back and he shoved her forward, carrying a round into the chamber of that carbine. Old Man Malfers saw the crazy, wild look in his boy Lockey's eyes and he feared him. He put that pot onto his head. It came down over his forehead and stopped at his ears. The handle of that pot stuck out in the back. The pot likker run down off Old Man Malfers' cheeks and spilled to his shirt.

"Head for Tiger Swamp, where she runs into Little Deer Lake at the south," Lockey said.

Old Man Malfers didn't have no choice of it. With that little spade in his hand, with a fifty pound wheel hoe over a shoulder and with an old iron cooking pot onto his head, he followed the orders of his boy Lockey.

They come to a clearing that backs up to the swamp—there where Marygold Creek leans to the south and lights out for the Little Deer. That swamp is a mighty scary-looking place in the broad of the day. Now nighttime was coming on fast. The cypress knees rose still and dark out of the black, stinkin' water. Old Man Malfers could smell the musk of the stumpy, brown moccasins.

"Don't take me into that Tiger Swamp, Lockey, boy! I say that Tiger Swamp ain't a fitten place fer you to be takin' yore daddy."

"Git into the swamp, Malfers."

There was nothin' else Old Man Malfers could do but slosh on into that swamp. He was dead certain by now that his boy Lockey was bad took and that he, Old Man Malfers, would never come out of that Tiger Swamp alive.

Lockey and his paw sloshed over a corduroy trail till they come to a pine hammock. This here hammock was no more than a patch of high ground poking out of that swamp. Lockey taken his paw right down to the edge of that hammock where the ground was still hard before it edged into the slush of the swamp

"Lay down that wheel hoe, Malfers."

Old Man Malfers figgered his time had come.

"Dig yoreself a hole. Dig that hole four feet deep and six feet long."

NOW Old Man Malfers *knew* his time had come. He bent over the ground with that little sawed-off spade. He would put off the end just as long as he could.

"Son, I can't dig me a hole with no little sawed-off spade like this spade here."

"I have dug many a hole with a spade no longer than that," Lockey said. "I have moved dirt all over Guadalcanal and New Guinea with a spade no bigger than that spade there. Git to yore hands and knees and start diggin'."

Old Man Malfers started in to dig and Lockey went up atop of the hammock. He heaped himself up some pine needles in front of a tree. He sat on them and leaned back against that tree. He watched Old Man Malfers at work.

Old Man Malfers grunted and groaned there on his hands and knees for a spell. It seemed like his back just couldn't stand it no longer. He stood up and he shaken his fist at old Lockey. He barked like a hurt 'gator. Lockey threw that gun up to his shoulder. He was close enough to see the old man real plain, though darkness was upon them there in Tiger Swamp. He taken careful aim. He squeezed off a round that split the air between Old Man Malfer's left ear and his left shoulder. Old Man Malfers hit the ground flat on his belly.

The rain was slantin' down into Tiger Swamp by the time Old Man Malfers got that hole dug. It was a mighty dreary night. It was purely miserable there in that swamp. Old Man Malfers had forgot and had stood up once more before he had finished diggin' that hole. This time Lockey zinged one off the iron pot and Old Man Malfers didn't forget and stand up no more.

ABOUT the time Old Man Malfers finished her, Lockey come down off the top of that hammock. He looked that hole over real careful.

"That hole is all right. That ain't a bad hole. That is a fair-to-middlin' Infantry hole, Malfers. Git into that hole, and set that wheel hoe in there with you."

"Son, I'm appealin' to you as a daddy. This crazy thing has gone fur enough. Let's go on back to the house. I'm wore out and I'm wet and I'm hungry."

"I was wore out and wet and hungry for so long a time that I ain't ever goin' to get rested and dried out and fed. Old Man. Git into that hole!"

"I can't git into that hole, son. That hole is full of water."

"Bail her out with that iron pot yore wearin' on yore head. When you git her bailed out climb into that hole. I'm goin' to start shootin' in two minutes time. I'll give you two minutes to git into that hole. You and the wheel hoe. I walked and slept with fifty-one pounds of heavy machine-gun tripod for eighteen months. That wheel hoe weighs about the same. I aim for you to git used to that wheel hoe, Old Man."

Old Man Malfers knew he meant it. He took the iron pot off his head and scooped a portion of the water out of that hole. He set that wheel hoe in there. He got into the hole, lay out in the mud, wrapped himself around the wheel hoe as best he could and felt so pore and miserable that he almost wished his crazy son Lockey would shoot him and get it over.

He lay there thirty minutes or so. He didn't hear Lockey and he figgered he'd chance to look around a bit. He raised his head up over the edge of that hole and squinted through the darkening.

That old carbine barked like a hound dog. The bullet thumped into the pile of mud by Old Man Malfers' head. He backed down into that hole, jammed that iron pot back onto his head and started in to prayin'.

After awhile he taken the cold biscuits and the rat cheese his boy Lockey had given him before he left for the top of the hammock. He started to chewin' one of them biscuits. It was cold and soggy. Old Man Malfers had a belly like a goat but he sure couldn't stomach them victuals. He throwed up there in the mud by his head. Old Man Malfers was too tired, wet, scared, sick and miserable to do anything about it. He just lay there.

All night long Lockey, he watched from that hammock, and once or twice he got down off it, to the rear of Old Man Malfers' hole. About every forty minutes or so he would shoot that carbine. The bullets would throw mud over

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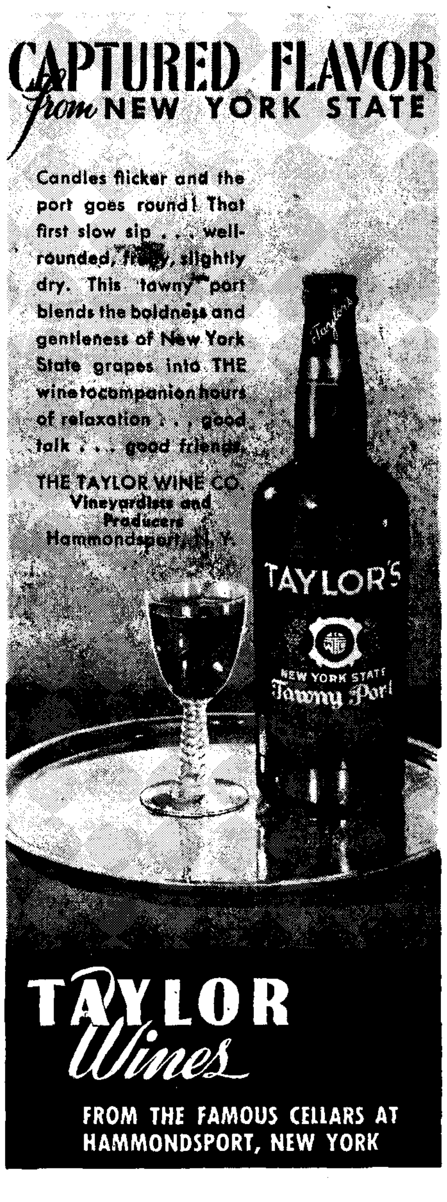
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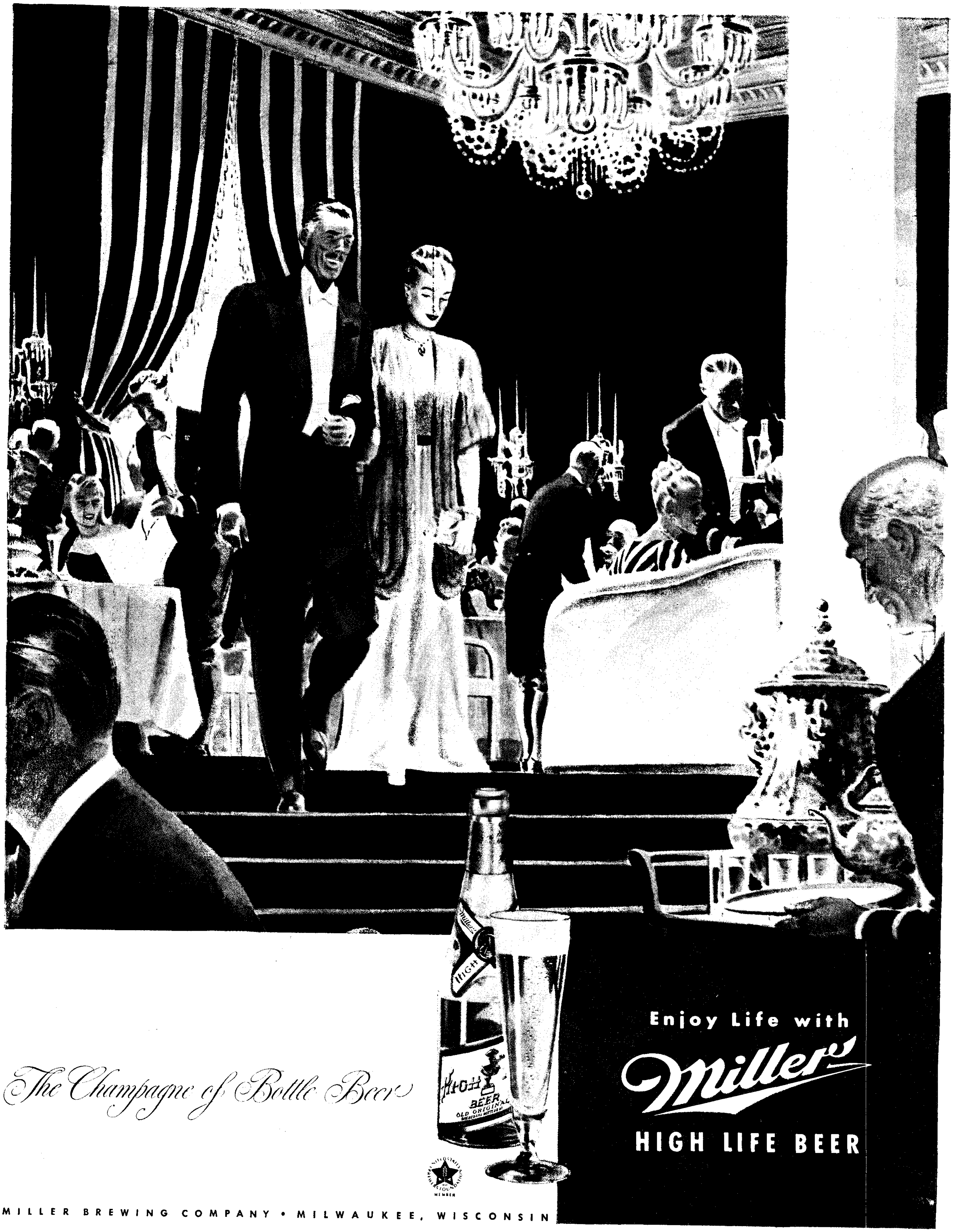
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Old Man Malfers, or they would go singin' over the top of his hole. Old Man Malfers was afraid to move. And every time he would almost drift off to sleep that firin' would wake him up. That night seemed like a month of nights to Old Man Malfers. He prayed for the sun. It finally showed a red rind and turned the sky over Tiger Swamp a dirty gray.

Lockey Malfers come down off that hammock as soon as she showed first light He looked fresh. He looked more rested than he had looked for a spell, in spite of the fact that he had had no sleep. "Git up out of that hole, Old Man," he said.

Old Man Malfers, rising up out of that hole, in the gray light of early dawnin', with the mist floatin' out of the damp ground around him, looked like a man long dead. The black mud was clingin' to him. His hands was shakin' and his voice was weak. "Lemme go on home now, Lockey."

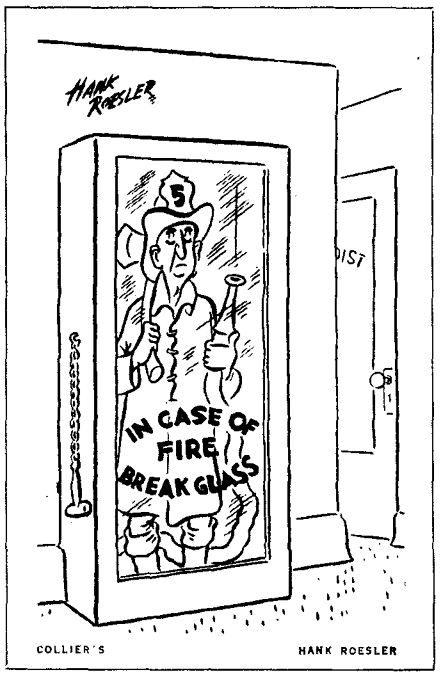
"That's what I used to say to myself, Old Man; 'Lemme go on home—just lemme go on home.' There wasn't nobody to listen. Grab that wheel hoe there, Old Man, and set out for the Little Deer."

All day long Old Man Malfers struggled through that Tiger Swamp with that fifty-pound wheel hoe to his shoulder. Twice that morning and once in the afternoon his boy Lockey forced him to stop and dig holes—big and deep enough for both Old Man Malfers and the wheel hoe. A half-dozen times Lockey, who traveled right along with him—usually thirty, forty yards to the rear—started in to shooting at him. When he would do this, Old Man Malfers would throw himself straight out in the mud of the swamp.

Getting along toward darkness again, it got to where he couldn't even get up no more till his boy Lockey would come up and give him the point of that bayonet. That iron pot on his head kept fallin' over his eyes, and it rubbed the skin of his forehead raw. The weight of that iron pot give Old Man Malfers a head-hurt. Old Man Malfers was pretty near out of his mind. He began to think that maybe he was even crazier than his boy Lockey.

That night, Lockey give him some of the bread and a little of the meat. He made him dig another hole like the one he had dug the night before. He made him get into that hole with that wheel hoe. All night long Lockey kept on shootin' around that hole, the same as the night before.

Old Man Malfers never did remember how he made it home late in the evenin' of the second day. Lockey had driven him onto the shores of Little Deer Lake, then they had turned and headed for home. Old Man Malfers never remembered, but he made it all right, totin' that fifty-pound wheel hoe on his shoulder.



Mort Simpson, who had come by for his milk, saw him come staggerin' into the barnyard. He looked like somethin' not human, come in out of the swamps to raid that barnyard. Old Lockey come along in the rear. He was whistlin'. He looked right smart. Looked like he had finally got a load off his mind. Looked like now he had finally got somebody—just one man—to know what it felt like over there where he had fought.

Lockey got Mort Simpson to help him get Old Man Malfers in the bed. It taken the two of them quite a spell to get Old Man Malfers' mud and sweat-caked clothes off him, get him cleaned up and get him into the bed. Mort, he swears that Lockey Malfers handled his old man just like he would handle a baby. Real sort of tender like. When they got the old man to bed Mort says Lockey was real cheerful. Wanted to know all about crops and what people was doing around that Florida county.

It was thirty hours before Old Man Malfers woke out of his sleep. He called his boy Lockey to him. "Lockey, boy," Old Man Malfers said. "I orto whale you—if I could. I orto give it to you good. I can't do it. I'm ashamed. I sure am plumb ashamed. You set down here and tell me all about that war. I want to hear about that war and the Infantry, Lockey, boy. Them are things I purely do want to hear about, Lockey."

"I don't want to tell you about them things, Paw," Lockey said. "I want to put old Charlie to that plow. You know that back forty ain't been plowed yet. And say, Paw, did you happen to notice how them minnies was runnin' in the Little Deer?"

THE END

OLD SORORITY SISTER

Continued from page 16

of the Students' Governing Council in Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years; President of the Stephen A. Douglas Debating Society; Business Manager of the Glee Club; Secretary of the Swinburne Literary Society; Secretary of the Students' Progressive Political League; Member of the Pelicans, Funsters, Archfiends and Fallen Angels; Member of Gamma Gamma Gamma Sorority; Founder of the Equal Suffrage League; Member of the Hamlet Dramatic Society, Swimming Team for four years; Hockey, Track and Baseball Teams for three . . ."

WHEN Dexter got to the end of the page and stopped for breath, I said, "Shame on you, Melinda Broadfoot! You don't know how to wrestle!"

Dexter laughed and said, "That's what *you* think!" He moistened his thumb, turned the page and went on reading: "Captain Basketball Team Junior and Senior Years; *Wrestling* Team Freshman, Sophomore and Senior Years; Holder Gardiner College Record for Broad Jump, Pole Vault and Hurling the Javelin." . .

In other words, Melinda got ten times more space than any other girl in college. The girl who got the least space was a Nellie May Falco; all there was to show for her four years was "Gamma Gamma Gamma Sorority." Dexter looked up and said, "Melinda is a Gamma, too, isn't she?" I said I didn't remember, so he turned to the sorority pictures, and there, on the page devoted to the Gamma Gamma Gammas, were Melinda Broadfoot and Nellie May Falco, side by side. Nellie May was pretty in a mild sort of way, but there was an odd expression in her eyes, as if she were still astonished at finding herself among all those powerful and talented Gammas. Her sisters stared haughtily from their frames, their noses lifted a little, but Nellie May gave the impression of pulling back and trying to hide herself somewhere. A little prophecy was beneath each photograph. Melinda's read: "Will become first woman President of the United States"; but the best the sorority prophet could do for poor Nellie May was, "Will marry her young man, live on his chicken farm, and help him raise 'full-grown hens.' ". . .

Dexter closed the yearbook on his thumb and gave me a talk on the Nellie May Falcos of the world. There was at least one of them in every group, he said; and nobody paid much attention to them when they were present, or remembered them very well after they had departed. "Take Melinda Broadfoot, for instance," he continued. "No doubt she recalls that there was a girl named Nellie May Falco in her sorority, but that's about all. Certainly she never kept up with Nellie May, as she did with some of the others in her class . . ."

He paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and all at once I saw the idea shaping itself in his mind. He sat upright in his chair, letting his feet fall to the floor, and said, "If Nellie May Falco happened to be in town and wrote Mrs. Opp a nice note, do you suppose she'd be welcomed as a sorority sister, or turned away at the door like the old subpoena server she really was?"

I had a lot of faith in Dexter, but I didn't believe he could impersonate Nellie May successfully, and I said so at once. Dexter fiddled with his ring, sighed and admitted I was right. Then, almost immediately, he added, "But surely Nellie May has a grown son by this time—a good-looking, clever young man of twenty-five, perhaps. How about *him* serving the subpoena for us?"

"You'd be taking an awful chance," I said. "In the first place, you don't know whether Nellie May has a son or not. In fact, you don't know anything about her at all."

"That's correct," said Dexter, "but I'll bet Melinda doesn't know anything about her either. That puts us on a sporting basis." I started to speak, but he put his hand on my wrist and said, "You must correct me if you have information to the contrary, but from all I hear, Nellie May Falco married the year she finished college. He was a Mr. Gordon Hardcuff, and she accompanied him to Billings, Montana, where they've lived happily ever since. The Hardcuff-Falco union was fertile, and they now have a number of children, among them being two sons in their early twenties: Gordon, Jr., who is *me,* and Falco Hardcuff, who is *you."*

HE DUG me in the ribs with his thumb and then went on: "The Hardcuff boys, tired of the monotony of Montana, have come East to make their fortunes. Before they left home, their mother said there was nobody in America better qualified to give them sound advice, particularly regarding the international political situation, than her distinguished old college chum, the celebrated Melinda Broadfoot Opp."

He went to the rack where his topcoat and hat were hanging, and put them on. "Later in the evening, after the stage has been set and the proper arrangements

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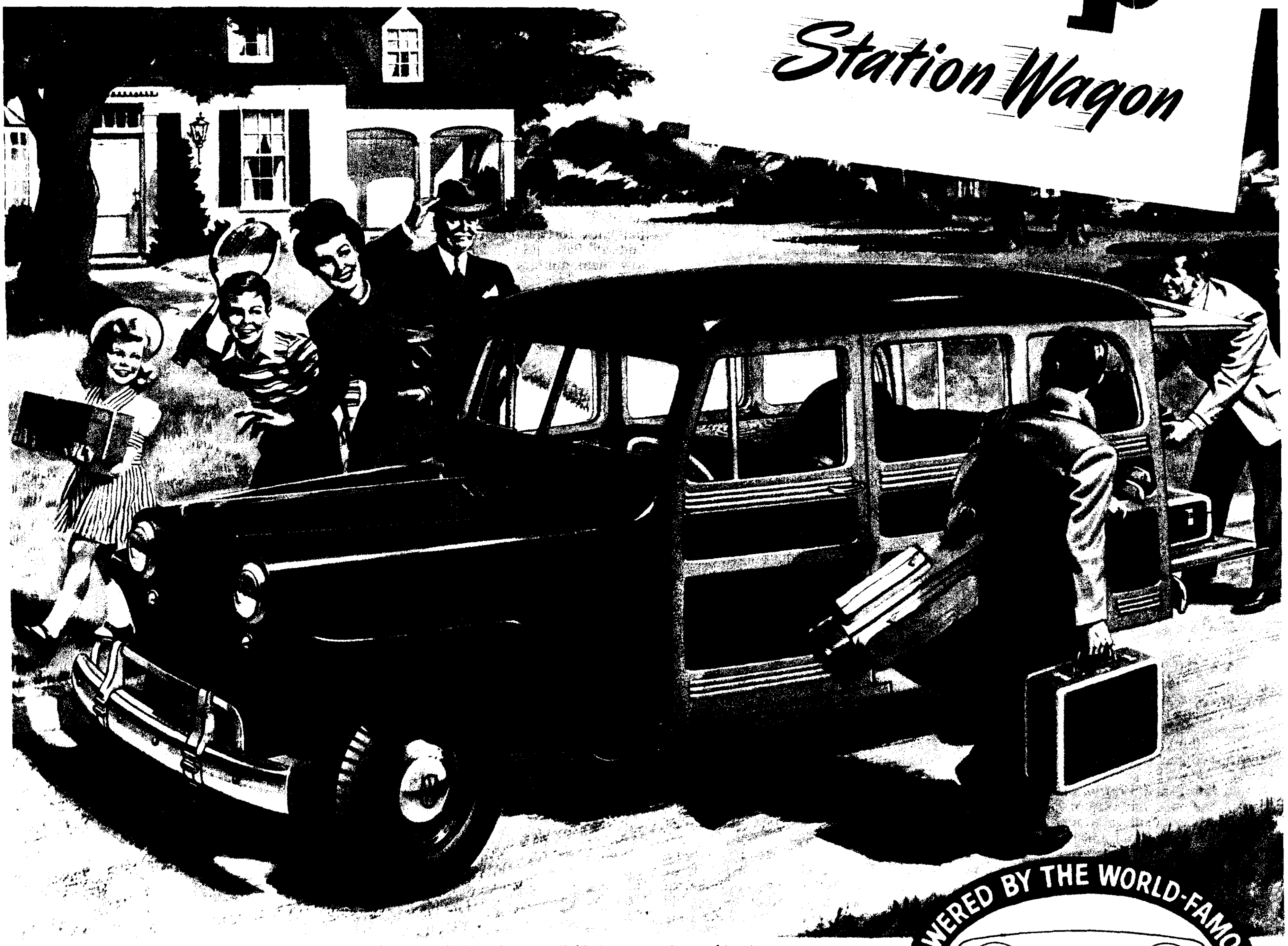

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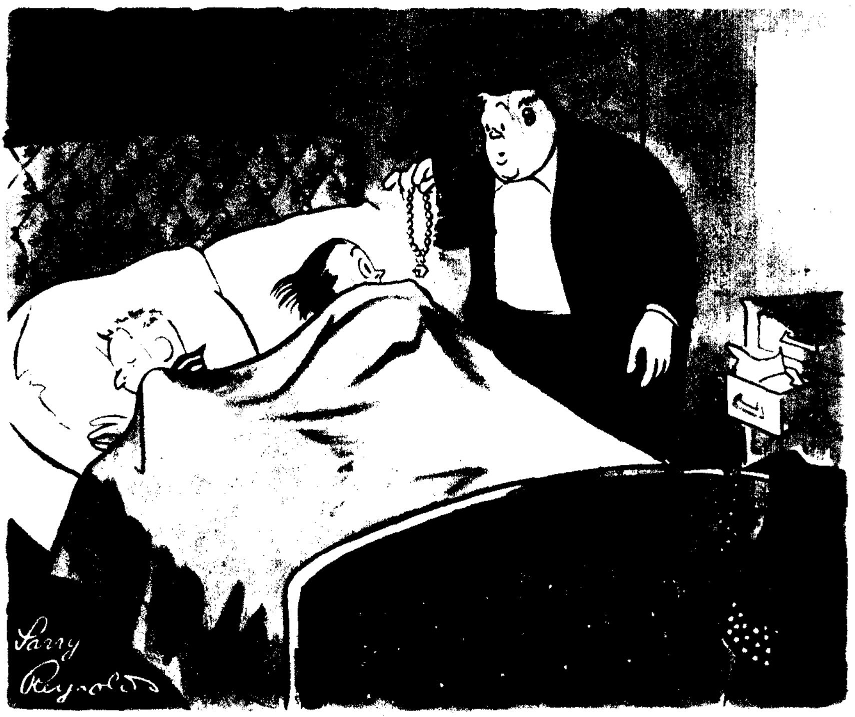
made, Gordon, the elder of the Hardcuff boys, is going to write Mrs. Opp a note asking for an appointment. If the interview is arranged, please remember that Gordon will do all the talking, since the younger boy is more the impractical, artistic type—being so shy and introverted, in fact, that he rarely speaks at all in company." He grinned at me over his shoulder, rolled his eyes wildly in their sockets, and added softly, "This is a most fortunate circumstance: otherwise, how could we account for Falco Hardcuff's unfortunate Alabama accent?"

HE CLOSED the door behind him and went out, but he returned to the office several hours later. He told me that he and I, the Hardcuff brothers, were checking in at the Fernwood, a small family hotel patronized by Westerners. He'd already made all the arrangements about the room. He'd even talked with the hotel manager, asking his advice about the pitfalls that await the inexperienced young man in a big city, and confiding to him the most intimate details of our home life back in Billings. He called all this "establishing credibility of background," and as soon as we'd moved in our baggage and were settled comfortably at the hotel, he meant to write his letter to Mrs. Opp on the Fernwood's best stationery.

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"You got th' box this come in, lady? I'd like to give it as a gift"

COLLIER'S

I thought he was taking a lot of trouble for nothing, but he said, "I don't think so. We must remember that Miss Broadfoot has already seen through all the old tricks, and that she's on the alert right now for another process server to turn up with something new. She's as sharp as a knife, and we mustn't underestimate her. Her weakness is that she can't quite believe that others can be as sharp and bright as she is, and that's the factor that defeats all vain people at the end. I know, because I'm a Melinda Broadfoot, too—in my particular way." He half closed his eyes, rubbed his chain and said, "I wonder if that's the real reason I've taken such a dislike to the old battle-ax?"

I didn't say anything. I just laughed and threw back my head. I could never tell when Dexter was serious and when he wasn't. . . . Anyway, he was right about being vain himself: For instance, there wasn't any reason for my going with him to serve the subpoena except that he knew he was going to put on a good performance, and he wanted somebody to admire his technique, and tell about it later on. . . . Well, that's what I'm doing right now, isn't it? . . .

Am I spinning this out too much? Am I taking too long to get to the point? Oh, so you've got nothing better to do? Good! . . . Anyway, Dexter got a prompt answer to his letter. Mrs. Opp remembered Nellie May Falco quite well, she said—and she asked us to call the next day at four, for tea. So Dexter put the subpoena in his inside coat pocket, and we set out for Thirty-eighth Street. The butler answered the door, and, after a pretty complete cross-examination, he showed us into the library where Miss Broadfoot, herself, awaited us at her tea table.

She was a big-boned, solid-looking woman—about five feet eleven, I'd say; and, of course, anybody who's ever seen a newsreel shot of her knows all about that powerful, steel-trap jaw. Her hair, which looked like it was made from the same material they make horses' manes out of, was arranged on her forehead in a black bang; in the back, it was fixed at the nape of her neck in that figure-eight effect which has become a sort of trademark for her. But the thing about her that impressed me the most was her nose: it was both lumpy and jutting, and from a distance it looked like it was modeled out of pink cake icing. That bothered me at first; then I decided that her nose was a fiery red underneath, and that she'd plastered it over with a liquid powder to take the bloom off.

By this time we were seated around the tea table, and Melinda was explaining why the butler had been so cautious in admitting us. It seemed that she was being sued by a ridiculous woman who ran a dress shop, and that, for the past ten days or so, a number of odd little men had been trying to serve papers on her. . . . I was surprised when she began to speak: I'd expected her voice to be loud and booming; actually, it was a chirping, falsetto affair with a sort of strangled little lisp in it someplace.

Dexter asked if the process servers had been successful, and Melinda said indeed they had not; and what was more, they never would be, either! Then Dexter put on his most innocent expression and said, "But I don't understand. . . . You mean these things must be served *personally?*"

Melinda said, "That is correct. That is the normal procedure in this state." She toyed with her bangs an instant, and added, "But, of course, where a person is deliberately *avoiding* service, as I most certainly am, an operator can swear to that effect, and get service through publication. The difficulty in my case is that nobody can make the affidavit, because nobody actually knows whether I'm in town, as the lawyers suspect, or in Czechoslovakia, as my butler tells strangers at the door."

Dexter spoke in an indignant voice; "I think it's a disgrace for a distinguished woman like yourself to put up with these persecutions, particularly since you don't owe the money in the first place."

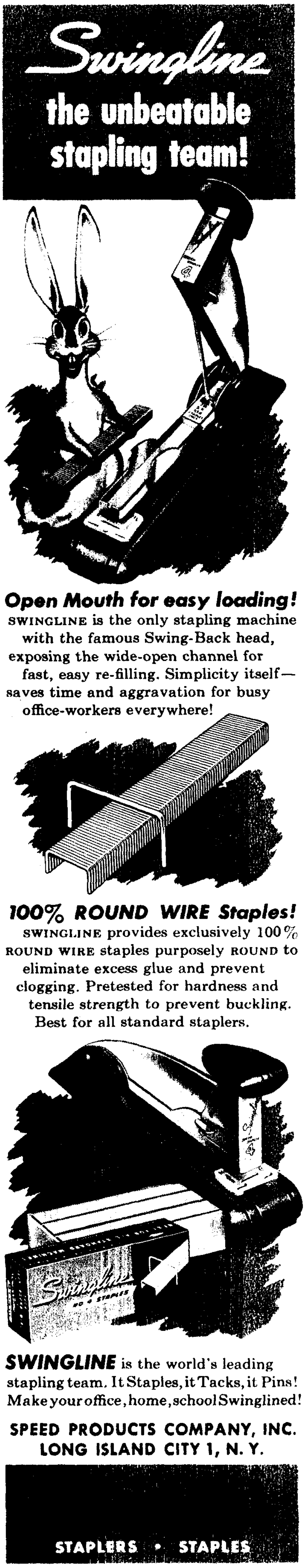
"I owe the money all right," said Melinda, "and being a perfectly honest person, I intend paying it—when I get perfectly good and ready to pay it, and not one instant before. Let the woman whistle for her money!" Then straightening in her chair, her back stiff and indignant, Melinda went on: "I'm afraid it isn't just a question of owing or not owing money this time. It's more a question of attitude and insolence, and I mean to teach Louise a lesson. Before this affair is finished, she'll bitterly regret having sent me that bill on which she stamped, 'Unless paid at once, same will be placed in hands of authorities for collection.' "

The look of boyish admiration in Dexter's eyes was so convincing that even I, who knew him so well, was taken in for a moment. Then he leaned forward impulsively, clapped his hands and said, "Good for *you,* Melinda Broadfoot Opp! It's a pity there aren't more people in the world with your courage and individuality!" But sobering suddenly, as if an important thought had come to him at that instant, he went on with naïve earnestness: "With conditions the way they are, do you think you were quite wise in admitting my brother and myself? After all, you know very little about us. We could easily be impostors, your know. In fact, we might even be a couple of those subpoena servers who have been annoying you so much."

MELINDA'S lips turned up lightly at the corners. "Dear boy!" she said. She leaned forward indulgently and patted Dexter on the cheek, adding, "It's so pleasant to meet an unspoiled young man these days, but, really, you must not worry about me so much, as I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. . . . However, if it will relieve your mind, let me assure you that I did take the necessary precautions before answering your charming note. You see, I immediately called the Fernwood and talked personally with the manager. He assured me that you and your brother were not only registered there, but that you were precisely as you represented yourselves. I gathered that the manager was a family friend of long standing; certainly he knew all about your parents and your home life in Montana. Why, he even gave me the precise details of the kidney-stone operation which your father had a few years ago."

The butler brought in the tea about that time, and Melinda filled the cups and put pastries and little sandwiches on our plates. She explained that she didn't drink tea, herself, being allergic to it; then, too, she was suffering from a peculiar skin condition which had the finest medical minds of three continents baffled. "Nobody knows why my nose swells and reddens this way," she said. "My present specialist thinks it is an obscure vitamin deficiency, and has prescribed quantities of tomato juice for me."

She picked up a pitcher of tomato juice and poured some into a small glass. There was a bottle of gin on the table,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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York too, and she filled out the glass with that. "I could never abide the taste of tomato juice," she said, "so I put in the gin to nullify it, and make it palatable. It's a combination I picked up in Latvia." Then, seeing that the needs of her guests were satisfactorily taken care of for the moment, she relaxed, leaned back in her chair and sipped her vitamins eagerly.

Melinda Broadfoot is crazy about odd little clocks, as almost everybody knows by this time. I hear she has a special trunk made for them, and that she carries them with her on all her trips. I don't know about that, but on the day Dexter and I visited her, I do know there were little clocks all over the place: clocks of every design and shape, and made out of every sort of material you can think of.

Dexter and Mrs. Opp were both fluent talkers, and for the next quarter of an hour they touched on almost every topic you can think of. But two subjects kept coming up over and over: one was Melinda's unusual talents and her remarkable accomplishments in the world; the other was Nellie May Hardcuff and what she'd been doing with herself since she married and moved to Montana. I might as well have not been there at all for all the attention they paid me, so I picked up a tiny, gilt-and-silver clock and balanced it in my palm, letting my mind wander a little . . . but I sat up straight enough when I heard Mrs. Opp say in a half-laughing, half-irritated voice, "Gordon Hardcuff does *not* sound like the name of the young man who visited your mother at Gardiner College! It was a most peculiar name, that I'll admit; but somehow Gordon Hardcuff doesn't sound *right!*"

"Perhaps you're thinking about somebody else," said Dexter carelessly. "One of her other admirers, no doubt."

"Certainly not," said Melinda. "Your dear mother had only one sweetheart in her life, and that was the man she married finally. I remember seeing an item about her marriage, years ago, in the Triple Gamma Alumni News." She half-closed her eyes, touched the cake icing on her nose, and then said, "The man I have reference to was plump and short with a vacant face and pale, protruding eyes without any expression at all. He was rather simple and inexperienced, too. Of course, I realize that he'd been reared on a small farm, and that his opportunities had been limited, but still—"

Dexter carefully removed a tea leaf from his mouth and then said: "That seems to be Dad, all right. You might be interested to know that he hasn't changed in the least, except that he's entirely bald now, too."

Melinda smiled, nodded absently, and went on speaking in a quick, animated voice: "My most vivid recollection of your poor father is one Sunday evening at the Triple Gamma House. Nellie May invited him to stay to supper on that occasion, and during the course of the meal the subject of canary birds came up. I've forgotten just how, but I think one of the new girls said it had always been her wish to own one. She was speaking to your father at the time, and he gallantly promised to send her a canary when he returned home. Then a girl at the other end of the table said she wanted a canary bird, too, and your father found himself pledged to make another present. Well, the upshot of the matter was that he promised a canary to every girl in the sorority; so I said to him jokingly, 'You should be more careful in committing yourself, Mr. Hardcuff!' That name still doesn't sound *right* to me! . . . Oh, well. Anyway, I said, 'Perhaps you don't realize it, but a good canary bird costs around fifteen dollars.' "

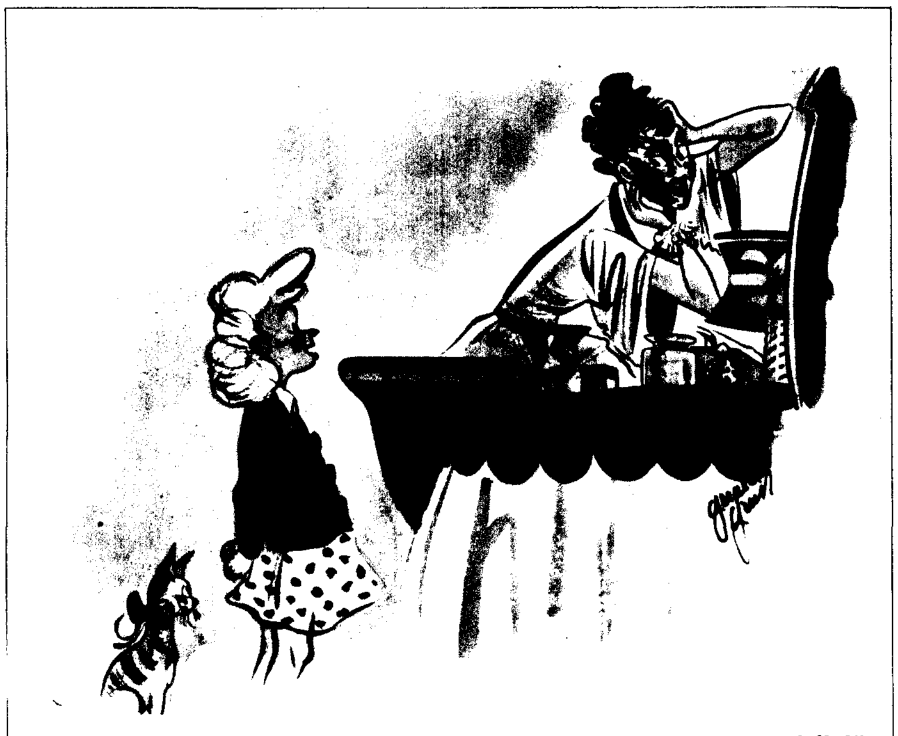
MELINDA gave way to a burst of thin, strangled laughter. "I'll never forget the expression on your father's face—never as long as I live!" she said. "First, he stared about the room in the completest astonishment; then, putting down his coffee cup, he turned to me and said, 'That's funny. You can buy a full-grown hen for forty cents.' "

"Dear Dad!" said Dexter softly. "How typical!"

"It became a stock expression among the Triple Gammas," said Melinda, "then, finally, it got all over the campus. After that, when anybody stated what an article had cost, somebody else was sure to reply, 'That's funny. You can buy a full-grown hen for forty cents.' Everybody thought the incident most amusing, except your mother. She never asked your father to the sorority house again, and when he came to visit her afterward, she arranged to meet him in town."

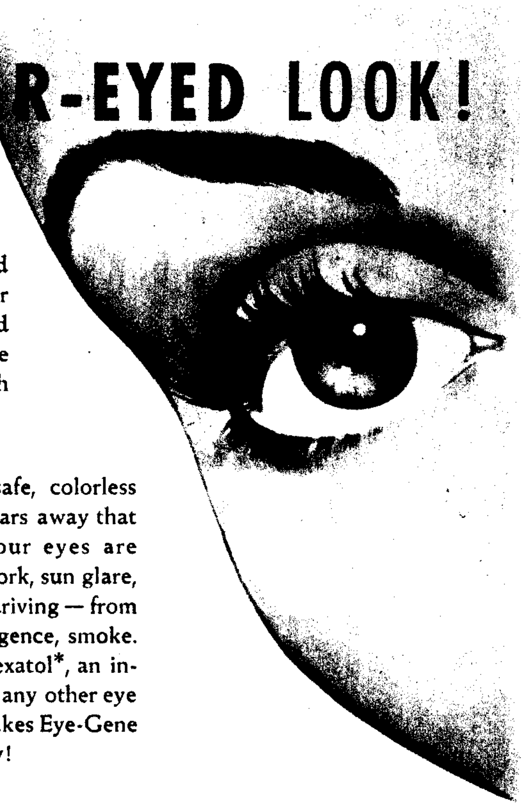
Dexter bit into a pastry which crumbled against his lips. He said, "Oops!" pulled in his stomach, and caught the falling pieces in his free hand. "I must remember to tell that story on Dad when I go back home. Now, let's see—is this the way it goes? For instance, I come up to you and say, 'What a beautiful engagement ring you're wearing. Was it expensive?' "

Melinda, who was enjoying herself



"Golly, Sis. Why don't you stop fighting old age and accept it gracefully?"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN



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EYE-GENE *eye drops*

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ARMS and BLADES

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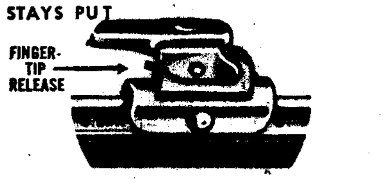
STAYS PUT



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He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!

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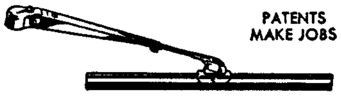

After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS... *patented features... original equipment* on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

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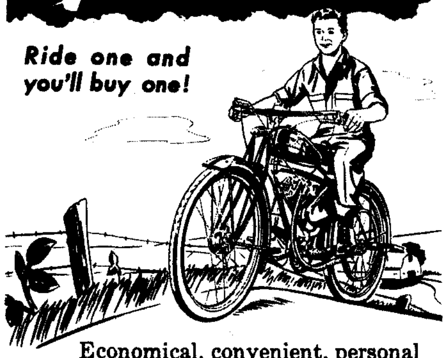

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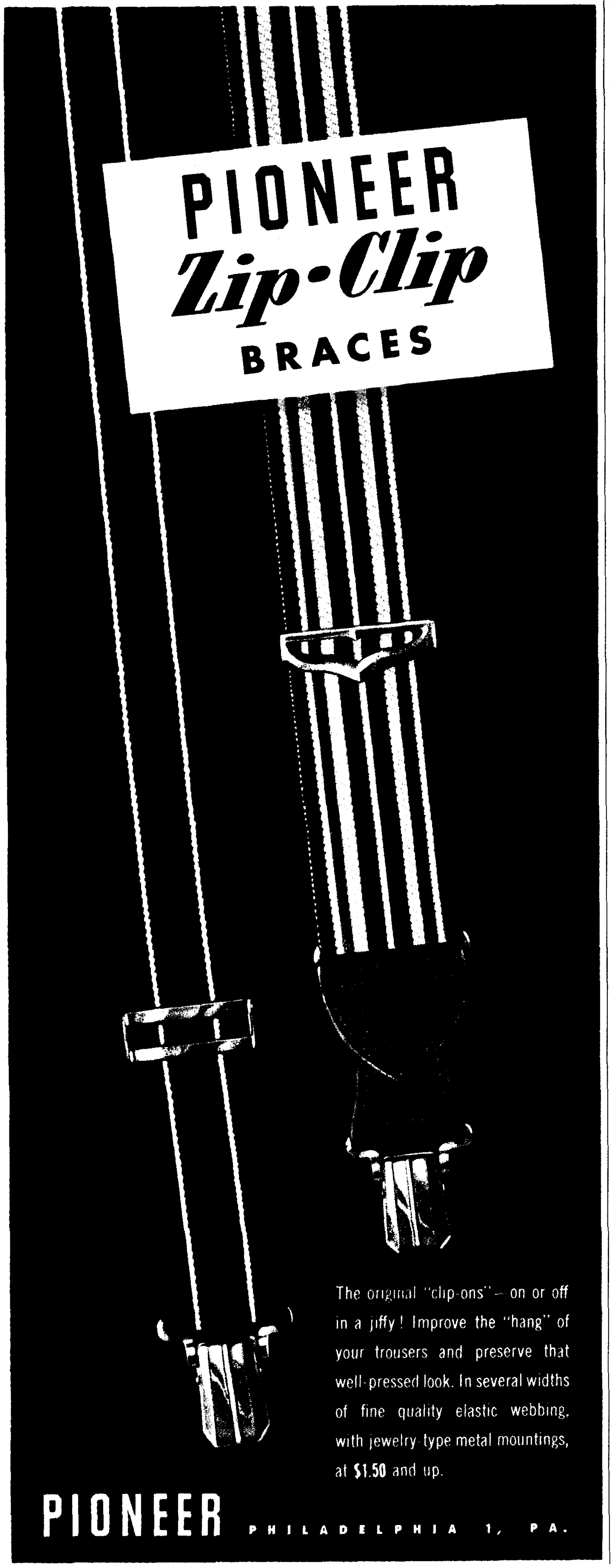
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PIONEER PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.

enormously, looked up roguishly. "I suppose it was, in a way," she said. "It was a gift from Mr. Opp. I understand he paid about eight thousand dollars for it."

"That's funny," said Dexter. "You can buy a full-grown hen for forty cents."

Melinda waved her hands back and forth in front of her face, helpless with mirth. "That's the routine," she said. "You have it down perfectly."

By that time, I'd had my third cup of tea, and Miss Broadfoot had taken at least three full doses of her medicine. Dexter was certainly taking his time about serving the subpoena, and since I haven't got his iron constitution, I was getting a little nervous; so while he and Melinda laughed and chatted together, I walked around the room and examined her library. On a shelf to themselves were Melinda's own published works, and I looked at the titles one by one. I took out Polish Dynamite from its regular place between Balkan Powder Keg and Time Fuse in the Pacific, but as I did so, Italian Hand Grenade trembled and teetered back and forth, and Bombs on the Mexican Border, at the end of the row, slipped and fell flat on its face. As I straightened the books, I thought to myself: Melinda Broadfoot certainly goes in for explosive titles, doesn't she? Well, maybe Dexter can give her one for that book on Czechoslovakia she's supposed to be writing, and that is, Firecracker Under the Widow Opp.

I DUSTED my hands and came back to my chair just as Melinda said, "Did your dear mother ever tell you of the time she tried out for the part of Lady Macbeth in the annual college play?"

Dexter said no, she had not; and Mrs. Opp could readily understand the "full reasons for her reticence." Nellie May, it developed, like so many other unimaginative people, were secretly convinced that she was "a great, if undiscovered, emotional actress"; but unfortunately for her peace of mind, she had confided all this to one of her sorority sisters about the time that the Hamlet Dramatic Society was preparing to stage its yearly production, and that same night a little plot was perfected. One by one the girls had talked earnestly with Nellie May, advising her that it was her duty both to her college and to her sorority to try out for Lady Macbeth, one of the leading roles in that year's play, thus bringing her talents into the open for all the world to admire and applaud. Everybody was in on the joke toward the end, and on the night the tryouts were held, the auditorium was packed.

"And so there was poor Nellie May acting her head off on the bare stage," said Mrs. Opp. "She'd memorized every word of the part, and after each speech was finished, the audience out front would stamp their feet and call out, 'Bravo!' or 'Give us more!' or 'Do that last part over!' . . You must believe me when I say your mother's interpretation of Lady Macbeth was the most remarkable thing I ever saw on any stage. She took herself with the greatest seriousness. It never once occurred to her that the applause wasn't genuine, and entirely merited."

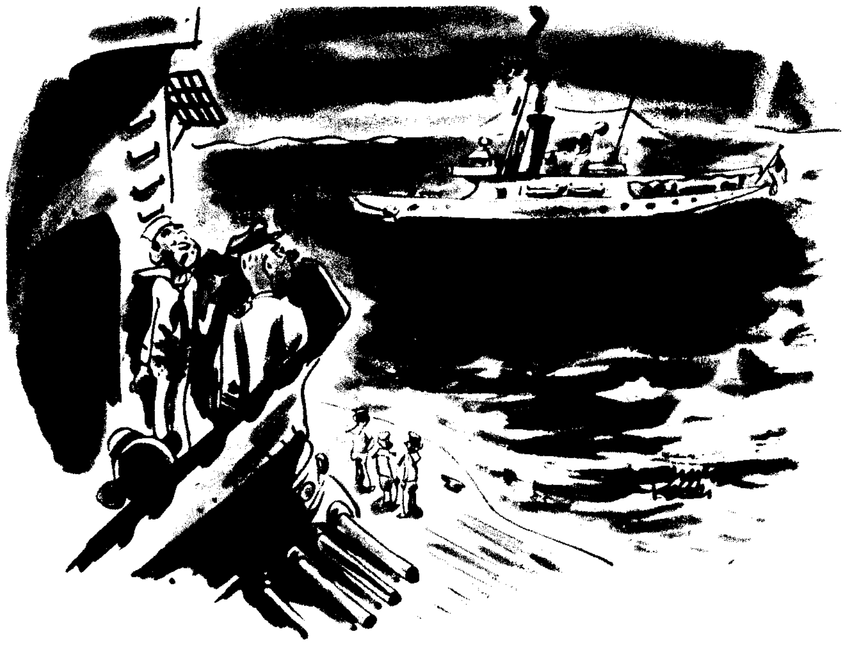
She laughed again and touched her nose on the side where the pink cake icing was beginning to crack a little under her continued merriment. She said, "Your mother kept coming to the footlights to bow and smile and wave her hand to her public, until finally the director, realizing at last what was happening, adjourned the tryouts until the following night. . . . Oh, that priceless sleepwalking scene!" she panted. "That beautiful, incredible sleepwalking scene!"

Dexter shook his head mildly and laughed a little, too. "Tell me this," he said. "How did poor Mother take the joke?"

"Not at all well, Gordon. No, not well at all! She carried on in a most childish way when she found out, locking her door, crying alone in her room, and even refusing to eat for a day or two. She kept saying, 'I'm so ashamed! I'm so ashamed!' We tried to explain that it was all in fun, but since she was so lacking in humor herself, she couldn't understand our viewpoint. Now, you mustn't mind if I take advantage of the fact that I'm one of your mother's oldest and dearest friends, and say that while I'd be the last person in the world to deny her her full share of virtues, cleverness is simply not one of them, is it?"

Dexter's laughter was quick, a little rueful, and apparently spontaneous. He might have fooled Melinda Broadfoot, but he didn't fool me, and when I saw that twitching around his eyelids, I knew that he was burning up with rage inside He leaned toward her quickly, and when he spoke, admiration was dripping out of his voice: "There's one thing I'm sure of, Miss Broadfoot, and it's this: Nobody could have caught you off guard so easily."

Mrs. Opp rinsed out her glass with pure gin and tossed it down efficiently. "Of course not," she smiled. "That goes without saying, doesn't it? The whole plot was obvious from the beginning."


"My parents would like to know if I may lunch with them, sir"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Dexter stared at her a moment with his wide-open, innocent blue eyes; then, lowering his lids, he traced the pattern on the tea table with his finger, and said boyishly, "It's a good thing those process servers you mentioned are after *you*, and not Mother. Poor Mother would probably have signed their receipt books without question, or have committed herself in some other way."

"You don't sign a receipt book," said Melinda. "Where did you pick up such a strange idea?"

"Are you sure?" asked Dexter in an unconvinced voice.

"Of course, I'm sure. In this state, you merely induce the person to be served to admit his name. Then you touch him lightly with the paper and say, 'Mr. So-and-So, here's a summons for you.' That's all there is to it. The person served doesn't sign anything at all. You may accept what I tell you as being correct in every detail."

I was getting more and more nervous as the minutes went by, and I kept nudging Dexter's leg with my knee; but since he wouldn't pay any attention to me, I went over to his chair and whispered in his ear, "All right! All right! You've made her tell you how to serve the subpoena! Now give it to her, for Pete's sake, and let's get back to the office!"

AW, SHOOT!

Oh, how old-fashioned I've become!
How dated and "old hat":
To my dull ears, a Gatling gun
Goes "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!"

My son says, "Naw, that's corny, Paw.
Machine guns go like this":
He blasts me, "Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!
You're dead—I never miss!"

The children give a sort of cough
When they play rifles now.
I'm just about two eras off:
I still say "Bang!" and "Pow!"

—ROD MacLEAN

Dexter smiled and put his arm about my shoulders with brotherly affection. "Not yet," he whispered back. "I want her to *beg* for the subpoena first. After that, I think she should identify herself thoroughly."

He patted my arm, turned back to Mrs. Opp and said, "Falco wanted to remind me of the little present which Mother sent you in our care. He thinks I should have given it to you long ago."

Melinda put down her glass. "I think Falco is quite right," she said coquettishly. "I'll take it now, if you don't mind."

"This isn't the appropriate moment," said Dexter. "Later, perhaps."

THOSE massive doses of vitamins were making Melinda a little playful. She rolled her eyes seductively, adjusted her figure-eight knots, and said in her chirping, strangled voice, "Not even for a big please?" She bent her wrists and let them hang down limply, the way a poodle does it, and went on brightly, "Not even for a pretty please?"

"No," said Dexter archly. "Not even for a pretty, pretty please."

Melinda reached for the gin bottle, and almost upset it. She giggled at her clumsiness. "Is it something Nellie May made herself? Is it handkerchiefs?"

"Not handkerchiefs," said Dexter. "Positively not that." Then seeing that Mrs. Opp was beginning to pout a little, he continued: "I'll give you a clue this time: When Mother put the present in my pocket, she laughed and said, 'This will be a great surprise for Melissa. It's the last thing in the world she'd ever expect from *me*.'"

I couldn't stand the strain any longer, and when he said Melissa, instead of Melinda, I got up and went to the mantel, drumming on the marble with my fingers. Mrs. Opp noticed the mistake at once. She seemed about to correct him, but changed her mind; so Dexter repeated the name a couple of times more for her benefit, and finally she said: "It's strange dear Nellie May should keep referring to me as *Melissa*. My name is *Melinda*, as everybody knows."

DEXTER stared at her in astonishment. "Melinda Broadfoot?" he asked cautiously. "You mean that you are Melinda *Broadfoot?*"

"Of course, I'm Melinda Broadfoot! What's strange about that?"

Dexter seemed completely taken aback. "Will you spell it, please?"

Melinda was rapidly losing her temper. She knew that something was happening, but she couldn't figure out just what it was. She hesitated and then spelled her name angrily, emphasizing each letter. I went to the door that led to the entrance hall and stood there with my hand on the knob. Serve the woman! I thought. Serve her for heaven's sake and let's get out of this place! By that time Dexter had risen. He stood with his forefinger pointed at Miss Broadfoot. "Are you trying to tell me that you are Melinda Broadfoot Opp?" he asked in the sneering voice of a district attorney. "Is that what you're now trying to make others believe?"

Melinda had worked herself up into a fine rage. She rose from her chair and stood there angrily, a good two inches taller than Dexter himself. "My name is Melinda Broadfoot Opp!" she said. . . . "Melinda Broadfoot Opp!"

I opened the door and went into the hall; and at that moment Dexter touched Mrs. Opp with the summons and said, "Melinda Broadfoot Opp, here's a subpoena for you, and you damn' well better do as it says thereon."

Melinda gasped and sank back into her chair, her face and neck turning red slowly. Dexter took his time about putting on his hat and coat, and when we approached the front door, and stopped for another peep into the library, she was still sitting rigidly, too stunned to move; but by the time we were on the sidewalk, and flush with the library window, we heard a strangled scream of rage, and an instant later something heavy, and made of glass, hit the library wall, and shattered to pieces.

"Well, there went the gin bottle," I said.

"Mrs. Opp is furious," said Dexter, "but she isn't *that* furious. . . . It was probably the teapot."

He nudged me in the ribs, and we both laughed. We laughed all the way to the bus stop; but once aboard the bus, and on our way back to the office, I began to feel a little guilty, and I expressed my feeling freely to Dexter. It was then I realized that Dexter Tate was really an artist. He turned in his seat, stared at me coldly and said. "You think so? After the insulting things she said about your own father? After she made your poor mother's life miserable for four horrible years?" . . .

Well, I guess I'd better be getting along. I've got another paper to serve before I can call it a day and go back to the office. Maybe I'll get a chance to see you again sometime—in a purely social way, I mean. Anyway, good luck, and take care of yourself. . . .

THE END

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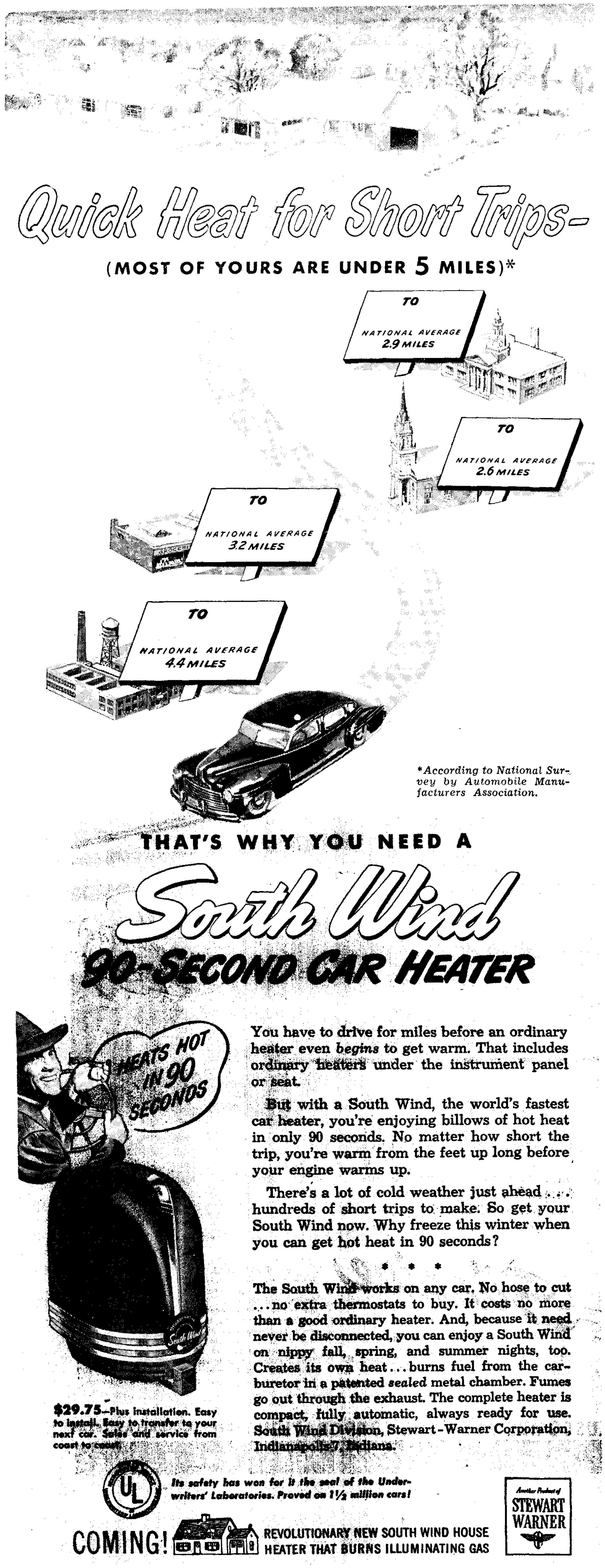
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NATIONAL AVERAGE 2.9 MILES
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TO
NATIONAL AVERAGE 3.2 MILES
TO
NATIONAL AVERAGE 4.4 MILES

*According to National Survey by Automobile Manufacturers Association.

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HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS
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$29.75—Plus installation. Easy to install. Easy to transfer to your next car. Sales and service from coast to coast.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on 1½ million cars!

COMING! REVOLUTIONARY NEW SOUTH WIND HOUSE HEATER THAT BURNS ILLUMINATING GAS

Another Product of STEWART WARNER

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DEAR EDITOR: I have read the first installment of Miss Perkins' The Roosevelt I Knew with a great deal of interest and pleasure. The late President will forever remain enshrined in the hearts of all true Americans and Canadians. He was a very great man—truly one of God's gentlemen. BERNARD ROSE
Montreal, Canada.

DEAR EDITOR: With the supposed hi price and scarcity of paper can't see why you want to clutter up the Mag with a Lot of Hooey about the late and Unlamented Big Shot.
THOS. SHEAHAN
Hagerstown, Md.

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations and thanks for the wholesome and *refreshing* cover of your August 17th issue.
ARTHUR F. SANDERS
Oildale, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Don't do that! The girl on the August 17th cover, knee-deep in goldenrod and just begging for a severe attack of hayfever. Makes me sneeze just to look at it. ROBERT SIMPKIN
Detroit, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR: Unless I am mistaken, your cover girl on the August 17th issue of Collier's is Lucy Cook, a Brazilian and a lifetime resident of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. C. F. O'HARA
Lt. Commander, U.S.N.
San Francisco, Cal.

Sorry, Commander O'Hara! She's Jill Darnley, a Harry Conover model.

DEAR EDITOR: Why Teachers Quit School (August 24th) by Elizabeth Irwin deserves a cheer from the school kids of America. Teachers are entitled to good salaries. Here's hoping you have more teachers standing up for our rights and their own as well.
SHIRLEY ALBERTSON
(16 years old)
De Kalb, Tex.

DEAR EDITOR: I quote from Any Week: "Once in five days in July, 1944, Mr. Smithton wrote eighty-seven (letters) and got ninety replies, the War Department answering the same letter three times." Didn't the War Department answer that letter *four* times?
JOHN McKAY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Good mathematics, Mr. McKay. Thanks!

DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished Guam, Sweet Guam (August 17th issue). I am packing my "duds" to start the trip to Guam, where my husband, an Army officer, is stationed. The article gave me just the sort of information I wanted.
MRS. R. S. M.
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: In Guam, Sweet Guam the author says that the officers may use enlisted men to watch their children, drink whisky and enjoy other privileges. I wonder how the enlisted men who, having fought against the Japs and Germans, feel when they wind up watching officers' children? AN ANGRY READER
Kill Devil Hills, N. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Your illustrations in Sleep, My Love seem to have a newness that is remarkable.
JAMES B. CONNOLLY
Washington, D. C.

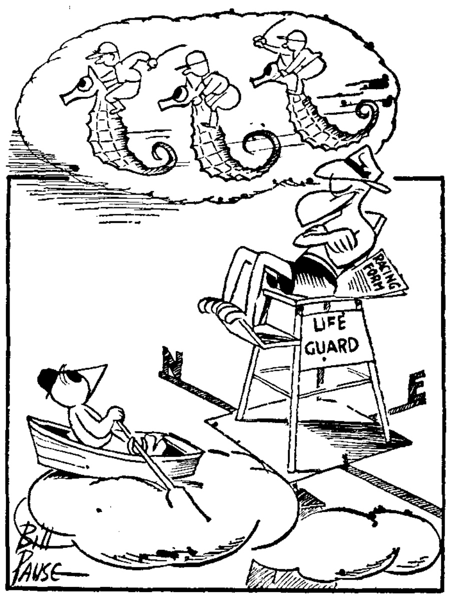
DEAR EDITOR: H. E. Bischoff's illustrations for the serial, Sleep, My Love, fascinate me. They are startlingly original and very beautiful. If only I were rich I would have Mr. Bischoff paint my portrait!
MRS. BETTY LU KRUGER
North Platte, Neb.

DEAR EDITOR: In the Bischoff illustrations the painted people match the mental image the reader constructs.
HELEN J. GROW
Penn Yan, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In The Week's Work, August 10th issue, you say of H. Allen Smith: "They (New York World-Telegram) honored him by making him Weather Editor, and as such he gained considerable fame on account of the remarkable doings of his irascible little weathercock, Arpad."

Bill Pause is the World-Telegram artist who created Arpad.
LEE B. WOOD
Executive Editor
New York City.

Mr. Wood is correct and Mr. Smith is always the first to explain that Arpad belongs entirely to Artist Pause, while nonartist Smith confined his efforts to words that concerned—more or less—the weather. Smith also christened the bird after a character in the novel, Dracula.



DEAR EDITOR: Each week when I get my Collier's I quickly turn to The Week's Mail. Congratulations! It is such an interesting and informative feature. All these varied opinions and discussions are fascinating. Please keep up the good work.
MRS. STUART MASSEY
Athens, Ga.

DEAR EDITOR: In Rio Grande—River of Death, in your issue of August 17th, the statements attributed to John R. Peavey do not represent the views of the Immigration and Naturalization Service with respect to preventing illegal entrance of aliens. . . . The efforts of the border patrol have been extremely effective.

Lack of sufficient personnel is, we feel, the biggest obstacle to reducing illegal entries, but the problem is not impossible of solution. Mr. Peavey's assertion that "You couldn't build enough jails along the border to legally deport every wetback" carries an implication that is entirely without foundation.
T. B. SHOEMAKER
Acting Commissioner, Immigration
and Naturalization Service
Philadelphia, Pa.

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a Combination Storm Window and Screen!

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1. Simply lift out screen insert (no tools needed)

2. . . . and slide in glass insert.

Your window is ready for winter in less than a minute! Inserts are easily removed from the inside for washing.

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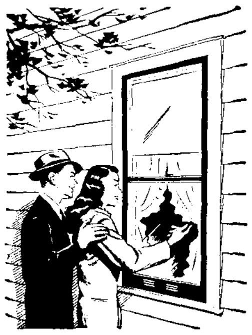
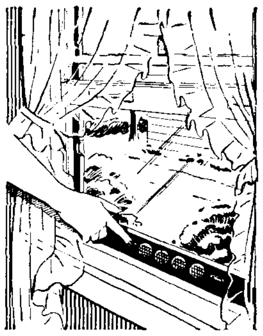
Made of long-lasting aluminum

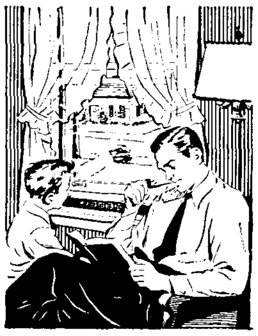
The Eagle-Picher Combination Storm Window and Screen is made of aluminum—a metal famous for its great resistance to rust and warping. Even the screen is aluminum. Many parts of the frame are extruded—a method of manufacture that gives greater accuracy to intricate parts and extra ease of operation. Narrower-than-usual frames improve appearance. The satin-smooth aluminum finish harmonizes with any color scheme.



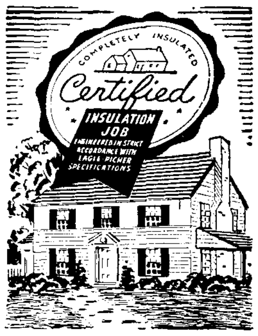
Modern design adds beauty Narrow frame gives greater glass area, admits more light. Soft, non-glare finish harmonizes with any color or style of architecture, and has a trim appearance.



Unique ventilating feature Sliding panel at bottom of frame adjusts air intake. Additional air can be admitted by tilting window inserts, assuring any desired degree of ventilation.



No seasonal adjustments Once installed, the aluminum frame does not require adjustment because aluminum is noted for its freedom from rust and warping, and for permanence.



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This marvelous new all-weather window is now on display at your Eagle Insulation Contractor's. He will gladly demonstrate it for you and furnish complete details. Look for his name in your classified telephone directory. Call him today, or write us for full particulars.

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POISON FOR POLIO

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

A South American jungle poison may contribute to solution of the deadly infantile paralysis problem. Mr. Ratcliff, who has been writing medical-science articles for Collier's since 1936, tells why

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Here's a polio case which, luckily, ended with good news. The child is stricken at home . . .

. . . At Monmouth Memorial Hospital he screamed when they touched his legs . . .

A.W.O.L.
WARNING

. . . Just about to sail overseas, his father, a young paratrooper, got emergency leave . . .

. . . The door opened—the child bounded out. Was it good luck or curare treatment?

. . . "Will my child walk?" Nurse said nothing; led the father to a room . . .

AN ARROW poison—curare—used by South American Indians may prove to be the long-sought answer to the scourge of infantile paralysis. This was revealed in a report issued at the recent convention of the American Medical Association in San Francisco.

Curare—pronounced Q-rari, to rhyme with safari—is brewed from a jungle plant. It has a romantic past and may have a glamorous future. Understand, it isn't a cure for polio; it is strictly a treatment which, from current evidence, has convinced some doctors it may be as important, or more important, than the famous Sister Kenny technique.

The AMA is investigating the possibilities of curare, and recently a grant of $292,000 was made to the University of Rochester by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis primarily to study it thoroughly. Both of these organizations, however, warn that the drug should be handled only by experts, that it is dangerous and can easily do more harm than good to a patient.

Yet individual doctors who have tried the curare treatment on polio cases report remarkable results. Just a while back the eleven-year-old daughter of former Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring, stricken with infantile paralysis, recovered after a single injection of curare. Her father said: "She began improving immediately and continued to improve. The paralysis went away and every symptom of the disease disappeared that afternoon."

Medical authorities are probing deeply into the curare treatment before giving their official approval because, they say, fortunately most cases of poliomyelitis recover spontaneously without benefit of special treatment or agents. Even those which have definite evidence of paralysis at the onset, frequently recover completely in a few weeks without packs or curare. Therefore, it seems unwarranted to attribute apparent cures solely to the beneficial effect of the new drug.

For centuries Indians have brewed curare for use on blowgun darts, making it from stems and bark of several poisonous plants. Used in hunting as well as in warfare, curare achieved its effect by causing instant paralysis. Thus, a bird shot with a poisoned dart died of asphyxiation, which came when breathing muscles no longer worked.

Sir Walter Raleigh brought samples of this jungle death back to civilization from his trip to the Orinoco in 1595. Last century research men decided curare might have some value in treating the convulsions of tetanus—lockjaw. Why not, they asked, use curare to bring partial paralysis—and rest—to muscles which were literally working themselves to death?

If the idea seems alarming, note one fact: Curare has no lasting effect. It isn't, therefore, a poison in the sense that arsenic is a poison. The drug is excreted within a few minutes. If too much were given a tetanus patient—enough, that is, to paralyze breathing muscles—it would be simple enough to give artificial respiration. That would keep him alive until muscles got over temporary paralysis.

Good Work by American Research Men

Fair success met these efforts, but the treatment was largely forgotten. In the first place it was difficult to procure curare from hostile Indians who regarded it as their most precious secret. Secondly, no two samples of the drug were alike. Not knowing what results to expect from a given dose of curare, physicians laid it aside as too dangerous for use. Then, a few years ago, American research men took up the job of removing the sting from the jungle killer. They set about purifying the black, tarry stuff until it was pure enough for hypodermic injection; standardizing it so that a given amount would give exactly the same results every time it was used.

There were several immediate jobs for curare. One was in lessening the convulsions which follow shock treatments for certain types of insanity. In these treatments, shock is induced by drugs such as metrazol, or by a giant mule kick of electricity. The patient is thrown into violent convulsion—which often brushes cobwebs from deranged minds. But shock treatments had severe drawbacks. While in convulsion, arms and legs would sometimes twist until bones snapped. In one large series of cases over half the patients suffered spinal fractures!

Curare was a godsend in taking the edge off convulsion, without reducing the value of the treatment. Partially paralyzed by the drug, patients lay quietly.

Surgeons had another job for curare. In abdominal surgery it is necessary to have stomach muscles perfectly relaxed, otherwise surgery is difficult or impossible. To achieve this, surgeons put patients in deep ether narcosis—which has drawbacks. Given too much ether, patients sometimes go into surgical shock and die. Another point: Such massive doses of ether always leave patients depressed and with a bad ether hang-over. Why not give just enough ether to produce sleep, and achieve the desired relaxation with curare?

This has worked beautifully with *(Continued on page 76)*

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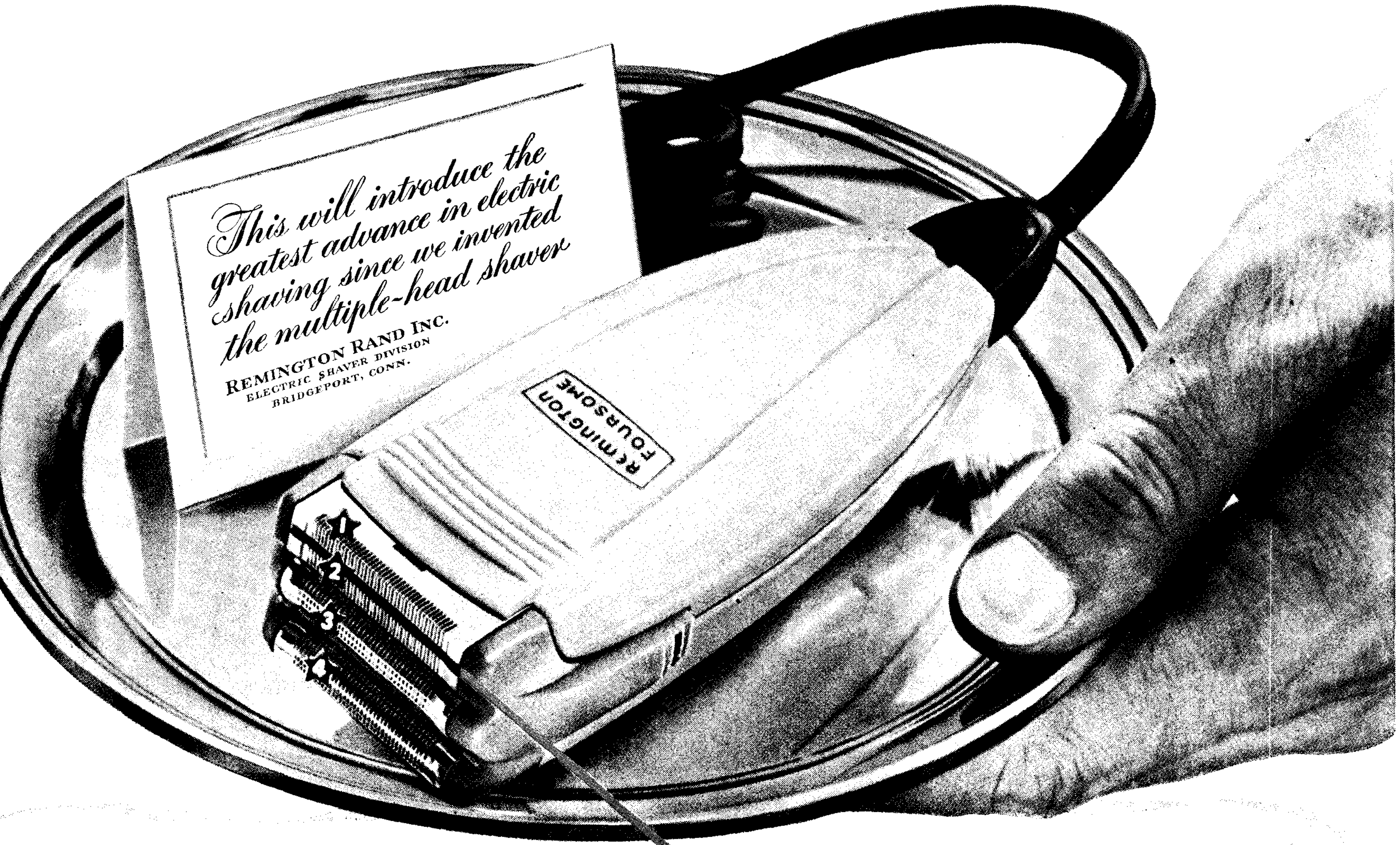
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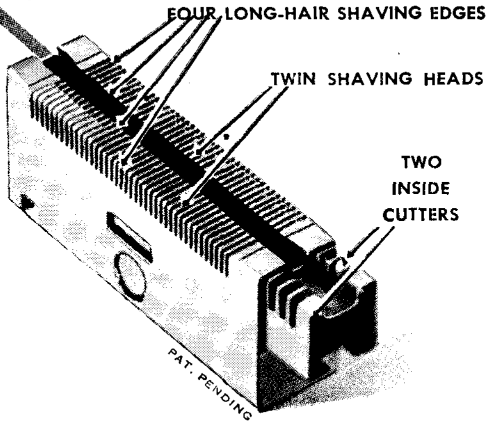

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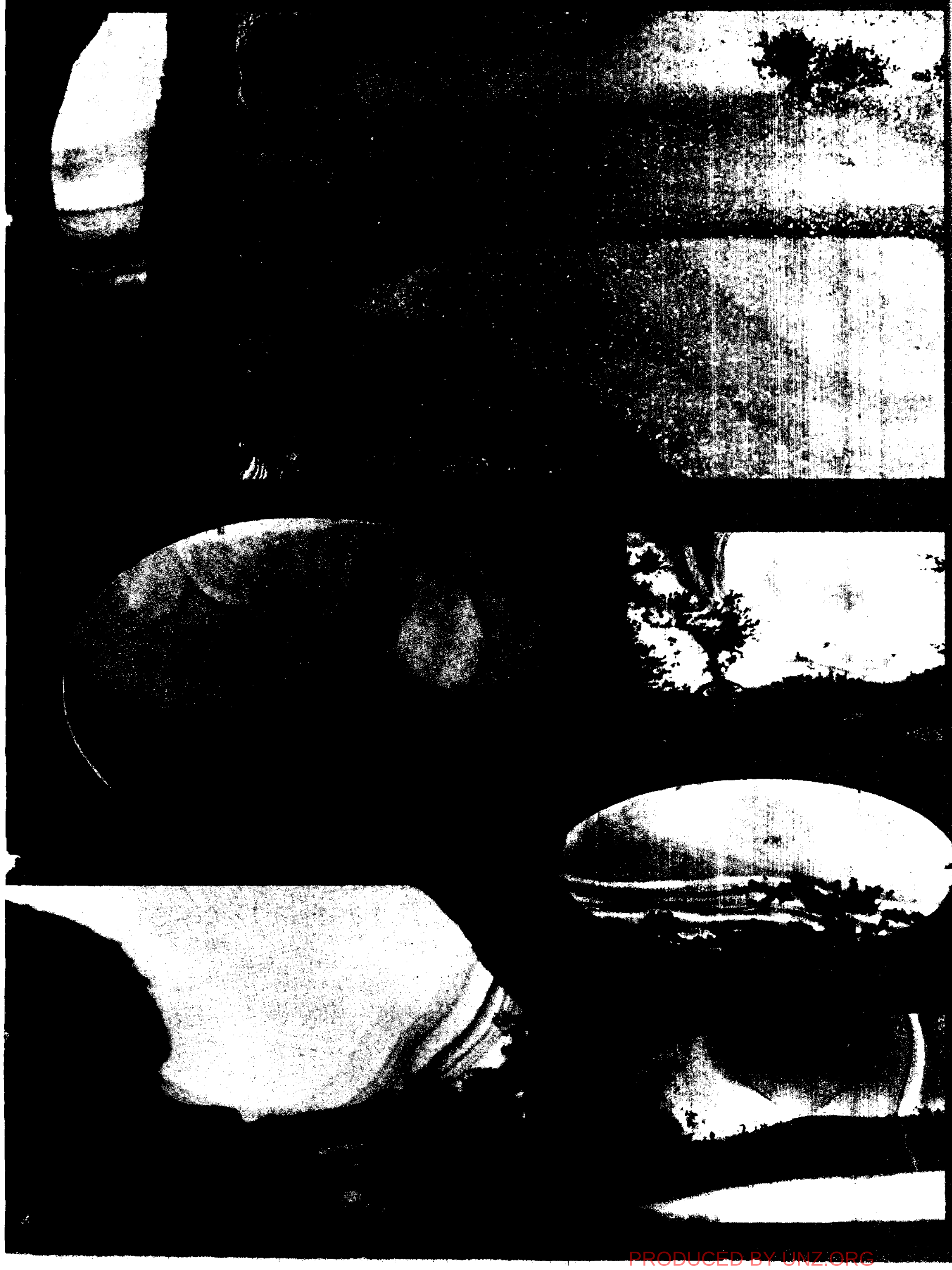
PICTURES IN STONES

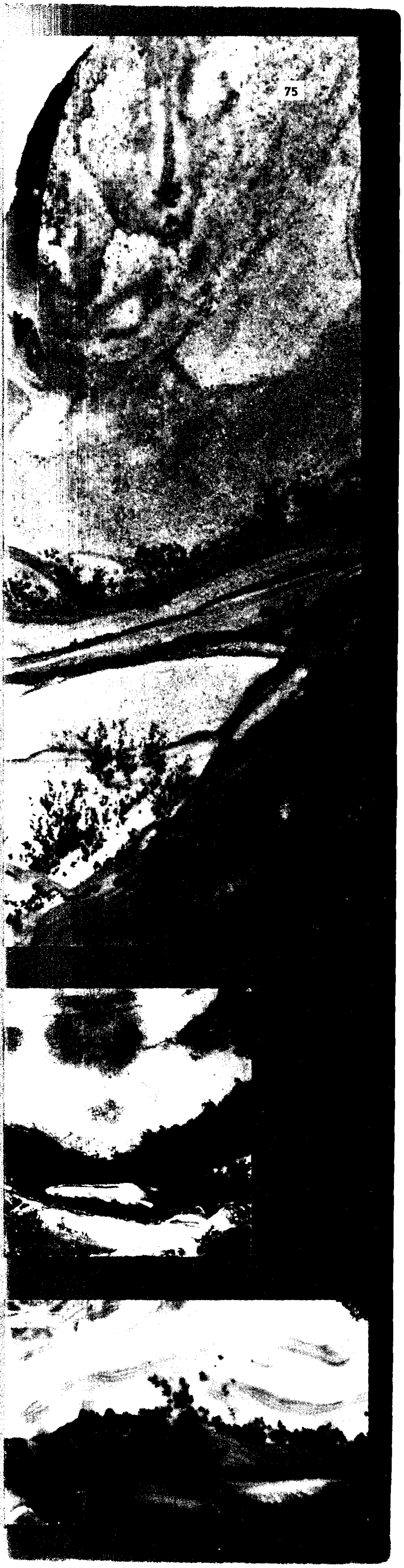
BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE pictures [illegible] see on this page are neither photographs nor drawings. They were made by nature and were brought [illegible] by cutting pieces of jasper, a semip[illegible] found in almost every country of the [illegible] are part of the collection formed by [illegible] H. Barlow, an official of the [illegible] Ministry of Health. The Barlow collection consists of [illegible]200 pieces, ranging in size from [illegible] inch in diameter to plaques [illegible] inches, both flat-cut and cabochon. [illegible] formed his collection in his leisure [illegible] twelve years. He drove some [illegible] around Cairo, where [illegible] approximately 2,000,000 [illegible] is found there in such [illegible] is sometimes called the [illegible] able." One of the remarkable facts about pictorial jasper is that when the stones are cut [illegible] scenes laid bare resemble the scenery of the area in which they were found. Dr. Barlow does all of his own grinding, polishing and mounting and, although he never resorts to dyes, he assists Nature by cutting at various angles.

The Barlow collection is believed by officials of the American Museum of Natural History to be unique. The last known artisan who worked in these stones to any extent was a lapidary of the [illegible] century, who cut them for use in decorating jewel-box lids. None of his stones were chosen or cut for their pictorial value. A few stones similar to those cut by Dr. Barlow were in existence centuries ago, when they brought fabulous prices as items in the collections of royal houses. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX





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POISON FOR POLIO

Continued from page 72

thousands of surgical patients. Even when enough curare is used to paralyze breathing, there is no particular problem. The anesthetist simply squeezes the breathing bag on his anesthesia machine—which forces oxygen into the patient's lungs. This provides artificial respiration which keeps patients alive for the 5 to 10 minutes until normal breathing resumes.

Several hundred thousand doses of curare have been used in these two applications. Facts and figures piled up to indicate that it wasn't the fearsome poison everyone had thought. To at least one person, Dr. Nicholas S. Ransohoff, orthopedic surgeon who divides his practice between New York and Long Branch, N. J., curare seemed to have obvious application in treating infantile paralysis. Look at this disease.

Tiny Microbe Baffles Science

It is caused by a virus, a microbe so small that it is invisible under optical microscopes. No one is quite sure how this microbe enters the body to cause its devastation. But it seems to enter by several routes. It may be sniffed into the nose—reaching the brain by traveling along fibers of the olfactory nerve, the nerve of smell. Or, it may get inside the body in contaminated food or fluids, reaching the blood via the walls of the small intestine. There is also considerable evidence that infantile paralysis may be spread by biting insects.

Once inside the body the virus multiplies, goes to work. One chief point of attack is in the spinal cord. It attacks cells in the cord, destroying them. The net effect is much like cutting a telephone wire. Once these cord cells are destroyed, muscles can no longer get messages which put them to work. These muscles are then paralyzed—dead as a telephone whose wire has been snipped.

Polio can strike any muscle, or any set of muscles. It can paralyze the face, the throat, breathing. One school of thought believes that polio paralyzes one arm or leg muscle leaving its complementary muscle unaffected. When this happens the healthy muscle may pull against the dead muscle, twisting an arm or leg out of shape. To prevent this, physicians formerly relied on splints and plaster. Then Sister Kenny, the Australian nurse, came along with a better treatment.

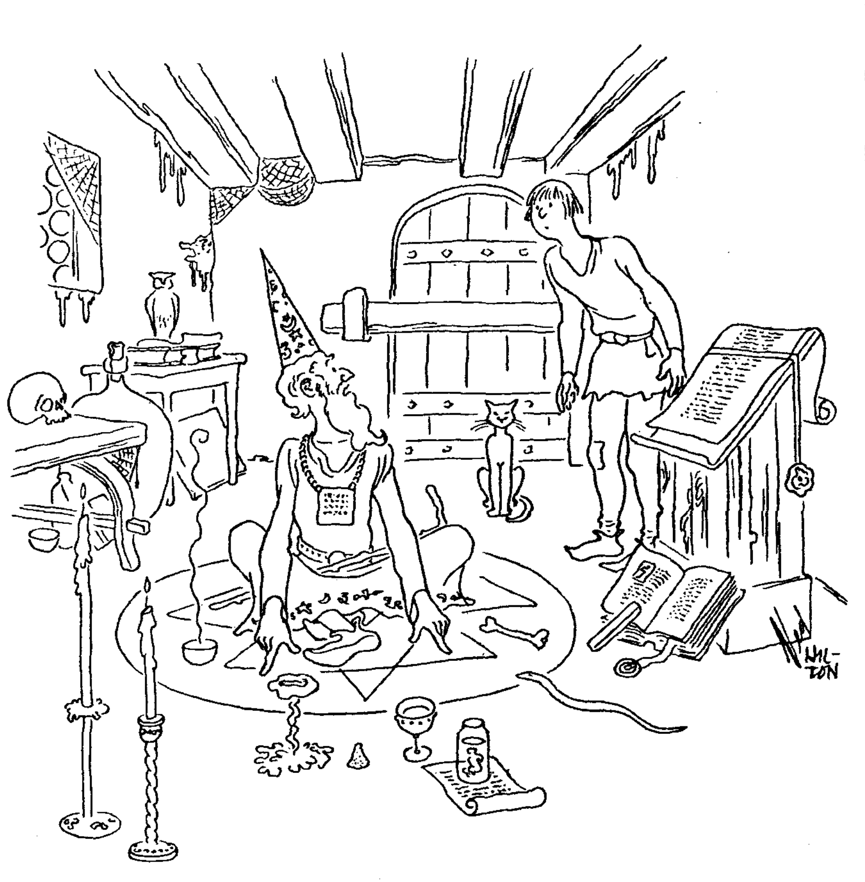
In infantile paralysis, she contended, muscles were in spasm — which accounted for twisting of limbs, and for the severe pain associated with the disease. Muscles, hard and boardlike, were in a constant state of tension. Just as any overworked muscle becomes painful, the muscles in spasm became exquisitely sensitive. Therefore, said Nurse Kenny, the best way to fight infantile paralysis was to fight muscle spasm.

But despite all the obvious benefits of the Kenny treatment, something better was needed.

From early evidence, curare is that thing.

The drug had an obvious role to play in infantile paralysis. If it could quiet the convulsions of metrazol shock, and could take the edge off the horrid convulsions of tetanus, it should certainly be able to control the muscular spasms of polio. This seemed apparent to Dr. Ransohoff. Yet there were perfectly sound reasons for hesitating. Curare was a formidable drug which had brought a bad reputation along with it from the jungle. No one had the slightest idea what events might follow the use of a paralyzing drug in a paralyzing disease. So the idea made sense only part of the way—not all of the way.

These thoughts were in Dr. Ransohoff's mind in the summer of '45 when a mild epidemic of polio struck the two counties served by the Long Branch hospital—Monmouth and Ocean counties. Five wards of four beds each were set aside to care for polio victims, and these



COLLIER'S ". . . and in 1946 the Red Sox seem a cinch to cop the pennant. What the hell do you suppose that means?" NED HILTON

"It would be quicker to row over but Edgar needs the exercise"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

patients were beginning to arrive. There was one case in particular. . . .

We will call this pretty, bright-eyed 13-year-old girl Marie. On July 26, 1945, her sickness began with a fearful headache and a backache. After she had gone two nights without sleep, her parents took her to the hospital. Meanwhile, polio had moved swiftly. By the time she entered the hospital all life had gone from her left leg. It was completely paralyzed. There was weakness of abdominal muscles and of right leg muscles. Back muscles were so painfully tensed that she arched on the bed. It was possible to slip an arm under her arched back.

For five days hot packs and mild sedatives failed completely to relieve the intense pain. The child wept almost continually. She was sure she was going to die and had ceased to care. This was the case, Dr. Ransohoff decided, where curare should have its first chance.

Curare Gives Immediate Relief

A hypodermic syringe sent a minute amount of the straw-colored fluid into the child's muscle. Within a few minutes pain magically evaporated. Her arched back settled into normal position. Within 20 minutes she was asleep—her first in a week. Ten hours later the child awakened, again complaining of back pain. Fearful about how much curare could be safely administered, Dr. Ransohoff waited until the next day before giving a second dose. It was the same story all over again—immediate relief from pain, relaxation, sleep.

Because of the severity of the case, it has been a long pull for this child. She was out of bed in October, 1945, and walked on crutches a week before Christmas. She is now walking with a cane and strength is gradually returning.

With the polio season moving toward its peak, other cases came along in rapid succession. One of them was a 2-year-old girl who had been receiving hot packs for ten days. Back and leg muscles were in spasm. Within two hours of getting curare, she was sitting up in bed playing. A few weeks later she went home, completely recovered.

One of the most striking cases was presented by a pretty young housewife. Years before, her husband had had a bout with polio—and had been a cripple ever since. She was terrified when this wrath struck her. It was just a little too much for one family to bear. She watched the disease progress: first slurring her speech, producing facial palsy, then stiffness in the neck, then weakness in arms and legs. Curare relaxed muscles so she could speak and eat. Pain vanished. Physical therapy got underway and ten weeks later she left the hospital without a visible sign of the disease!

As more and more cases accumulated, fear of curare began to vanish. At first, patients got it every third day. When the relaxing effect of the drug wore off, pain returned and they begged for more. After a while it was administered every other day, then daily. When no untoward effects developed, patients began getting the drug every 8 hours. Patients continued on this routine as long as 5 months with no toxic reactions. It is also significant to note that not one of these patients required an iron lung.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence of what curare accomplishes is given by a piece of apparatus Dr. Ransohoff had built. It is a myograph. Electric wires are strapped to a leg or arm to pick up current generated by muscles in spasm. The current is amplified and passed into a cathode-ray tube—of the type used in television sets. Thus, the apparatus gives a visual picture of what is happening in the muscle. When a muscle is in spasm—and is discharging wild surges of electric current—a wavy line with deep valleys and peaks darts across the screen. When there is no spasm the line is almost perfectly straight.

Thus, it is possible to *see* spasm with help of the myograph. It is likewise possible to see how curare instantly eliminates it. This apparatus is routinely used on all patients. It tells when spasm has permanently vanished—and curare is no longer needed.

During the course of the 1945 epidemic, 29 patients were treated with curare. In this group there was one death—a 26-year-old woman who died a few hours after admission to the hospital. In no way was curare responsible for this fatal outcome. Of the other 28 patients 20 made complete recoveries. Five still have minor paralysis, but are on the road to recovery; three have severe paralysis. By almost any standards, these are phenomenally good results. This is particularly true when one notes that none of these patients has any deformities, any twisting contractures.

Again one point should be stressed. Curare isn't a *cure* for infantile paralysis. It is a *treatment*. It doesn't obviate the need for physical therapy which reeducates muscles to normal function. But it does take a heavy burden off the nursing staff of a hospital—by substituting hypodermics at 8-hour intervals, for two-hourly applications of hot packs. Curare's final place in medical history won't be known for some time.

THE END

S
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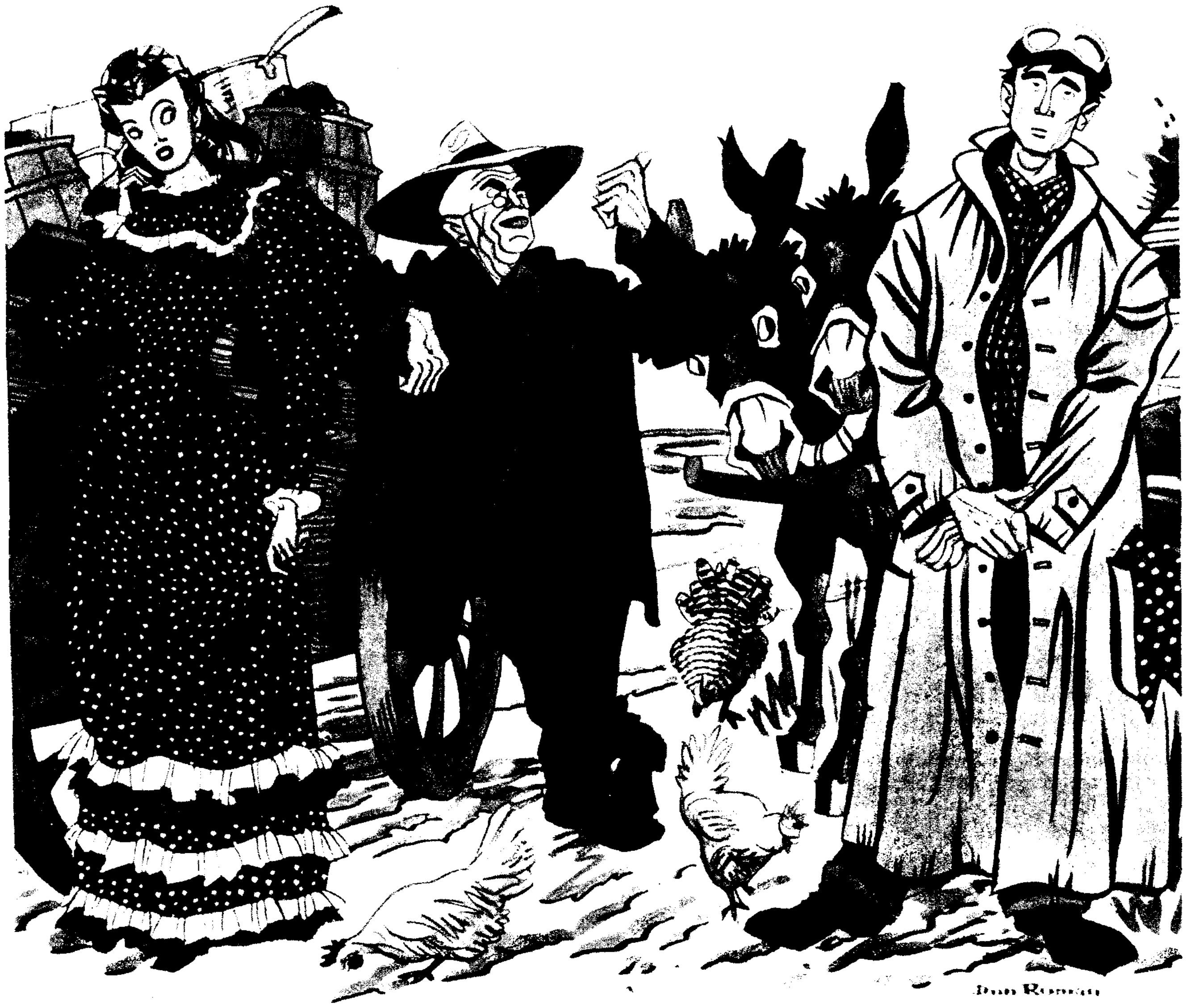


"If that devil's gas buggy is yours," Grandpa Corley growled, "don't you come scarin' my team or I'll shoot the wheels off'n it. You hear?"

A man who would flummox a lady's mule team would go to almost any length. Susan hoped he would. And he did

IT HAD been a trying day for Hugh, what with Adam Birkhead putting tacks in the road for his tires, and folks yelling, "Get a horse!" and having the set-to with the girl in the buckboard whose little mules had almost run away when he passed her. So it seemed only fitting that the hose to his tire pump should break now as he patched another flat a couple of miles away from home.

He poked fruitlessly around in the tool box on the running board for a scrap of wire, and then he splatted back through the dusty sand toward the deserted old Corley place half a quarter away. Just this side of the yard, there used to be a roll of wire in the pasture where a cross fence had been removed.

Brush and briars had grown up on the bank along the rail fence that bordered the road, and he wormed his way through the thick greenness toward the roll. As he started to climb the rails, he heard the soft plop of hoofs in the sand on the road. Peering out he saw the girl whose mules he had scared.

The animals flopped their ears toward Hugh as the girl drew them up at the gate thirty feet away. She didn't see him though, and because Hugh didn't know what to do, he just stood there. A buggy top was rigged over the seat in front of the load of light household goods, and the girl sat under it bareheaded with the hot wind fluffing her coppery hair. She wore a dress with a tight brown bodice that set her off just right, and little gold rings glinted in her ears. It gave Hugh a tingly feeling to watch her.

She still acted as if she had her dander up a little when she looked up the road toward his car. Then, wrapping the lines around the whip, she got down and went into the yard, through the thick weeds and grass which had grown up among the trees and flower bushes. When she was inside the house, Hugh found a twig, wriggled out of the fence row and went up to her fagged team.

Swiftly and expertly he tickled the off mule in the ear with the twig, then caught both animals by the bits as the first one began to rear and plunge. He still had them going pretty good when the girl banged out of the house and ran toward the gate. But when she saw he held the animals, she halted, surprised.

"I thought they were gone!" Then she said in an I-might-have-known-it voice, "Oh. It's you."

Hugh grinned. "Well, they weren't so hard to hold. They're fagged. Looks like they've come a far piece." He gentled them and took off his hat as she reached the gate. "Looks like maybe they saw my car up the road there again and took it for a booger."

Very formally she said, "Thank you for stopping them."

THE color was coming back to her cheeks, and it went well with her gray eyes. He was feeling good to see for sure that she wore no wedding ring, only his breath wasn't even. But that was from scuffling with the mules, he guessed. Or maybe from the sort of sassy look to her red mouth.

Another little whirlwind came along dancing her skirt and showing the lace on her petticoats and blowing her hair, and as she raised her hands to fix her combs it made her bosom nicer than ever. Hugh hadn't meant to look her over so thoroughly, but he couldn't help it. And then, pinking up still more, she put her arms down. She was giving him a salty look now, like when he tried to make friends with her an hour ago when his car scared her team.

He was trying to think of something to say when he noticed her staring at his hand—and then he discovered he still held the twig.

"So you flummoxed my mules!" Her eyes came up to his accusingly. "You knew I was coming here, I'll bet, and you—you—waited here—"

Hugh said, "No'm, I didn't know. The Lord, He managed me havin' a flat right there, and—"

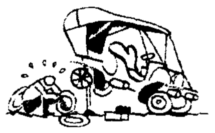
She stepped forward and unlooped the halter rope from the hame and took a double hitch around the gatepost. "It was very kind of you to keep them from running away," she told him, "even if you did scare me to death for the second time in an hour." She started lifting valises out of the buckboard.

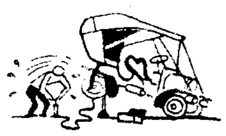
Abashed, Hugh said, "Well, I'm sure sorry. Maybe I better help you lug that stuff in, seeing I'm already here."

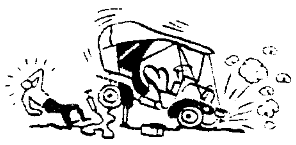
"I'll get along, thank you."

Hugh cleared his throat. "Them mules look kind of tired. Could I take them out?"

"My gran'pa will be along in a few minutes







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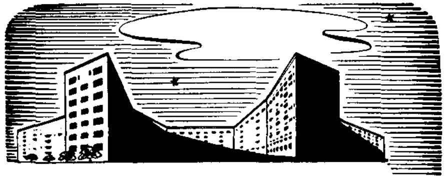

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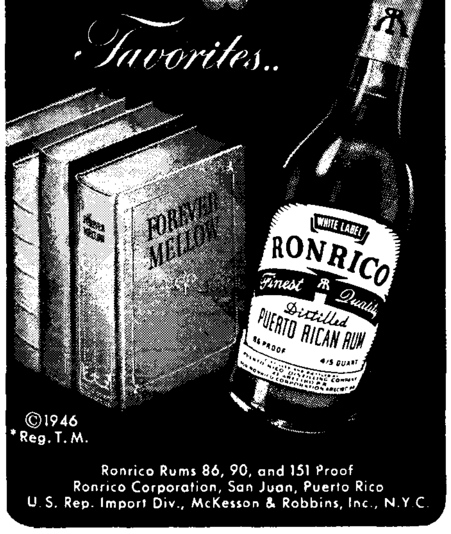

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with the big wagon," she informed him "He'll take them out. A good thing he hadn't turned off onto this road when you came along. He's got a shotgun with him and he hates people who drive cars. He says the bad place will be as full of them as it will of fiddlers."

Hugh didn't tell her he was the champion fiddler of the county. He just said, "Well—I like to get acquainted with the new neighbors. My name is Hugh Polder. I'm twenty-six years old and I've got four hundred acres of land and sixty cow critters, besides sheep and such, and I make a little on the side as game warden—only it's mighty lonesome in my house. You—you coming here to live?"

She put the suitcase down and looked at him sort of exasperated and helplesslike. "All right," she said. "I'm Susan Corley. This is my Gran'pa Corley's old home place, and he and I are coming here—"

"Why, I know him!" Hugh exclaimed. "Him an' my gran'pa had a feud 'way back before I was born."

Interest kindled in her eyes. "So that's who you are. I've heard about that trouble. Over that old sow."

"Your gran'pa claimed it was over a sow, but mine allus said it was over the girl that ended up being my gran'ma." He grinned. "Way Gran'pa got to know her, he flummoxed her mare like I did your mules, and she appreciated his help so much she let him drive her home, and about halfway there he up and kissed her."

Susan said coolly, "Well, I don't doubt it if he had the brass you have—"

She was looking past Hugh now, and, turning, he saw the team of dappled mares and the jolt wagon approaching silently in the sand. Hugh thought he would have known the old man holding the lines even if Susan hadn't said he was coming.

Grandpa Corley pulled up at the lot gate fifteen or twenty steps away. A little nervously, Susan said, "Gran'pa, this is somebody I expect you remember. Mr. Polder. Mr. Hugh Polder."

The old man took the black hat off his grizzled head and wiped the sweat from his forehead on his sleeve as he looked at Hugh. Finally he grunted. "I remember his gran'pappy wasn't particular whose hogs he run in off'n the range for his meat." He spat. "And I remember whalin' the tar out of *him*"—he jerked a thumb at Hugh—"for gettin' into my watermelon patch one time."

Hugh said, "You allus did raise the best melons around here."

Grandpa Corley clambered down, unflattered. "Well," he growled, "if you got any notions of messing around my granddaughter, you just as good forget them right now. And if that devil's gas buggy down the road is yours, don't you come scarin' my team or I'll shoot the wheels off'n it. You hear? If Teddy Roosevelt wasn't so durn' scared of votes, we'd get the things outlawed off'n the roads."

NEXT morning Hugh finished his chores in a hurry, cranked up and lit out for town for some stuff he had forgotten yesterday. Only he forgot to replenish the radiator and as he neared the Corley place, it steamed. He didn't think Grandpa would refuse him a bucket of water. And he had a jug of molasses—last year's was the finest he had ever made—as sort of a present to pay back for the melons he had eaten that time.

Thinking about the melons, he almost forgot to straddle the rut when he passed Adam Birkhead's house, to avoid picking up more tacks. Finally, as he stopped at the Corley place, he could see Susan building a fire under the washpot by the side-yard well. He lugged the jug in and she eyed him a little warily, he thought, with the gray smoke swirling about her from the flames around the black kettle.

"My car kind of played out on me," he told her, "just about where it did yesterday."

She said, "How remarkable!"

"Only this time I just need a bucket of water for it."

"You're not fooling anybody," she declared. "I know those things run on gasoline—not water."

After a moment, he saw that she wasn't joking. He said, "Well, could I have a bucket of water? I—uh—fetched over a bait of my molasses I want you all to try."

"It's nice of you," she said, "but if it's to sweeten Gran'pa up—I don't know. Seems like he never changes his mind, even if he knows he's wrong." Her eyes were troubled. "He's already down in the creek bottom breaking his tomato ground. Got a man named Adam Birkhead helping him, the season's so late."

Hugh shook his head. "Wasting his time. This is already the second of June—and besides, we've had two good tomato years and we just don't have three in a row. All the signs say dry weather."

She didn't seem impressed. "You don't know Gran'pa. He's aiming to make his weather. He says there's an old beaver dam down there on the creek he's going to build back to water that bottom like he used to."

Hugh remembered then. That was where Grandpa had raised his melons. Hugh let the well bucket down while Susan told him she was heating water to scrub the house and porches, and as he lugged his water out to the road and poured it in he saw her watching him. He took the bucket back and for a moment she looked at him suspiciously. All at once they were both laughing.

And then she said, "You better go before Gran'pa comes to the house for something. He—he never got through going on about you last night till bedtime—and besides, I've got to get dinner started for him and Mr. Birkhead."

ON SATURDAY, though he had other things to do, Hugh lit out to beard Grandpa Corley about letting him take Susan to preaching tomorrow.

He crossed Adam Birkhead's land, and crossed the dusty acres of Grandpa's tomato patch. It was planted, but it would have to have moisture to bring up the seed. Down to his right he could see some sycamores dropped across the place where the old beaver dam used to be, but the water was still going through. If he had been game warden, he thought, back in the days when Adam Birkhead was killing the beaver out, the animals would still be playing down there.

Hugh reached the lot at last and passed the old brindle cow fighting flies in the shade. He stopped with his hand on the back-yard gate. The windows were open, of course, and Susan was saying, wearily, "But Gran'pa, I never said anything about having you a passel of towheaded great-grand-younguns. All I said was, Hugh must get mighty lonesome, and it would be only neighborly to ask him to take Sunday dinner with us—"

Susan didn't seem to be doing so well. Grandpa Corley snorted, "Look, now baby! I got a few brains. I'll not have them hog-stealin', car-drivin', fiddle-playin' Polders courtin' my womenfolks—and that's what he'd be up to next. And I'll shoot the wheels off'n that thing if he tries to take you ridin' in it. Adam Birkhead says two years from now they'll be a curiosity again—all chased off'n the highways. Smart man, Adam is. Biggest taxpayer in this end of the county, too."

Susan said, "Do I always have to hear about *him?*"

Grandpa laughed indulgently. "You reckon it's me he's steamed up about, traipsin' over here three nights straight and comin' back tonight? I should

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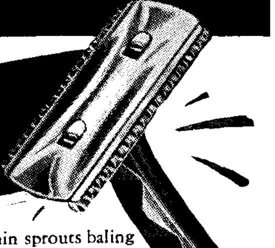

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laugh! Matter of fact, I was talkin' to him down at the creek this mornin', and he admitted he is thinking strong of taking another wife, right off quick. I mentioned sort of offhandlike that your Aunt Thankful and her younguns will be here soon to live with us and that I wouldn't get lonesome if you was to up and marry—"

Hugh felt his short hair crawling as he jerked the gate open, and there was a clatter like a plate had hit the floor. In a low voice, Susan cried, "No! No, you didn't do that—"

Suddenly, as if it had been sent down on a scroll from heaven, Hugh knew what he was going to do. He walked to the back steps and called, "Anybody home?" as if he couldn't see Grandpa and Susan right there in the kitchen. Grandpa whirled in his cowhide chair.

Swiftly Hugh said, "I sure hate to break into you-all's day, but I thought maybe I ought to sort of tell you, folks are liable to turn out tonight for a housewarming over here—"

Susan exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness! I mean—it's nice—but I don't have a thing baked—and my house—"

"I wouldn't overdo," he warned, "or folks'll know you knew."

He got away before the old gentleman could unlimber his tongue, and lit out to spread the word far and wide. Women would already be getting their cakes and pies and hams and chickens ready for Sunday, so they could come on short notice. At each house he stopped to ask if his twin heifers—which were safely at home—had been seen, and, leaving, he remarked casually, "Guess you-all are takin' in the housewarmin' at Gran'pa Corley's tonight?" And when they said no, they hadn't heard about it, he answered, "Oh, sure, it's goin' to be a big one!" Wasn't a thing Grandpa would be able to say about him coming along to it and stepping high as anybody! Why, it would be unneighborly not to be there. . . .

He did his night chores in a hurry—what of them couldn't be let go—and had sort of a bath and cut himself twice shaving. Then he cranked up the car, and set off for the party.

All four rooms of Grandpa's house were lighted when Hugh arrived, and the lot was full of wagons and horses and mules. Kids played in the yard, chasing lightning bugs and shouting. Grandpa was in the kitchen, rared back against the wall in a chair, chewing the fat with his old friends. People passed back and forth to the tables in the sitting room and kitchen, and women nursed their babies and young blades persuaded their girls to go out with them for fresh air.

Hugh stood in the middle doorway watching Susan. She seemed to make a point of never exactly meeting his eye, no matter now long he looked at her. He was sweating, and he felt a fierce jealousy for the attention she was giving other folks. Across the room he saw Adam Birkhead watching her, too. Adam was a tall, stooped, balding man with a potbelly like a skim-milk calf, and he still had the first dime he ever saw—

"Well, let's have a little ex-cite-ment!" Charlie Linklighter called. "My old woman is jealous, but she ain't here, so I guess I'm the old he-panter and this is my night to yowl!" He led the laugh that followed and in a minute, singing for the music, they were in the midst of playing Dusty Miller.

After that they spun the plate and had musical chairs and played more singing games, and finally they came to Pleased or Displeased. It was in this that Charlie did Hugh a good turn. He was displeased and when Susan said, "What'll it take to please you?" he answered, "For you and Hugh to go out and count the stars in the Dipper."

Susan was quiet as Hugh caught her hand and led her out, but halfway down the path to the gate she said abruptly, "Mr. Polder—I—I can't go against Gran'pa. He took me in and raised me, and—"

In the moonlight, she glanced up at Hugh—and then he gathered her into his arms and kissed her and it was a long time before he noticed she was kissing him back.

"But it's no use," she told him. "He won't give in—"

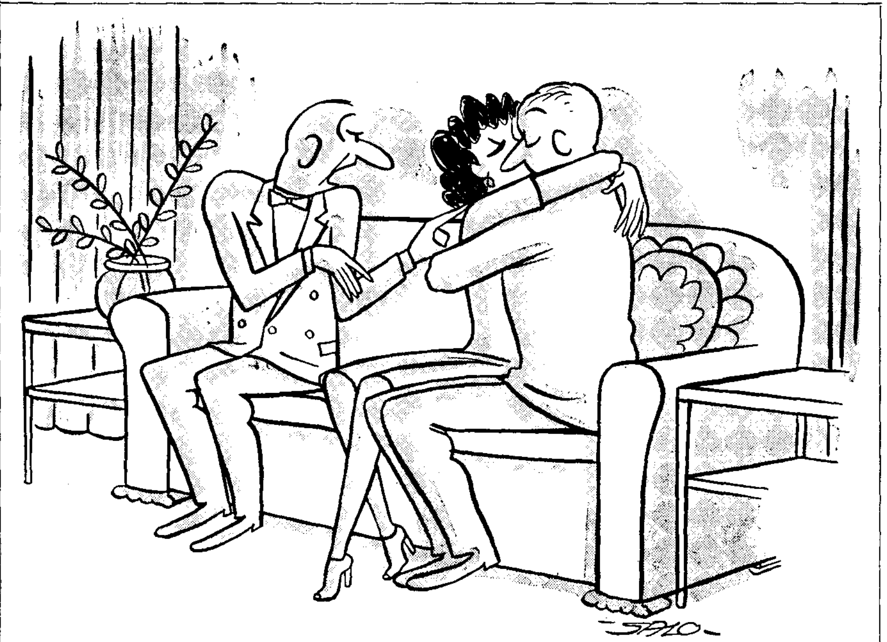
"I'll talk to him," Hugh declared.

"Not tonight. He's having a good time." She kissed him again and slipped out of his arms and before he could catch her somebody bawled out the front door, "How big a Dipper you-all countin' out there?"

SUSAN wasn't at church next morning and afterward Hugh drove around to the house. No one was there. A note on the front door, evidently in Susan's hand, said, *Down at the dam.*

He found her guiding a trickle of water with a hoe across the headland of the dusty tomato patch to run down the furrows. Grandpa was dragging a cedar top in the creek with a horse, evidently stirring up silt and trash to wash down against the dam and stop up the holes between the rocks and brush and mud so the water would rise.

Susan gave Hugh a drawn, crestfallen look. "Adam Birkhead is making us tear out the dam!" she said. "If we don't, he'll get a court paper tomorrow and have the sheriff do it—"



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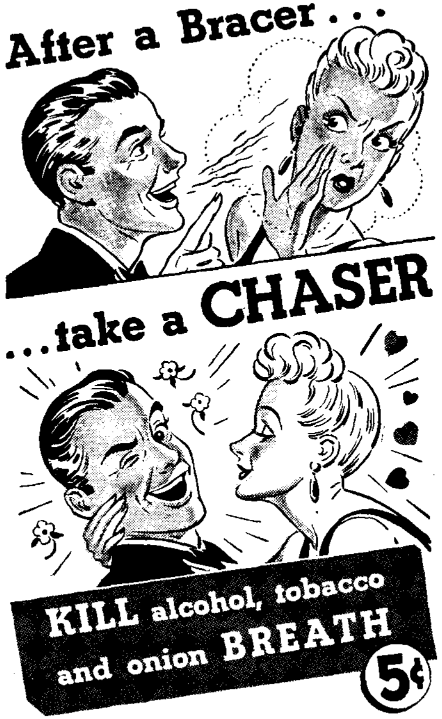
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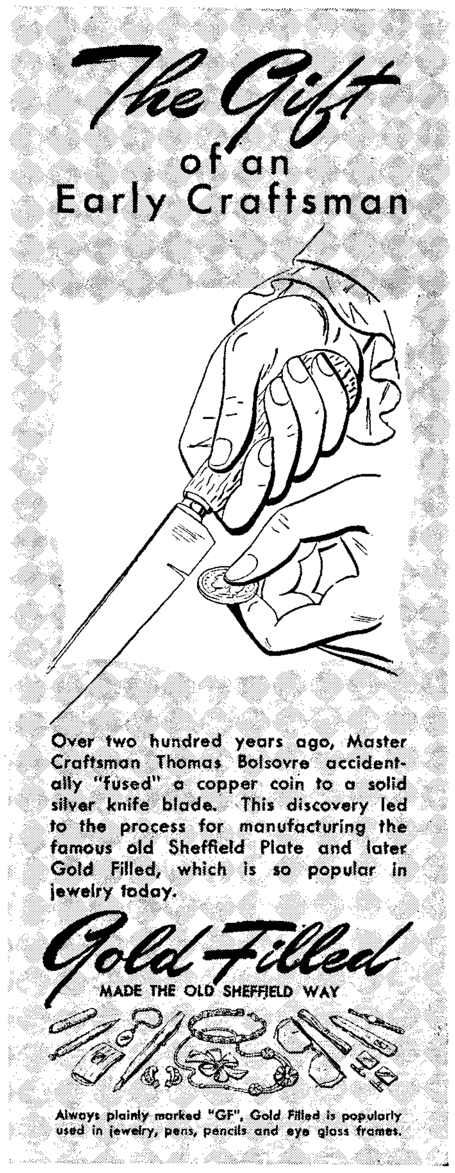
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Hugh stared at her.

"It seems," she said, "if anybody below you on a creek objects, you can't dam it—and Adam objects. He—he was out in the yard last night—when you—when I—when-when-we—"

Hugh saw that she had been crying. "Why, Adam's got water. He's got the whole river—"

"But he's going to learn us a good lesson, he says." She went on working with her hoe and the water sizzled faintly, going into the dust. "Before he gets his sheriff here, we're trying to wet the patch enough to bring the seed up, and then maybe it'll rain—only, if we don't get it soaked plumb down through, it'll just kill the seed. And Gran'pa'll shoot Adam." She sighed. "Please go before he sees you."

Hugh grunted, hardly hearing her. "What you all need," he declared, "is help.". . .

It was ten miles over to Burdock, the county seat, where there was a telegraph station, but just an hour passed from the time he talked to Susan until he was pulling up there.

The man wanted three and a quarter to send a wire to Kansas City because, as he explained, it had to go plumb around hell's half acre to get there. He shelled it out and then he filled his gas tank and his extra gas and oilcans. For all he knew, there wasn't any place a body could buy such stuff on the eighty-mile trip to Joplin.

He was sandblasted, dry-baked, shaken, and jolted within a couple of inches of his life by the time he got to Joplin, and stopped at the depot. Through the steam whistling high around his radiator cap, he saw that the train was in, and that a metal crate was being unloaded onto the express wagon. All at once he forgot his splitting head.

IT WAS noon next day when the rattle of a buggy and the sharp clop of a horse on the hill in front of his house awakened him. He sat up on the bed. The sheriff's bulging, slouch-hatted form was on this side of the buggy—and on the far side was Adam Birkhead. By the time they were past, Hugh had his shoes on and was headed across the field.

It was a close, scorching day. Hugh's heart pounded, and sweat was salty in his eyes and mouth as he clambered a fence and tore through the brush to cut across Adam's place. Finally he climbed Grandpa's fence, and as he hurried through the woods toward the creek, he heard angry voices.

Grandpa was saying, "Sheriff, don't tear down my dam! It means our livin' for next winter. I'm tellin' both of you, don't push me no further—"

Now through the trees Hugh could see him standing in the creek bed on the rocks below the dam, brandishing an ax. Susan was on the far bank, with the half-soaked field behind her, and the water running silver in the ditch at her left to soak the rest. On the near bank, their backs to Hugh, were the sheriff and Adam Birkhead.

Through the perpetual frog in his throat, Adam said, "I'd be willin' to make up yet, Gran'pa, if—if'n you'd make Susan—"

Grandpa snarled, "Shut your ugly mouth 'fore I jam this ax into it!"

"I'm a busy man," the sheriff wheezed, "an' I got to get on back to town, 'lection comin' up an' campaignin' to be took care of an' all. I don't give a damn about you-all's fuss, beggin' your pardon, lady, but I got an injunction from the court an' it's too hot to stand here and chew the rag."

The sheriff wiped his skull and jowls with a handkerchief and clapped his hat back on, took one of the axes Adam held and moved toward the end of the dam. Grandpa made for him, and Adam ran out on the top log of the dam and sank his ax deep into it. As he struck again a chip flew high. The sheriff, twice Grandpa's size and only half his age, sidestepped the old man's rush and snatched his ax away from him.

As Adam's ax bit into the log again, Hugh ran forward and out onto the slender sycamore behind the man. A little exclamation escaped Susan, and as Adam turned, Hugh tripped him neatly into the pond on his back, his ax flying in with him. He struggled to get hold of the dam, his hair plastered over his face, but Hugh pushed him back.

"You aim to put any more tacks in the road for me?"

"No!" Adam gasped.

Hugh let him grasp the log and then he turned, staring at the startled sheriff. He said, "Sheriff, Adam was gettin' himself into trouble mighty fast, choppin' at that log, an' ain't any use you gettin' into trouble, too. Mighty hot for a man of your weight to be in jail—especially his own jail."

The sheriff blinked at him, beads of sweat creeping down his face.

"You're messing with Uncle Sam when you mess with this dam," Hugh warned. He stepped backward to the land, there beside Susan. Grandpa was eying him, transfixed.

"Because," Hugh added, "look at those willows that have been peeled there. And those little sycamores that have been cut down. And the brush worked along the bank at the end of the dam. This is a beaver pond, and you can't fool with it."

ADAM was astride the dam, now. "Beaver!" he snorted. "Ain't been any beaver in this country for fifteen year. Not since—" He hushed.

"Not since you killed 'em out," Hugh finished. "But there's a pair of 'em now. I put 'em in there this mornin' 'long about early lamplight—and sure looks like they're setting up housekeeping." He added, "Gran'pa Corley is joining up in the conservation program—ain't you, Gran'pa?"

Grandpa said, "Huh? Con—conser—what?"

"Ain't you?" Hugh urged.

"Sure he is!" Susan declared, and Grandpa said, "I sure am!"

"So," Hugh went on, "I wired to Kansas City yesterday afternoon, me being game warden, and met the train at Joplin last night and brought the beavers back."

Grandpa wobbled up to one of the peeled willows, and then he looked at the beveled stumps of the sycamore saplings. "And here's tracks," he breathed in an awed voice. "Aint *no* dam as good as a beaver one."

Adam slid down on the dry side of the dam. He said, "I—I guess I better be gettin' along."

The sheriff yelled, "Somebody owes me my fee for this trip out here!"

"I believe I'd try to get it off of Adam," Hugh drawled.

Swallowing hard, the sheriff whirled and lumbered after the man. Grandpa shot a suspicious look at Hugh.

"Joplin?" he said. "Why, you were right here in this field yesterday at dinnertime. I saw you. And Joplin's eighty-ninety mile from here."

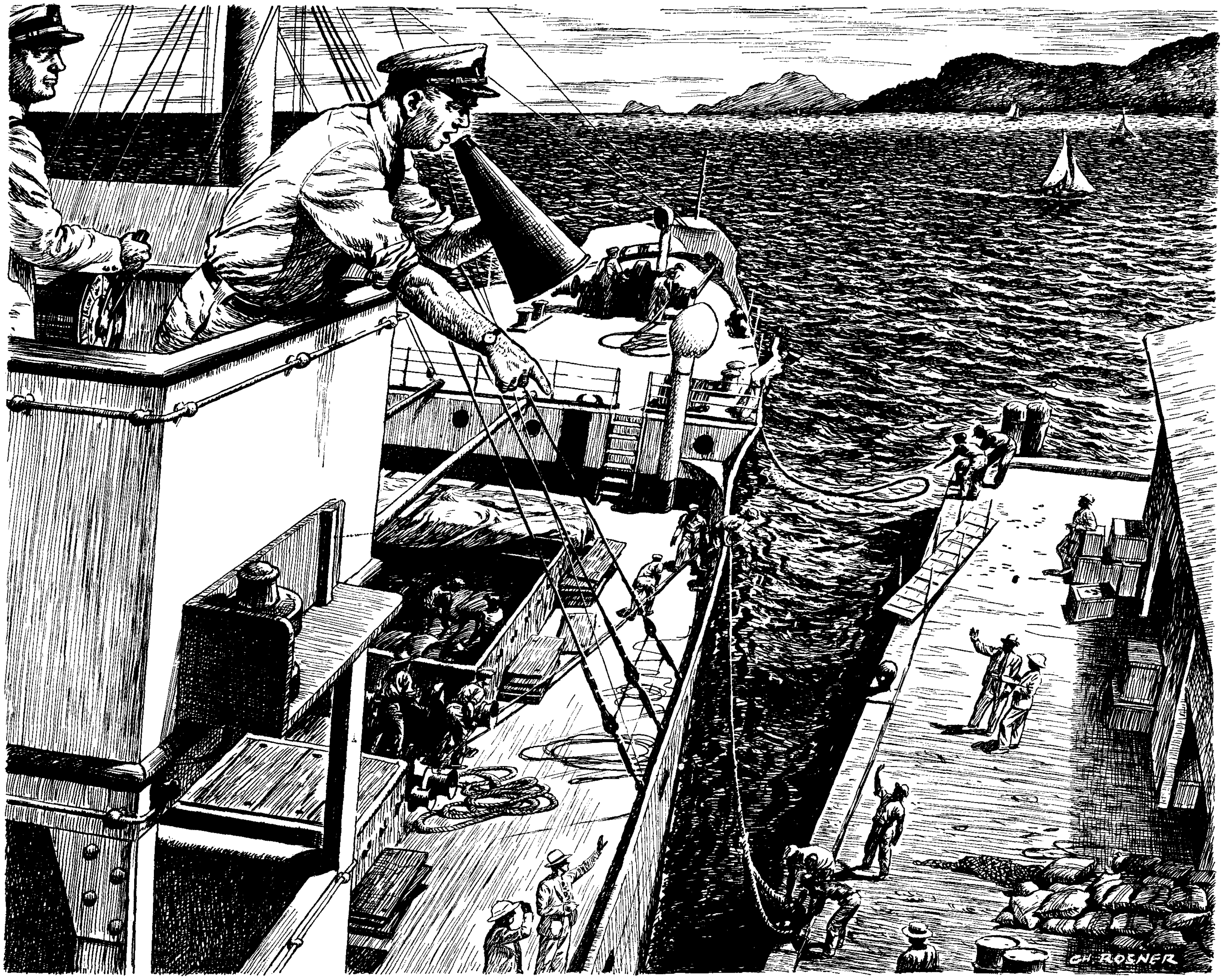
"Went in that devil's gas buggy of mine," Hugh informed him solemnly. "Made twenty mile an hour all the way there and back."

After a moment, Grandpa said wistfully, "Sometimes, I get to thinkin' I'd like to try a spin in one of them things, after all . . ." He caught Susan smiling at Hugh, and he demanded, "What you standin' there for? Hugh'll be wantin' some vittles."

"Yes, Gran'pa," she said meekly.

"An' soon as we get 'em et," he added, "you can start work on that Sunday dinner you were talkin' about the other day, and we'll have it for supper."

THE END



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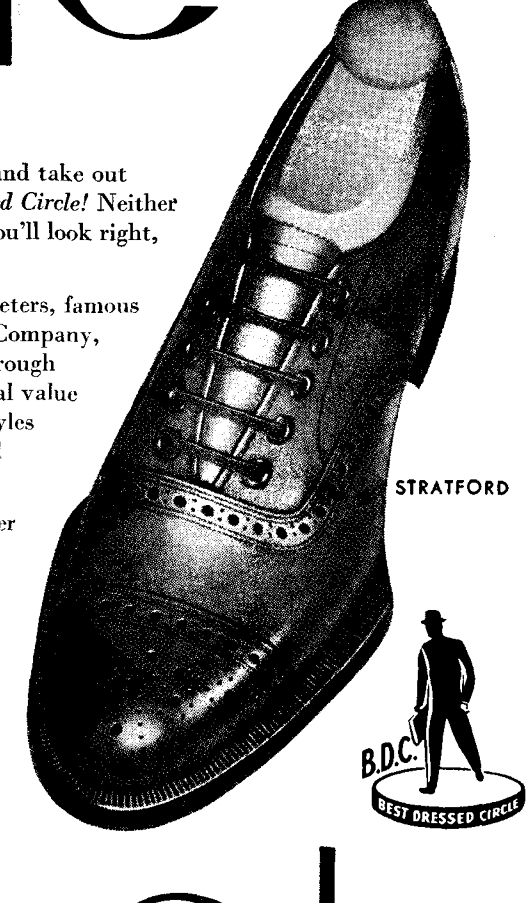

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Continued from page 15

probably on the premise that what their *Frauen* would like most is what they wear least. Top Germans brought their own slatterns from home along, but these went more for clothes than sparklers. The canniest and least welcome jewelry purchasers were Frenchmen whose pockets bulged from collaboration. They bought for investment, getting rid of cash it would be difficult to account for if and when their Nazi pals were *raused.* To save workmen from German press gangs the jewelers evolved intricate designs requiring tedious handwork and convinced the Nazis it was routine. Without light, power or heat, they used antiquated foot-treadle machines dug out of museums. The net result was a gain in skill of hand workmanship—and new ideas. Both pay off now.

The occupation experiences of *haute couture* at large were similar. Modistes, glovers, accessory makers and dress houses were soon cleaned out. They were unable to replenish material stocks because their source industries were blocked. When the Nazis departed, dressmaker shelves were bare except for green cloth. Since German uniforms were greenish, no true Parisian wore green during the occupation. After the liberation, therefore, it was possible to get wonderful ranges of luxury materials in that single color.

Leading Nazis Were Residents

Himmler and Goering were among the Nazis who resided at the Ritz Hotel on Place Vendôme. This hotel is an integral part of *haute couture,* as important for an indoor showing-off place as Longchamps race track is for outdoor. To the Ritz at all seasons come the most elegant wives and the best kept women of Paris along with the handsomest professional mannequins sent by their houses to publicize creations—to sit in the exquisitely decorated salon or at tables set amid flower beds in the courtyard to be admired or condemned, while they eye one another hatefully. Many women go away hysterical from an afternoon at the Ritz.

Haute couture thinks it's a good thing there is no suicide cliff here like Monte Carlo's. Wise Charley Ritz provides one consolation for his purely functionary male customers—the best dry Martini in Paris.

About 1930 some *haute couture* houses took off from the Paix neighborhood in a flight somewhat akin to that which moved New York's smart names successively uptown to the 57th Street zone. The Avenue des Champs-Elysées was the lure. This widest and most gorgeous street in Paris runs from Place de la Concorde, where the Revolution did its head chopping, to Arc de Triomphe, which Napoleon started to reassure Frenchmen they would have something to wear hats on again. This is regarded as the only encouragement the Little Corporal ever gave to *la mode.* Into one of the streets off the Champs, Avenue Matignon, not much longer than it is wide, flocked *haute couture.*

The hegira soured for several reasons. The anticipated general business movement did not materialize. The once fashionable Champs grew into a mixture of 42d Street and Coney Island. The foreign banks—with the exception of National City—and most jewelers stayed put on Vendôme and Paix. And *haute couture* became gloomily aware it had overlooked three principles of luxury merchandising: the gilt-edged advertising value of familiarity in street names as well as in products' names; the set habits of buyers who, in the brief but high pressure of their work and entertaining, fall into a plan of comfort, of lodgings where they are known and have credit, and of convenience; and the inclination of ordinary shoppers, all things being equal, to groove into addictions.

Last, and holding a tip for American retailers and city planners, was *haute couture's* discovery that a narrow street is better than a wide one for shopping. Paquin, which stuck to its half-century-old address on Paix, contends that women are like rabbits in a carrot patch. They like to feast along both sides of a row or street in the same bite, and to keep crisscrossing as their attention is caught by juicy displays.

Narrowness, then, is what makes Paix and its spill-over and more or less contiguous street, Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré—the Madison Avenue of Paris—a paradise for window hounds. It is the reason—barring, of course, her genius as the cleverest and most inspired artist of her kind—for the fame of Madame Annie Beaumel, who dresses windows for Hermes in Saint Honoré. Hermes, sports clothes and accessories, has been at this corner for eighty-six of its one hundred thirty years in the same family.

The tide is moving strongly back from the wide boulevards toward the Paix belt. It is difficult to flow with, however, because vacancies are scarcer than rents are staggering. Moreover, the façades of the ancient houses on Vendôme having been officially declared historical monuments cannot be altered now to suit prodigal dressmakers who loathe, just loathe, dearie, to look alike even in the stone faces of their *maisons.*

The enduring distinction of Rue de la Paix as the old homestead of *haute couture,* the rhapsodies in duds its musty associations evoke, have thus been regrasped by the bon-ton dressmakers who blame their mild deflection on having seen too many Hollywood film sets of what Americans imagined salons look like, in movies such as Roberta. They recall penitently that Charley Worth had no fancy *atelier* but just one room in his flat at venerated No. 7 from which he togged nine reigning queens, all the foremost actresses of Europe and Madame Emmy Eames, the American grand opera singer; and that he went in an ordinary frock coat to see Empress Eugenie at court.

Three Centuries of Fashions

The French caliphate in fashions began three hundred years ago. It was all done with mirrors. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was men, the furbelowed gallants, that commonfolk turned to gape at. Then disturbing rumors spread over Europe that the court of France was becoming a silly place where people were interested in how women dressed.

The court of France was full of mirrors but not bathtubs. The dolls there, most of them the King's mistresses, unavoidably having to look at themselves, realized with horror they all looked alike. For dress was uniform, regulated in materials and cut by royal decrees, by seasons, by etiquette and ceremonial. There was fashion but no style. In self-defense the court cuties began individual experiments with laces and trimmings in their bitter contest to catch the King's eye.

But women's revolts take a long time and need a man for guillotiner. *Couturiers* remained drudges who sewed exactly as the client dictated. Even the celebrated Mademoiselle Rose Bertin, chief dressmaker to Marie Antoinette, was little more than a glorified seamstress fawningly obeying the whims of the imperious young Austrian. Marie

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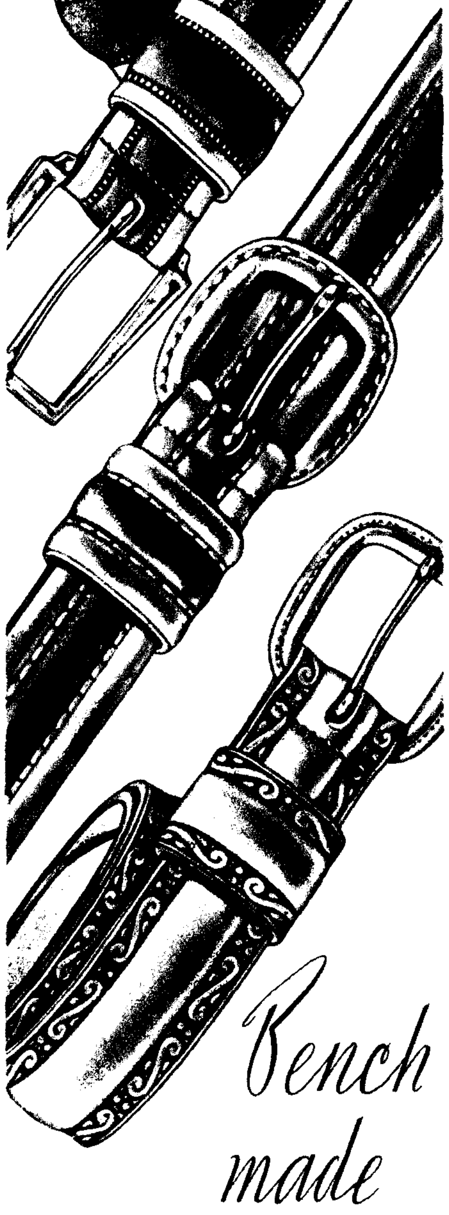

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PARIS
BELTS
Streamline your Waistline

Antoinette gave impetus and substance to fashion. She was the bridge between its dawn under Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze and its bright, full morning under Charles Worth in the days of the Second Empire.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Worth did not ask women what they wanted to wear. He told them and tossed out any who answered back. This drew the squaws in droves. He scorned materials then in vogue—satin, like that used to line candy boxes; tulle, velvet, grosgrain and taffeta. He bullied Empress Eugenie into wearing a silk flowered brocade.

The result was pandemonium. Dressmakers swarmed from London, Moscow, Warsaw and other dowdy capitals to observe this crazy business of women having clothes designed to suit their personalities. In gratitude to France for his success, Worth never bought materials outside the country, except Irish poplins. He endowed her internal economy by stimulating her textile industry, which enshrines his memory today, especially in Lyons. When he made the Empress wear a silk dress he automatically increased the looms in operation there from 57,000 to 120,000. When Charles died, his brother immediately sent a huge order for the finest materials to Lyons to prevent a panic there.

Worth originated many styles. He ruled out dust-broom trains in favor of shorter dreses, used fur outside coats instead of merely as lining, and once, when he saw a poor street sweeper in the mud with her dress tucked up protectively behind, he cast the idea into luxurious materials. Madame de Metternich wore the first model to the races and the august "tunic" dress was born.

New Names Among the Elite

The old names—and for that matter the names that are not so old—which are household words in all civilized lands do not change much. But newcomers are breaking into the elite circle—men like Rochas, Fath and Balmain, noted for their sensational uses of neatness and simplicity, with Balmain just adored for his championship of slacks.

Haute couture is a term that has come into popular usage to embrace loosely most of the creative fashion arts. A male reporter's attempts to reach more precise understanding can result in further confusion. Ask a Parisian gal and she will point helplessly to her nearest seam; which, under certain moods and circumstances, of itself promotes exhilarating delay in definitions. Anyhow, *couture* seems to be plain sewing or needlework. A *couturier* is a person who sews, although many of the big shots probably don't know a needle from a crowbar. It is the adjective *haute*, meaning lofty, that adds the class. *Haute couture* is the highest, giddiest, sublimest, headiest effervescence of the art of the seamstress, the quintessence of needling, expressed in apparel *plus* accessories.

The Office of Arts and Creations, general headquarters for this eternal war by women against men, represents the sixty-odd de luxe trades. Each in turn has its own syndicate—for *haute couture* it is "La Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne." The primary job of this syndicate seems to be to keep its more than one thousand members from murdering one another. Within *haute couture* there is a rigid class system from the aristocrat at the head, the *couturier*, down to the *débutante petite main* or little hand. Any little hand may eventually become a *couturier* or modelist. Some have: notably, Jeanne Lanvin. A branch line of the inner holy order covers the *vendeuses* or saleswomen.

The *couturier* may or may not be a modelist; but all the great ones have been. The modelist is the creator of dress designs, the one upon whom the whole structure hangs. There are not ten genuine creators in *haute couture* today and more of these are men than women, which causes Maggy Rouff to flutter a skeptical lash. Maggy—as luscious an eyeful herself as any of her mannequins, with beautiful gray hair and a dashingly clad figure that would be yummy even without so much fuss—believes all supreme *couturiers*, those who truly impressed fashion, have been women, their secret advantage being a woman's ability to interpret what a woman wants. The proponents of the male claim that no woman ever knows what she wants. You can get into a fight about this in any joint on the Street of Peace.

Male or female, modelists make or break *maisons*. The daintiest needlework will not sell a model at the bloodcurdling spring and autumn "collections" (or showings for professional buyers and select home customers) unless on its own merits of design it is a "hit." Dress models offered at collections are limited by the rules to one hundred; fewer may be shown. But accessories may bring the number of items shown up to three hundred in the big *maisons*.

THERE JUST ISN'T ANY NEWS

Here is how, I must confess,
My lengthy letter goes—
Three quarters why I haven't
writ,
The rest why I must close.
—ed graham, jr.

Frank Merriwell's goal-line stands never created such tension as you find at collections. Buyers are under grim responsibility. They may invest their firm's money in a poncho that will be good only for moths on Michigan Boulevard. *Couturiers* have not only their silk pups and heartburn to stew about but spies and back stabbers. An overheard deprecation from a traitorous client, bribed by a rival, is fatal. Spies are everywhere. No house of *haute couture* ever puts a model in its windows; only *fantaisies*.

Buyers must be known, prove connection with firms they represent, show passports and put up a deposit with each house whose showing they attend. The minimum is fifty dollars this autumn. Big houses can ask more. Every deposit is forfeited if no purchase is made. Yet *contrefaçon*—copying and pirating—goes on. There are many dodges, stool pigeons, vest-pocket cameras, sketches made surreptitiously or ideas carried away in heads. Americans have the worst reputation, although no prominent American firm has ever been involved.

Sweating-up a collection begins with the modelist, who lives a hell of a life, being in a state of eight-month pregnancy twelve months every year. Hundreds of trial models may be made, to prune down to the maximum allowable for showing. Modelists work in feverish speed, tears, rages, joys, twenty-five hours a day, three hundred eighty days a year—all the time worrying about what their rivals are doing.

Like other artists, modelists have individual methods. Some mope in monklike barrenness; others haunt stage, movies, ballet, shops, even markets—every gathering place but cocktail bars. If a woman makes a subconscious gesture or rearrangement of her apparel at a bar, one modelist told me, "however graceful, it would represent a down beat, a latently defensive or presently depressive mood." I think he meant hangovers don't look nice.

In addition to designs that will be hits, the modelist channels them all into a single direction that will stamp a characteristic tone on the output of the *maison*.

Modelists, if not actually *couturiers*, are the highest-paid employees. Yet they do not make as much as you might judge from the steepness of dress prices. What the modelist really sells is only the idea, the original. When foreign buyers purchase a model they do so only for the legal right to take it home and have it copied. Scores, hundreds, perhaps thousands of copies may be made. No royalties from these are paid to the originator. There is record of one model that was reproduced fifty thousand times by the American firm that bought it for three thousand five hundred francs, prewar.

Some modelists sketch, others drape, using a cheap holland which they call *toile*. When ready the modelist summons his *première d'atelier* or chief of workroom and next highest paid in the hierarchy, who makes a practical model of it—but still in *toile*. This is scrutinized, fumed over, altered and realtered upon a mannequin before it is either tossed into the ash can or made up in the selected finished material. Under the *première* and her *seconde* in each atelier come *première, seconde* and *petite mains*, each category divided into qualifieds and beginners. Stitching along at the bottom are the apprentices.

Top Salary for First Hands

First hands, who must be able to cut materials and make a dress from neck to ankle, are so valuable and few they command their own salaries without regard to the official schedule, which is about forty francs an hour. Second hands, who do all the delicacies, get about thirty. The little hands do the hems and finishing and average eighteen francs an hour. Apprentices have weekly salaries of three hundred francs, more or less—about two and a half dollars.

All this means painstaking handwork, perhaps thousands of costly man-power hours for a single dress. It illustrates the difference between the French and American dressmaking systems—one aimed toward made-to-measure exclusivity, the other toward ready-made quantity. In handwork lies at once the pre-eminence of Parisian *haute couture* and one of the obstacles confronting it today. In no other world center can fashion call upon so many skilled handworkers. This seamstress mastery is due partly to an inheritance from court days, partly to liberal facilities for learning the art, there being some four thousand schools devoted to it besides the apprenticeships offered in *maisons*. Even so, it is declining from labor shortage. Girls recoil from the long rigorous training, preferring office and factory jobs. But the great problem of Parisian *haute couture* and the most formidable menace to its long reign in fashion leadership comes, intermingled, from politics and economics. It is trapped between political epochs. Similarly, it falls between the hand age and the machine age. Geared to the former, it cannot compete with the latter's bulk production. Current prices in the *maisons* begin at about $200 for an afternoon dress, $250 for a tailor-made, and $300 for a simple evening dress.

But there is no top limit to which these may go. For Americans who have to count on perhaps double in taxes and duties, such prices are formidable. Plenty of Frenchwomen seem able to pay them, however, and currently the ladies of the peace conference. But even if *haute couture* could turn out its de luxe things in large numbers, these could not enter U.S. stores on competitive terms because of the tariffs we must impose to protect our own textilists and fashionists.

Communism, Socialism, the rise of the proletariat, widespread austerity, all these

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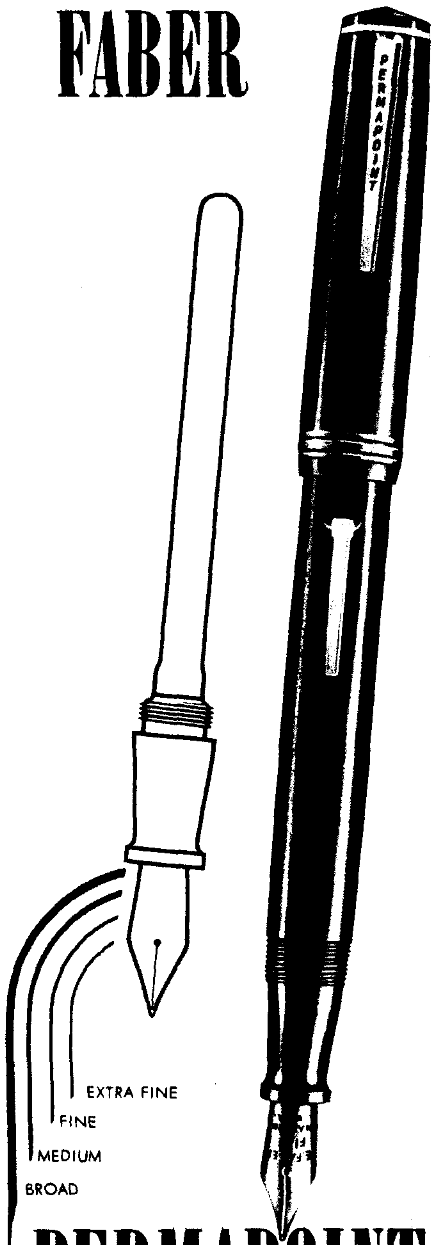

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rock the very theory of *haute couture,* which is cored on a leisured, elegant way of life. *Haute couture* knows there would be fashions in a society more evened up financially; even in a proletarian civilization women will not cease to dress as well and to look as nice as they can. But it would not be *haute couture* as we have known it. Parisian *haute couture* flowered over a century from a combination of royalty, landed aristocracy and moneyed aristocracy rising from the industrial revolution. It has been visibly hurt by the decrease of monarchs in Europe and by the impoverishment of many of the landed aristocracy.

European women, roughened by war experience, sensitive to political boilings, touched by the poverty, destruction, high prices and deprivations around them, have other matters to think about than their prewar interest in the soft comely things of femininity. The mass of middle-class French girls, whose proverbial chic was infected by *haute couture,* have grown, if not careless, then indifferent. For the first time generally, they are going without stockings and hats, artfully making do with what they have and can fix over.

The Communists, zealously exploiting their strength through every medium of French opinion and information available to them, sneer at *haute couture* and the luxury trades. They contend no nation can be great except on a basis of material power. Their goal is a France strong in heavy, essential, nonluxury industries. Holding many key governmental posts, they can hamper the support *haute couture* needs in raw materials, regulations, tariff negotiations and propaganda.

English and American economists do not agree with that picture of France's possibilities. They say France has too many handicaps, such as obsolete and insufficient machinery, a lack of skilled workmen and not enough critical resources to become an international factor in heavy industry. They point out that the heavy industrialization she achieved before the war was artificial, depending on raw materials from non-French resources; which is why she now angles for the Ruhr. And they add that obviously France's trump card in world trade is her unrivaled artistic superiority and matchless de luxe industries—which she should play for all she is worth.

May Move to America

Haute couture, bewildered by this complicated background, foresees the day when it may have to move lock, stock and barrel to the United States as the last citadel of the industrially moneyed aristocracy—and the last populous country where the influence of that sort of aristocracy is reflected upon the living and buying habits of the multitude. So while it publicly expresses unconcern at U.S. fashion leadership threats, privately it is worried.

In defense of its historic and sentimental anchorage in France, *haute couture* points out that Paris immemorially has been a mecca for creative artists who find in its climate, taste, atmosphere and other qualities, something that brings out the best in them. Greta Garbo's *couturier,* Valentina, came here from the States recently, not to visit *haute couture* but just to roam Paris and soak up whatever it is that Paris has and Beverly Hills apparently has not. The blue haze over the Seine in spring and autumn, the half-tints of the streets in summer, the romantic beauty of roofs and chimney pots in winter, the peerless tree-frame vistas—all these inspire *haute couture.*

The *couturiers* gossip about members of their clan who went to America but lost their flair away from Paris. Nevertheless more are planning to visit and study there, among them Fath and Balmain, the two youngest and most talked-about men of *haute couture.* The Duchess of Windsor, no mean dresser, is one of Balmain's clients.

The results they have so far seen of the U.S. declaration of fashion independence have not impressed Parisian *couturiers.* Designs unveiled in Hollywood films are too fussy. Americans in general dress nicely but too much alike—*they* say, not I. *Haute couture* admits Yankee superiority in certain materials such as plain woolens and gabardines. Also that American bodies give a *couturier* better range. The French standard figure, not being as good, has been responsible for the reliance placed upon chic and charm in clothes. "But those glorious American bodies," say the modelists, "with their long legs, athletic shoulders, beautiful hair—one can be daring with them, my dear. If only they had more Latin blood—to give them a feeling for clothes!"

Wealthy Americans Bought Abroad

Only two things, I gathered, are wrong with our lassies, so far as draping them is concerned; their waists are too thick and their feet are too big. Paris says that the United States was the last of the big nations to come to modern fashions—although even in colonial days, well-off Americans like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin bought their clothes from abroad—because of the long-maintained influence of Puritanism upon our dress. But once we did, we went whole hog.

Here is some pontificating for you, straight from *haute couture.* You wear your dresses too short, too straight, without grace and individuality. This keeps you from being luminous. If you can't afford a swell dressmaker, blow your bingo winnings on one good tailor-made, one smart blouse, one dressy hat and very simple bag, gloves and shoes, because those accessories stand novelty less well than any other items. Thus rigged you will get past any doorman. But, never, never, never, my darlings, say that you "have nothing to wear." To *haute couture* that makes you an idiot child. The idea seems to be that a girl of character can rummage in the skimpiest cupboard and come up with something—even if it's only one stocking.

Meanwhile, until the brave new world spins into a firmer pattern and *haute couture* learns where and whether it will fit in, Parisian fashions hold their ground. Buyers from five continents, including those from the emancipated U.S., as usual are clucking in the autumn collections. Parisian elegance continues to weave its spell upon the attentions, interest and imaginations of all women. And the Rue de la Paix remains the capital of their heart's desire.

Therefore, if through innocence on your part or stratagem on hers, you turn into this street with your pet lady, it is inevitable she will become rooted in front of the first window. There's no use saying, "Let's get a move on, dear." An Army bulldozer couldn't budge her.

Upon the advice of experienced gigolos you now have only two choices: either break into a dead run down Rue de la Paix, cross Vendôme, Saint Honoré and the Tuileries, and, reaching Pont de Solferino, leap into the Seine and end it all like a man.

Or go back to your hotel, cable your banker to liquidate your affairs and send the entire proceeds to you at once; then sit quietly to await her arrival high upon a truckload of dress, coat, fur, lingerie, shoe, jewelry, hat, glove and perfume boxes.

The second choice permits a soothing variation. On Rue Daunou, a street that bisects Rue de la Paix, are to be found some of the best hoisting spots in Paris. Those saloonkeepers certainly knew where they were building.

THE END

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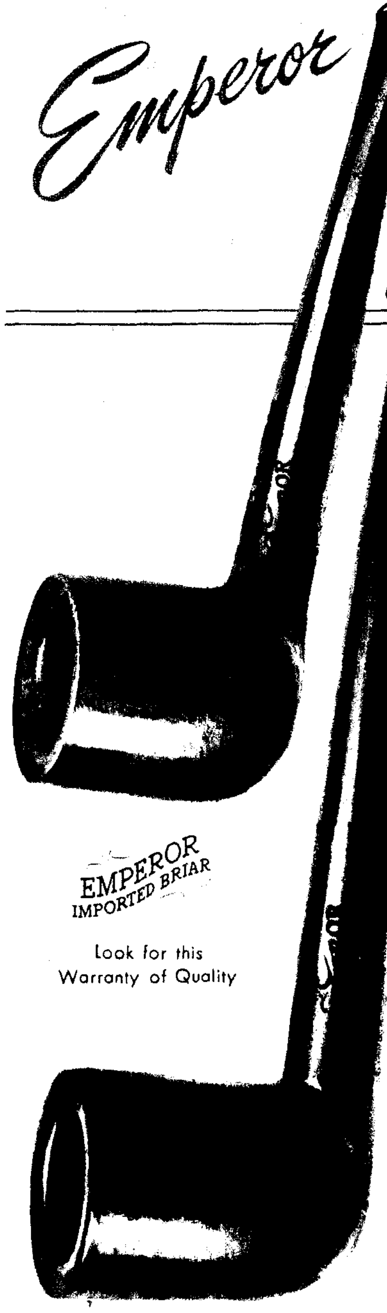
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PROGRAM FOR PROGRESS

Continued from page 11

same stubbornness result in the first OPA deadlock, then the veto and renewed deadlock, with the chaotic conditions created by an on-again, off-again OPA.

They have noted the extremely high level of federal expenditures continuing in this postwar period, and have read the reports that the numbers of federal employees in the civilian departments have actually increased since the end of the war.

They have seen the deterioration of relations between the United Nations, and while they have recognized the difficulties caused by Russia, they have also realized that our administration has not been without fault at the London Foreign Ministers' Conference, in the Argentine affair, in the unilateral cancellation of the Rio de Janeiro Conference, in the arrangements for Mr. Churchill's Fulton speech, and in the slowness and uncertainty of policies in occupied Germany.

The people who have concluded that they do not approve of the present administration now begin to ask a very important question. They ask, "What is the alternative?" "What would the Republican party do if it were placed in a position of authority?"

The conclusion which the people reach *on this second question will, in my judgment,* decide both the 1946 and 1948 elections.

I realize that there are a number of political analysts and commentators and some political leaders in our own Republican party, who feel that the only question is whether or not the voters are ready to turn out the incumbent administration. Campaign plans are thus developed on the sole basis of blasting at the record of the administration. These people contend that "turn the rascals out" is the only effective campaign slogan ever developed.

Program for Campaign Needed

I definitely disagree with this view. The business of disapproving an incumbent administration is a very important first half of any political campaign, but it is not the whole story. On the whole, if the voters are satisfied with an administration, the opposition campaign has small chance of success, as the voters do not pay much attention to it. But when the voters are dissatisfied, it becomes of key importance to learn whether they think the opposition program is something of which they do approve. In fact, I would say that the question of disapproval of the present administration is the thirty-two-dollar question in politics, and the question of approval of the program presented by the opposition is the sixty-four-dollar question.

Thus, I sense that throughout America the voters are asking what would be the Republican alternative to the present administration. Their questions arise increasingly as 1948 approaches, and the Republican party must give specific answers.

It is, of course, not possible or practical to present in complete and exact detail the program of any political party or any administration far in advance of an election. There are divergent views in all political parties just as there are in the country itself. Action by political parties and by an administration is accomplished through a sound adjustment of a divergence of views in the direction of constructive action. Facts also change. New conditions come up. New and worth-while suggestions are made.

But I do believe that our Republican party owes it to the people of the country to develop as specifically as possible its program for the future of America.

Not only should this be done, but actually it is being done in a large number of the Congressional, senatorial and gubernatorial campaigns this fall. There are sixty Congressional districts in the country which were won by the Democrats in 1944 by a very narrow margin and a gain of only thirty seats would change the majority. In some instances, only one per cent of the votes separated the two contenders. Of the thirty-six senators up for election this year, sixteen of them are in states where the Republicans have at least a fighting chance of winning over present Democratic senators and a gain of ten seats would change the majority.

If the voters on next Election Day place the Republican party in control of one or both houses of Congress, they will have an opportunity to observe the manner in which it will fulfill the responsibility of government.

An Appeal to the Voters

I urge that independent voters and Democrats who are disappointed with the present administration vote for these Republican candidates on November 5th, *to bring about this test. I submit* that this is sound and will be wholesome for the country. I believe the majority of the voters of this country will be pleased with the program of a majority Republican party in either or both houses in Congress.

I know personally nearly all of the Republican nominees in these contested senatorial and Congressional districts. They are definitely an above-average group of candidates. Many of them have truly outstanding qualifications. Taken as a whole, they are forward-looking and would be a constructive addition to the Washington scene. I believe they will vote and work with the more progressive of the incumbent Republican congressmen and senators. They are young men. Many are veterans of the war. They are coming to grips with the problems of tomorrow.

No one can speak for these men as they are a very independent-minded group and nearly every one won his nomination by a hard personal campaign plus the support of friends and party workers who were attracted by the force of the candidate's personality and program.

But taken as a whole, if the majority of them are elected and the Republican party has the responsibility which goes with leadership, I believe you will find them forthright in meeting the vital domestic and international problems and in working out new answers to new problems under new postwar conditions.

I believe you will also find that the Republicans will co-operate and work together. Everyone knows there is a wide divergence of views within the Republican party. But on the basic fundamentals they are agreed and therefore you do not find the sharp and irreconcilable clash in the Republican party that you find within the Democratic administration between the extreme position of the C.I.O.-PAC on the one hand, and the extreme right of the South on the other.

Let us discuss some possible new answers to our pressing problems against a background of increased Republican responsibilities. The views expressed, of course, are individual views that are set forth to stimulate party and public thinking upon these issues in advance of the November 5th election.

The overwhelming majority of the

people of our country know that there have been too many strikes since the end of the war. They know that a new national labor policy is needed. What shall that policy be? It must not be an antilabor policy. It must be developed carefully and fairly on the basis of a study of the abuses that exist, and it must safeguard labor against the overriding of management.

Federal legislation is needed which will increase the rights of the individual workman in his union. A requirement for a secret ballot in unions in election of officers and on decisions to strike or to accept a settlement offer is an important step in this direction. Likewise, we need strict accountability of union funds to the membership, with prohibitions against the use of any except voluntarily donated funds for political purposes and a ban on compulsory assessments unless they are democratically voted by the membership.

Couple these provisions with insurance of the clear right of the worker to be informed by both sides in a dispute of the facts of his employment and the conditions of his proposed contract, and real progress in peaceful, stable working conditions will be made. These are conditions which the best of unions now follow. They are in the interest of the worker as well as the public. And given this guarantee of a freely expressed decision by an informed worker, the public and the employer can have confidence that long-term results will be fair.

Most recent major strikes have occurred without the workers having an opportunity to vote upon the employer's final offer before walking out.

Equally there is need of legislation to establish a labor court with the authority to decide jurisdictional clashes between unions. The jurisdictional strike should be banned. It is harmful to the workers and places the employer and the public in a helpless position.

With legislation of this type as a foundation, improved governmental conciliation service before strikes take place and during a required period of negotiation would gradually diminish our labor-management problem. But there must be constant emphasis upon the importance of production as the source of a high standard of living for all, and insistence by government that law be respected and that duties, which are the parallel of rights in a democracy, be recognized.

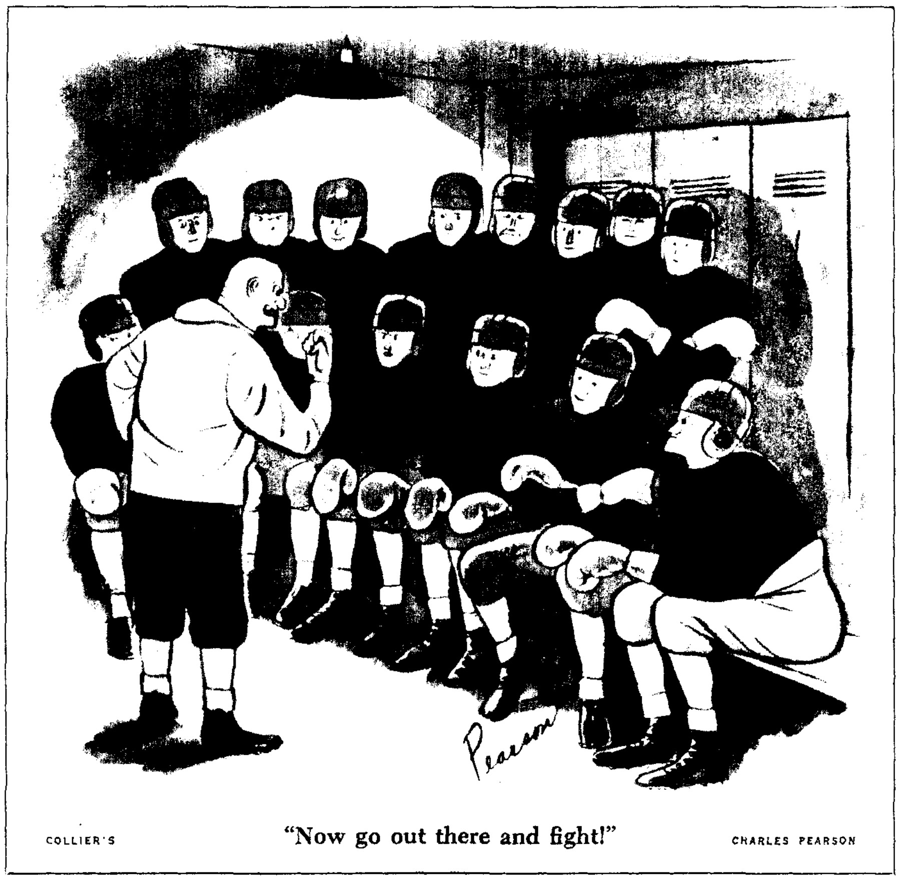
Housing is another one of the major domestic problems upon which a positive Republican program will be developed. It will put an end to the confusion of the present national housing program, channel the lumber and building materials through the normal flow to lumber yards out to contractors and into new houses from coast to coast. Some federal funds will be used to expedite this flow and the production of raw materials, to speed the training of apprentices in the shorthanded building crafts, to clear the way for housing developments in the cities, to expand research in new materials and short cuts, to straighten out archaic restrictive building ordinances and to reduce restrictive union practices.

The fundamental reliance will be upon building by independent contractors for individual owners, privately financed. In this way we can build 1,200,000 and more home units each year. We know that this can be done because 937,000 were built in 1925, with a smaller productive capacity than we now have. We also see clearly how this contrasts with the type of federal housing program that has been advanced in Washington and which has broken down.

New Ideas for Medical Insurance

National health problems will also find some new answers from Republicans. In fact Republican Governor Earl Warren of California has been one of the pioneers in this field of governmental action. I believe the Republican program will be based squarely upon the existing medical and hospital insurance plans and will not disrupt these as the presently proposed national legislation would. Building upon the sound existing status of professional individualism, it will seek to safeguard small- and moderate-income families from the crushing effects of extended illness and serious injuries.

Another important phase of a possible Republican program is establishment of a universal health and dental annual checkup, with consequent professional advice not limited by the means of the individual. Likewise, the extension of hospital facilities, the co-ordination of various health programs, the emphasis on prevention of disease, and adminis-



COLLIER'S "Now go out there and fight!" CHARLES PEARSON

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"X" Super Flush positively *cures* these hardened automotive arteries. It quickly dissolves rust, scale and sludge inside the Cooling System and your feverish engine is restored to new car health. Despite its amazing solvent action, "X" Super Flush is absolutely safe. It won't harm metal, hose or packing.

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"X" COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE
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X LIQUID
X RUSTOFF
X BLOCK LIQUID

tration on state and local levels will be major parts of the expanded national health program.

The Republicans will vigorously oppose any move toward nationalization or socialization of industry, on the ground that it is actually a step backward and will result in less enjoyment of goods and products by the rank and file of the people. Equally, they will insist that management have the right to manage.

Monopolies and restraints of trade must be vigorously broken up, and opportunities for the development of new businesses must be open and easy. New businesses must have a chance to get started and to plow their early profits back into expansion if the American system is to maintain its vigor. Many wartime conditions led to the consolidations of businesses and to industries of one type taking over related fields in order to assure their supplies. This breaks down the independence and the multilateral nature of American business and is harmful to the strength of a free economy. We must reverse this trend.

A Republican majority will also move forward in the development of a new agricultural program. It is clear that another good crop in this country and in the rest of the world would bring back the problem of food surpluses. Thus the basic consideration of a peacetime agricultural program should be an economy of abundance. The law of supply and demand should be permitted to have at least a partial effect so that production will shift to the items most needed, so that there will be a minimum of red tape, and farm products will move to the markets of the world.

Reward for the Farmers

The answer will not consist of one approach to all major products. Each product will be considered as a problem in itself and measures will be worked for it. It may be found that a two-price approach would work out best for most products. In other words, the American farmer should be given maximum freedom in production, but he should be safeguarded against economic loss at the very time that, by high production, he is contributing most to the wealth and health of the world. It may mean that he should be rewarded for his production of vital products, even though a portion of his total crop must move at a world price to avoid mounting surpluses.

Thus the Republican program would include a combination of government support of price, voluntary shifting of production, efficient storage, the supported movements of crops in world markets and the development of new uses for agricultural products, all worked out with the advice of the best of agricultural leadership. Soil conservation, the development of rural conveniences and higher standards of rural education and health will also have its place in the program.

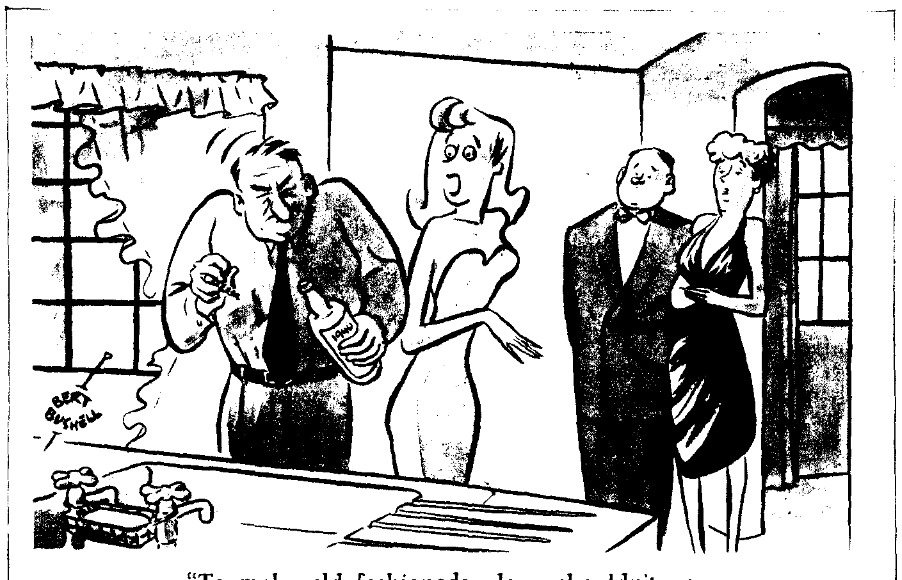
The Republicans will also cut down the spending of the national government, eliminate the waste and reduce the number of federal employees. There will be some tendency to do this blindly, with damage to constructive governmental programs, and also to cut too much off the national defense budget, but I believe the majority of Republicans will not fall into these errors.

In developing a sound financial policy, shortsighted attempts at hasty reductions in taxes will be resisted, and reserves will be built up during times of high employment and high production which will maintain sound support for the heavy federal debt. The debt itself should be scaled down very gradually so as not to disrupt the financial structure in the country. And Republicans will insist on a very broad tax base rather than to try to play cheap politics with the tax program.

Realistic recognition of the financial problems of the country will be a crucial factor in the success of our entire government and in the future welfare of the country. Shortsighted tax policies and reckless spending can give this country a sequence of a wild boom and a tragic crash, such as we have never seen before. Depressions are caused by errors that are made and measures that are neglected long before the depression begins. A combination of advice of the best economists and a sound, practical approach should feature the Republican attitude on these national economic problems.

Help for the White-Collar Worker

The Republicans will also give major attention to the situation of the so-called white-collar workers and middle-income groups. They are the people who are suffering the most from current inflationary pressures. The entire teaching profession, the clerical groups and those on small pensions have had a real decrease in income since the war. There will be serious effects upon our future educational status if the real compensation of these groups is not brought into line. A greater portion of the dividends of our high productivity must be distributed to all the people through lower prices, which can be brought about by high production and competition and by the breaking up of monopolies.



"To make old fashioneds, dear, shouldn't you use that 1887 stuff you hid in the basement?"

COLLIER'S BERT BUSHELL

It must be recognized that a continuous circle of wage rises and price rises without a comparable increase in productivity not only fails to benefit workers and management, but has an adverse effect upon the middle-income and professional groups and builds up weaknesses in the economy that can lead to future mass unemployment.

In short, I believe it will be found that agreement within the Republican party between the new elements that are coming forward and those in established positions of leadership will add up to a forward-looking program, humanitarian in its nature, and truly liberal in that it will advance the individual freedoms and opportunities of the rank and file of the men and women and children of the country.

An intelligent and effective opposition to the threat of Communism will be included in the Republican program. The wild Red-baiting approach, which actually makes more Communists than it breaks, will be avoided. But exposure of those who treasonably follow the Communist line to the exclusion of the policies of this country, and the consequent reduction of their opportunity to spread propaganda or to infiltrate organizations and special committees in order to carry on disruptive tactics will be Republican policy. The party will also take a firm position against the holding of appointed government positions by anyone who follows the line of some other country to the exclusion of our own.

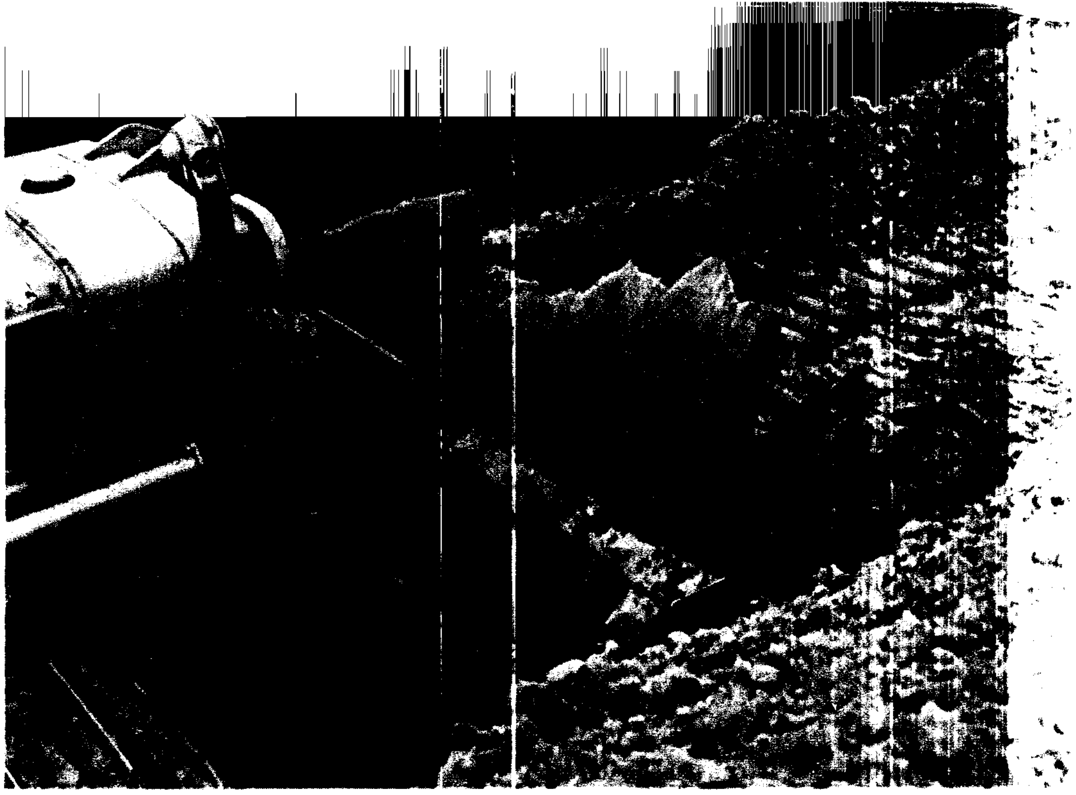
The Republicans will also insist upon honest governmental statistics and let the chips fall where they may. Tampering with governmental statistics is just as bad as tampering with the judiciary. The basic facts of what is going on in the country must be accurate, honest and open. They are the foundation for a multitude of decisions by thousands of individuals that have a very important effect upon the social and economic success of the country. There has been an amazing increase in the unreliability of governmental statistics in this past year.

An instance was the attempt of the Department of Commerce to show that the prices of a group of commodities had increased an average of 25 per cent in a few weeks after the July 1st lapse of OPA. To obtain this figure, they included in the statistics an increase of over 100 per cent in the price of silk which was based solely on one sale of surplus silk by a governmental department!

The statistical bureaus of the government should be conducted by civil servants who are not partisan, who have high professional standards and who make their statistics available to all who ask for them, regardless of whether they reflect credit or discredit to a particular administration. This is of tremendous importance to the people and they should insist upon it with the same vigor with which they insist that their courts should not be tampered with.

The efficient administration of the affairs of the state of New York by Governor Thomas Dewey and his staff in these recent years stands out in sharp contrast to the inefficiency and confusion of the present national administration. This was dramatically emphasized when OPA lapsed by the immediate installation of state rent control which was made possible because Governor Dewey and his Republican legislature had enacted legislation for it months before.

The effective and careful administration of the state FEPC Act which continued after the federal wartime commission lapsed was another example. Real progress has been made in housing in the state of New York as the result of the state program. In fact, it would ap-



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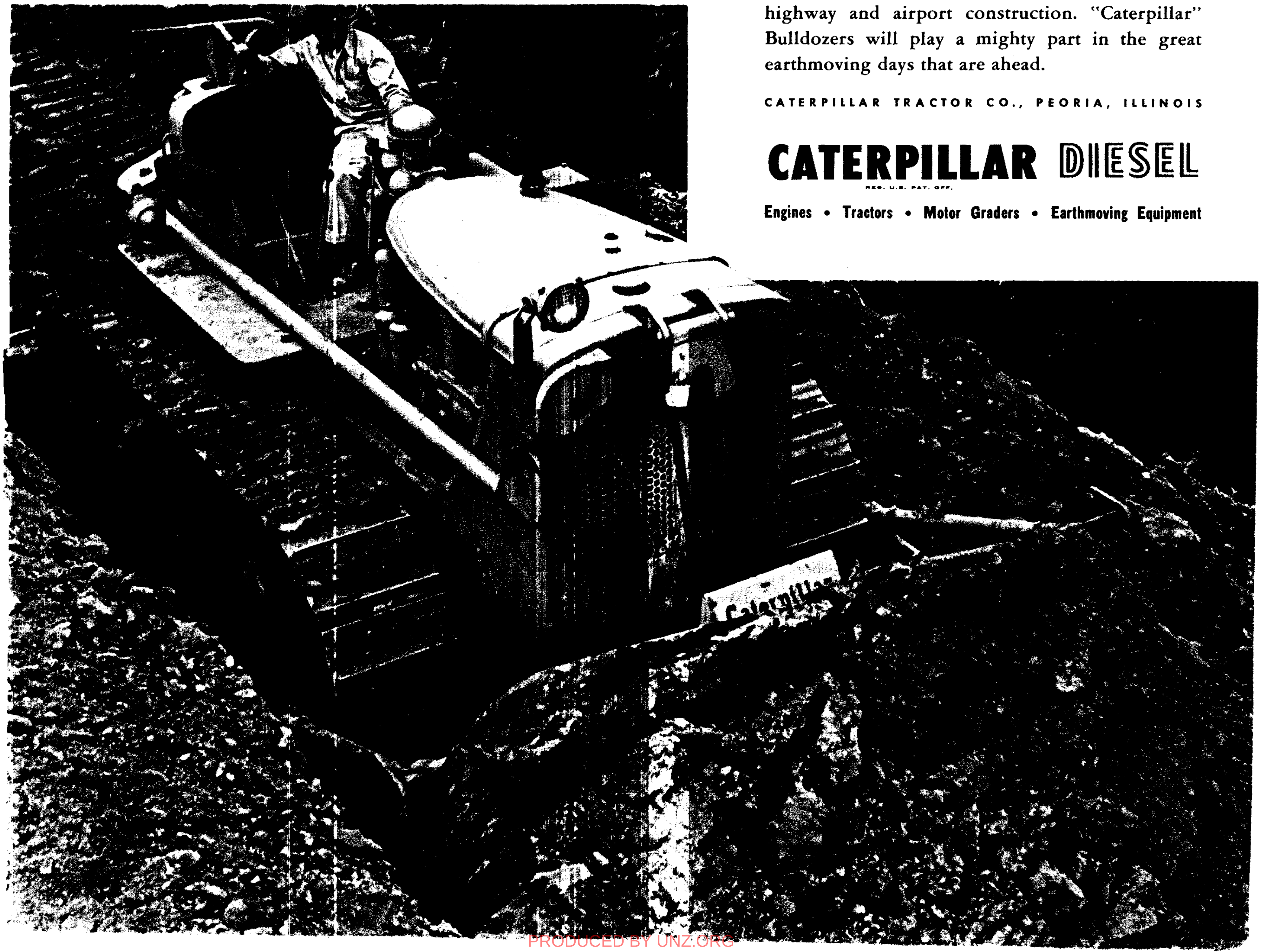

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pear that New York has actually completed and made ready for occupancy more shelter for veterans since the end of the war than has the federal government in its entire program.

The Republican party will also develop and effectively administer the veterans' program. I believe its basic principle will be to expend funds primarily for those who need it the most, the disabled and unemployed, and to conduct the entire economy so that all veterans have a maximum opportunity to take a useful part in the economic life of the nation. It will be the Republican effort to reduce the amount of red tape in veterans' administration and to keep political favoritism away from it.

On world policies the Republican party will demonstrate a freshness of viewpoint, a vigor in the advancement of new American policy that will be extremely helpful to the success of the United Nations. The predominant Republican view has left isolation behind forever. It is moving forward in a careful and positive way to fulfill America's share of leadership in world affairs. It has a practical approach to these problems which, far from being a handicap, will be a constructive service to our relations with other countries.

New World-Wide Policy

The new Republican policy will expand world trade and increase the flow of goods, services and travel between the nations of the world. It will give vigorous support to the development of the United Nations organization and its subsidiaries. It will seek the sound development of world planning and distribution of food and agricultural products, raw materials and finished goods. It will not tie American foreign policy to that of any other one nation, but it will work on a friendly basis with all other nations who will accept that friendship.

It is broadly recognized that the Republicans have already made a very unusual contribution to our world policy. Senator Vandenberg's constructive service and his effective leadership in the Senate have been key factors in the advances in this policy. The participation of John Foster Dulles as an adviser, of the Honorable Charles Eaton of New Jersey, and the role of Senators Burton and Ball in the B2H2 Resolution, the pioneering of Senator Warren Austin, our present United States delegate on the Security Council, are some of the more obvious indications of broad and deep Republican co-operation.

I think Republican policy will require that the facts of foreign affairs be reported more fully to the people. It will insist on greater access to world news by the press and radio, drive to open up the flow of world travel and information and to fulfill our creditor role on a sound and mutually acceptable basis.

In the overshadowing question of atomic energy policy, Republicans will seek a strong provision for world-wide inspection and control of atomic energy, for the effective outlawing of its destructive use and for enforcement without veto, as absolute preconditions to any turning over of atomic information to any United Nations group.

This policy will require an alert and strong America, constantly pressing forward for the freedom and the rights of men throughout the world, and for a firm and unwavering position against aggression.

There will be those Democrats who will seek to retain control of Congress on the plea that a Republican majority would block action and cause a deadlock between the President and Congress. Actually, I believe there will be a better prospect of constructive agreement and action between the President and Congress in these next two years if one or both of the houses are controlled by the Republicans.

A review of this last session of Congress will show that in international affairs the Republicans co-operated thoroughly. As a result we can count six major accomplishments in foreign affairs: entry into the United Nations, agreement on the world bank and monetary funds, participation in the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, renewal of reciprocal trade agreements, granting the loan to Great Britain and acceptance of the jurisdiction of the world court.

On the other hand, in domestic affairs the administration's program was not only rejected by Congress despite a Democratic majority in both Houses, but the rejection took such a form—with a wide split within the Democratic party—that in most instances no constructive action whatsoever was taken to meet the problems that existed.

Looking to the Next Congress

A Congress with a Republican majority in one or both Houses certainly could not make a worse record on domestic affairs than the 79th Congress. The odds are that it would work out a give-and-take agreement with the President that would produce better results for the country. The President, with his party not in control of Congress, would know that he could not get results by simply being stubborn and would recognize the necessity of adjusting his program. Likewise, the Republicans, with the responsibility of a majority position, would not permit any of their leadership to be stubborn.

This is my view of what will happen during the next two years if the voters give the Republican party the responsibility of majority position. It is based in considerable measure upon a knowledge of the views and attitudes and abilities of the new men running for Congress and the Senate on the Republican ticket, and also upon my conferences with many of the present leadership of the Republican party in the Senate and in the House.

The people of America have everything to gain by making such a test.

THE END

TED WILLIAMS, THE SERIES AND ME

Continued from page 26

meaning that if he gets near a ball he nabs it. There is plenty of testimony on the other side, and in the days when the Red Sox were losing, his own teammates had murderous feelings about him on occasion.

"I know it'll cost me my job," said Jim Tabor one day before the war, "but I'm going to kill him."

Williams explains his troubles by his physique. When chasing a fly ball he seems to be entirely unco-ordinated. His legs go one way and his arms another; he looks exactly like a puppet on a string. He is abnormally long and gangling.

"These little fellows like Dom DiMaggio," explains Ted, "can turn around on a dime. When I go down for a ball and it gets past me, I have to unwind before I can get started again."

His two off-field manias are physical culture and fishing. The minute he hits a strange town he sets off to find a dealer in sporting equipment. From then on it's a steady chatter about flies, fishing rods and lines.

"What I want to do," says Williams and his eyes wander away wistfully, "is get enough money so I can fish. I've never caught a sailfish, a salmon, a steelhead, a swordfish. . . . I've never fished in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Alaska. . . ." At this point he gets up as if tortured by the thought and ticks off the names of the places and the fish on his fingers.

At the present time he is trying to strengthen his arms and shoulders by an elastic belt contrivance invented by Ed (Strangler) Lewis, the old wrestling champion. Ted fits it over his shoulders and spends hours working his arms back and forth.

"Why, a little guy like Dom DiMaggio is bigger than me from the waist up," he says in a pained voice.

He is an expert on bats, and when he hits Louisville he starts on a dead run for the Louisville Slugger factory. He starts each year with a 35-ounce model and then cuts it down to 34 and eventually 33 as the hot weather begins to affect his swing. He stands almost on the plate and has eyesight of such phenomenal quality (the Navy corroborates this) that he can wait till the last split second before beginning his swing.

"A great hand hitter," says Cronin and Del Baker, the coach.

His Style Remains the Same

Luckily nobody has tried to change his style from the time he started; he was a natural from his first swing in San Diego and everybody realized it and laid off. He thinks his longest home run was hit off Freddy Hutchinson of Detroit in Fenway Park. It landed thirty-two rows back in the right-center stands and has been estimated at 500 feet.

Plenty of mediocre hurlers have had success with Williams this year when they got him away from Boston but he has been deadly with such greats as Bob Feller. Ted has belabored him at the .500 rate, including two homers and three doubles. He has done only .200 against Newhouser but one of his two hits was a homer. He has swatted Jack Kramer of the St. Louis Browns at the rate of .385, which includes a homer and double and six walks.

It seems likely that Williams may break Babe Ruth's old record for bases on balls this year, because he has the eye of the eagle and pitchers are extremely reluctant to get one over for him. There are some experts who think his eye is almost too good and it would be better for the team if Williams occasionally took a smack at a minutely bad one with men on base. He is the Red Sox's power, and a base on balls at a critical moment is not nearly so fatal as a home run. Cronin is horrified by such discussions.

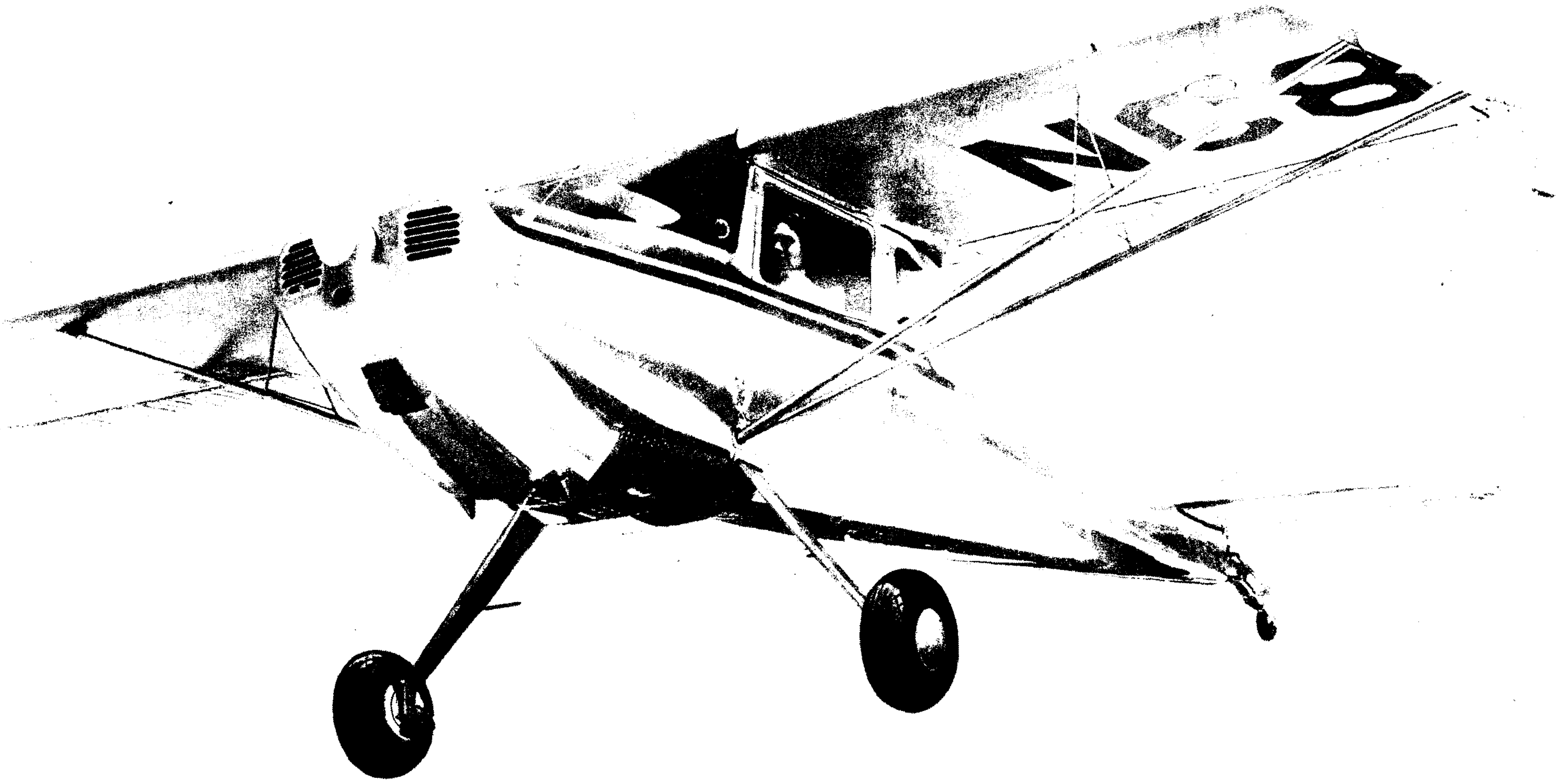
"Let him alone," he says in a terrified voice.

Williams has what Cronin refers to as a "free and nervous" style at the plate, which means that he is keyed up for the pitch but relaxed while waiting for it. Ted also has theories about that.

"You have to think everybody out there is good," he says. "The minute you're sure the guy on the mound is a cousin, you go four for O."

When seen during the summer in Cleveland, the great man was quite willing to speak on all subjects. Among other things, he doesn't think much of how he has been treated by the Boston management.

"Three years in the war and never a letter from them," he says bitterly. "Never one to Dom or Johnny Pesky



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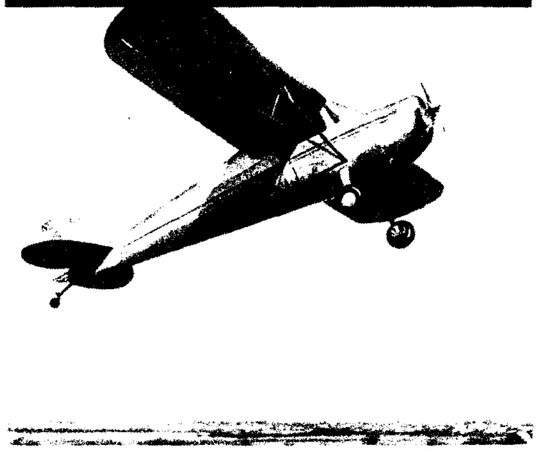

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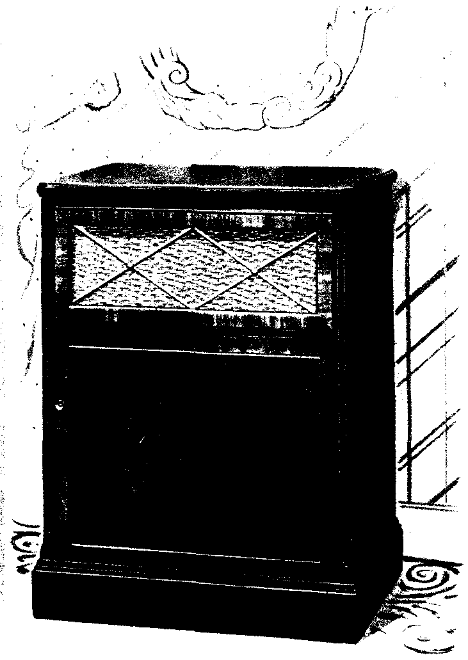

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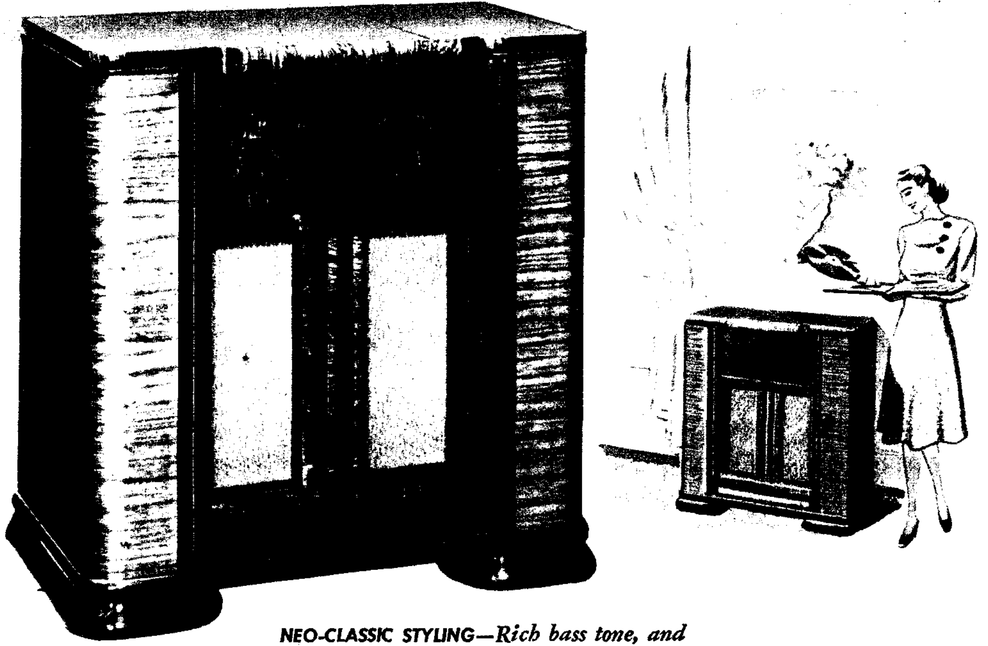

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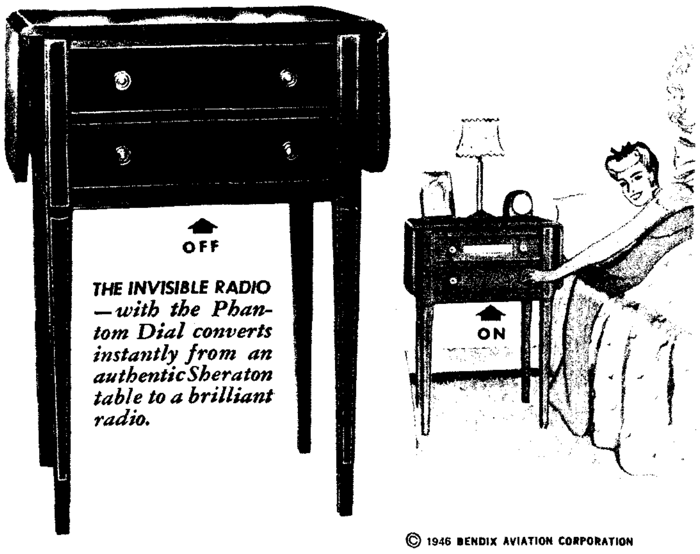

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or any of the fellows. Just wait till they want to sign me up next year."

In truth next year is going to be difficult for Tom Yawkey and the Boston management. Williams is convinced that there are at least four men in baseball making more money than himself. He figures these to be Greenberg, Newhouser, Feller and Cronin. It is common gossip among Boston writers that Ted will either get $75,000 next year or the waters of the Charles will be seared from the heat.

Looking South of the Border

There is also the possibility of a deal with the Pasquels and the Mexican League. When the Red Sox were playing Washington in Havana last spring, Williams had several conferences with Bernardo Pasquel and the figure of $300,000 for three years was mentioned. There was one dramatic moment when Joe Cronin joined Pasquel and Williams while they were talking at a café table. The atmosphere became chilly but Mr. Cronin lingered long enough to make two remarks. The first came when Señor Pasquel said pointedly he was interrupting a private conversation. "What's so private about it?" growled Joe. There was silence following this, broken only by Mr. Cronin realizing his position and making an effort at polite chitchat. "How many teams you got in your league?" he asked, got the answer and in time passed along.

But Williams is keenly interested in the Mexican proposition and only a few weeks ago was inquiring of a writer who had visited Mexico: "You think they'd give me $150,000 down there?" he asked with a cat-and-canary smile, as if to hint that an offer of that kind had been made by the Pasquels.

In short, there will be exciting times ahead unless a deal is made between organized baseball and the Mexican League.

Although Williams seems to go through life with a chip on his shoulder, he is a handsome man who could be a charming individual if he let himself be. He is a lone wolf on the Sox but they like him and are happy to have him along for the journey. He drinks only a little beer, doesn't smoke and generally spends his loafing hours talking to somebody about fish. He is married to the former Doris Soule of Princeton, Minn., and brings her a present after each road trip. He has never had a fight on the field and has never been put out of a game. He crabs when called out on strikes but ends by kicking the dirt, grumbling at the umpire and shuffling back to the dugout.

Williams has never met any pitcher in his career who could correspond to Hub Pruett, who, though otherwise a mediocre hurler, had Babe Ruth's number. Coming into the league a rookie, Pruett fanned the Babe seventeen times in nineteen times at bat! He had a screwball that almost drove the Bambino mad. "Never saw anything like it," recounts Del Baker. "It came right up to the plate and then dropped straight down as if it were falling off a roof; must have dropped two feet." Thornton Lee has always been tough for Williams and the great pitchers are tough for everybody, but no pitcher has stopped Williams for long.

The latest attempt to counteract nature was pulled in midsummer by Lou Boudreau, who worked up a trick defense against Williams. He deployed his forces till he had just about everybody in right field. The first baseman was far back of the bag and right on the line; the second baseman played behind him and also on the right-field line; the shortstop played second base; the third baseman came over to the first base side of second base; the right fielder went back until his ribs tickled the right-field wall; the left fielder came in close behind the grass at shortstop.

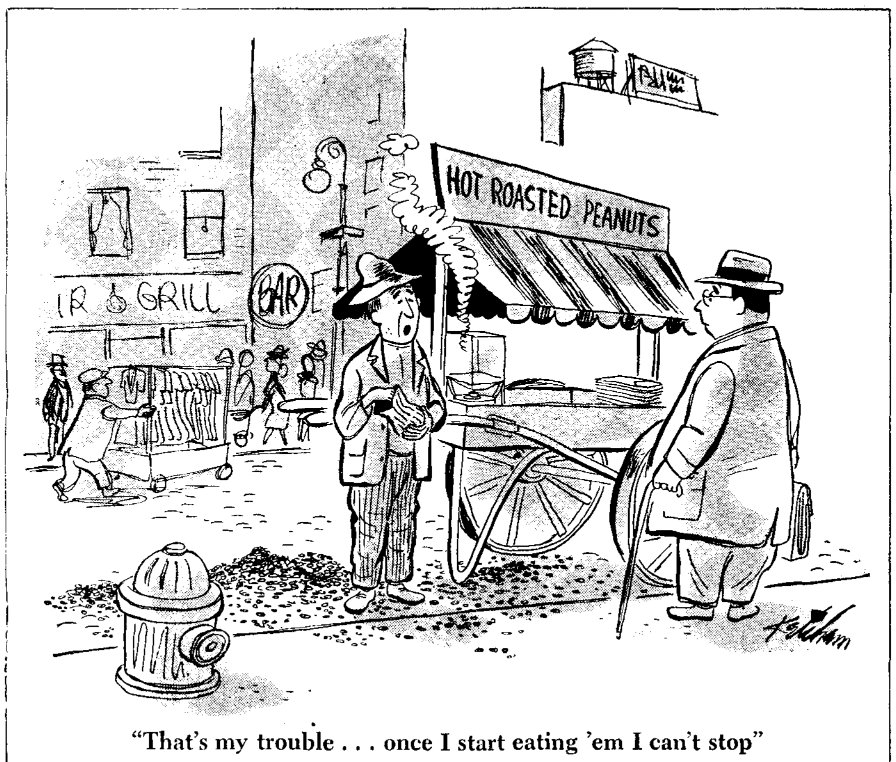
Psychology Works on Williams

There was a lot of laughter about this but don't let anybody tell you it didn't get Williams' goat. In four games he had only three hits against that setup, one of them a gift. It would seem to be easy for Williams to poke a ball through the left side of the diamond and make hits all day long, but his pride doesn't allow it. He is out to show them that he can blast them through that right-field section even if they get out the ground crew to stop him. Boudreau was evidently banking on that psychology working—and it has worked.

That may be how to stop Ted in the World Series. Maybe.

So here I sit, out here on this nice long limb on the horns of a dilemma. I want to see the Series and I also want Boston to win. If I go, Williams won't hit the size of his hat; if I don't go, he'll hit eighteen home runs and make a monkey out of me. What should I do? Wire, don't write.

THE END



"That's my trouble . . . once I start eating 'em I can't stop"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

***You just don't get any sympathy** for an upset stomach. But it's no laughing matter. Treat it seriously. Be gentle with it. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.*

Never Upset an Upset Stomach. Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . *to relieve* queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . *And to retard* intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do **not** get prompt relief, see your physician.

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America finds a new, easy way to save

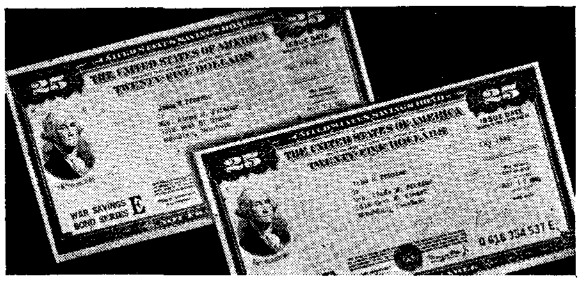
OUT of the war has come one blessing—a lesson in thrift for millions of those who never before had learned to save.

Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about 6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

With War Bond Savings automatically deducted from their wages every week, thrift was "painless" to these wage earners. At the end of the war, many who never before had bank accounts could scarcely believe the savings they held.

The moral was plain to most. Here was a new, easy way to save; one as well suited to the future as to the past. Result: Today, millions of Americans are continuing to buy, through their Payroll Savings Plan, not War Bonds, but their peacetime equivalent—*U. S. Savings Bonds.*

Accumulating steadily and surely in America's Payroll Savings accounts is the money to pay for all those long-awaited postwar possessions—the millions of new homes, new automobiles, new home appliances.


THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
25
WAR SAVINGS BOND SERIES E

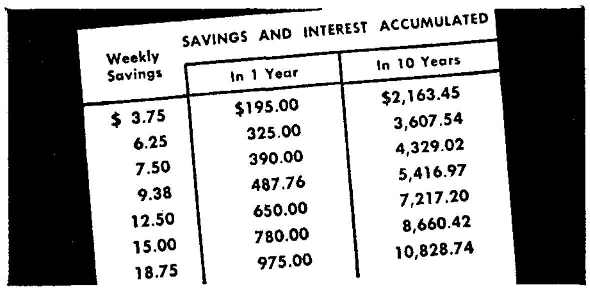
From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—$25 for every $18.75 at maturity.

PAY WINDOW 2

Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.

New homes to own! Thousands of new homes, like this, will be partially paid for through Bonds wisely accumulated during the next five to ten years.

Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. Save *automatically—regularly.*



Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED In 1 Year	In 10 Years
$ 3.75	$195.00	$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.54
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

BUY YOUR BONDS

THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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THE SHOW GOES ON

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

DRINKS were fifteen cents at the Waldorf bar and a table-d'hôte dinner, with wine, was sixty cents when the nation's first aircraft show was staged in Manhattan's Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory by the newly organized Aero Club of America—40 years ago. It ran from January 13th to 20th and featured models by Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley who had lost a close race with the Wright Brothers for being the first to fly a powered airplane. A month later he died.

The Wrights were developing their successful Kitty Hawk plane and didn't take time out to exhibit, but in addition to the Langley models, there were photographs and books on flying, a number of airplane wing designs and two balloons.

Aircraft shows were frequent thereafter in New York, San Francisco, Boston and Washington. Until 1911, when Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's, and donor of the Collier Trophy to spur the development of aviation, purchased a Wright "machine" and loaned it to the Army for flight training, the best show was held in Boston. All the recognized airplane "constructors" were there with their creations and people either snickered or stood in awe at the future possibilities of those stick, wire and cloth contraptions.

The Aero Club really stepped out the following year—1912—with its First Annual Aeronautic Show at the Grand Central Palace in New York. It was pointed up by a flight around New York Harbor by Major General James Allen, chief of the Signal Corps, in which the present Army Air Forces was then a tiny section; and by a flight by Mr. Collier in his Wright plane, fitted with floats, from a lake near his New Jersey home to the Hudson River, to thank the skipper of the battleship Washington for coming to the show. On display were 23 airplanes.

Except for a national exhibition in 1917, just before we got into the other war, and one in 1919, the infant aircraft industry did nothing to sell its wares by the show method after 1912. Too busy. And in the period between the last two wars, the static ground shows held annually at various cities were anticlimactic to the thrilling accident-producing racing and stunt-flying meets.

Now comes a new policy and a new effort in ground shows. Since V-E and V-J days, America's aircraft manufacturing industry has shrunk from its war-time position of largest in the world to 16th place in the United States; just half as big as women's clothing, including girdles. In peacetime, expenditure of vast sums of public funds for mass production of military aircraft is frowned on as an economic waste, so the industry is limited to developing types and will have to wait until war is in our front yard to learn how to produce those new types in volume, quickly, as it did the hard and costly way in the recent war.

With no intention of trying to regain first place by the government purchase method, the aircraft manufacturers nevertheless need public support for a national defense program as well as for the expansion of domestic and international air commerce. That is why the industry's trade body, the Aircraft Industries Association of America, Inc., unanimously concluded that public exhibition of newly developed aircraft, both military and civilian, and on a big and impressive scale, should be undertaken twice a year—once in the East and once in the West—as the best means of keeping the people informed of our progress.

This gigantic undertaking was mapped and planned in midsummer and for weeks a special organization has been preparing for the first of the two shows to be held at Cleveland from November 15th to 24th. The second will be held in Los Angeles next April. Backing up the aircraft industry in this first real attempt to put its wares in a showcase big enough to exhibit everything from the world's largest bomber, Convair's Army B-36, down to a tiny radio for personal airplanes, are the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and Civil Aeronautics Administration. All the prominent aviation organizations and associations are behind the show, too.

Cleveland was chosen in the East because of the size and location of the "show case" needed for such an extensive exposition. On the edge of the large Cleveland Municipal Airport is the war-built 50-acre Fisher Aircraft Assembly Plant with a total area of nearly 3,000,000 square feet. Fireproofed and with two hangar doors each 300 feet wide, its tremendous size will permit exhibition of anything built so far by the aircraft industry. The National Aircraft Show will need only half a million square feet, but that is still more space than ever before was devoted to such an event.

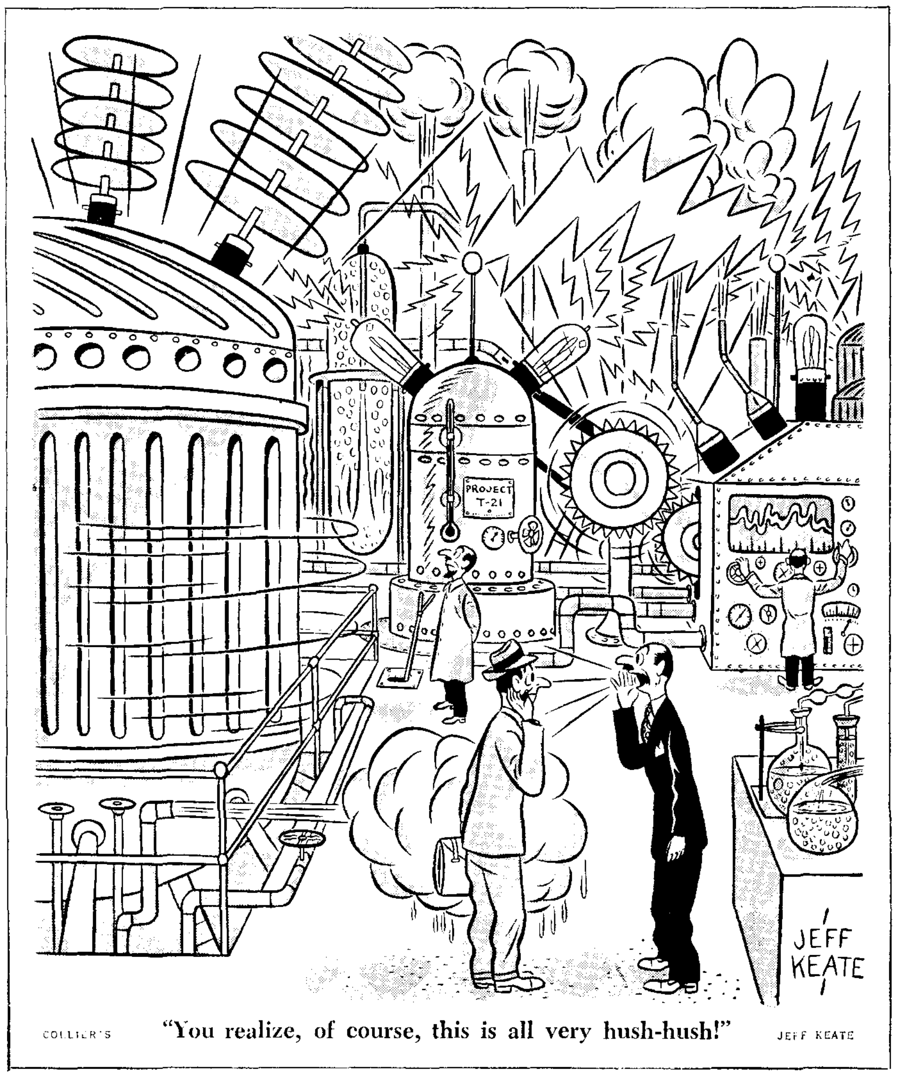
Another factor in Cleveland's favor is that one half of the national population resides within two hours, by modern airliner, of the Lake Erie city. Good as Cleveland is for the East and Los Angeles for the West, the show management nevertheless will make an effort to rotate the annual events to avoid "civic monopoly."

While the New York Harbor hop of General Allen and the "cross-country interstate flight" of Mr. Collier highlighted the 1912 indoor aircraft show, the 1946 Cleveland exposition will also have outdoor attractions such as a round-the-world speed flight, beginning and ending at the front door; transcontinental speed dashes with jet-propelled aircraft; helicopter flights just a step outside and the International Bazaar. The Bazaar will feature products from the earth's far corners such as handmade gowns from Paris, hand-cut ivory from India, delicate flowers from Latin America and delicate cheese from Scandinavia arriving daily on airliners flying the globe on schedule.

Director for the shows at Cleveland and Los Angeles is Clyde Vandeburg, formerly general manager of the Aircraft War Production Council (East Coast), a war-organized group of military aircraft manufacturers who pooled their knowledge and materials with an identical West Coast group, together building 300,000 combat planes, the greatest fleet of aircraft in the world's history. His background for showmanship and exposition-operation is well paved, he having served as director of the 1935 California Pacific International Exposition at San Diego, the Dallas, Texas, Centennial Exposition in 1936-37 and the San Francisco World's Fair in 1939-40.

The National Aircraft Shows are to be an annual event from now on.

ERNEST JONES*



COLLIER'S "You realize, of course, this is all very hush-hush!" JEFF KEATE

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*Aviation's Boswell and historian; not the golf pro reported on in Collier's for August 24, 1946.

"A CLEANER MORE HEALTHFUL WAY TO SMOKE"

Use a Kirsten Cigarette Holder for new full-flavored enjoyment from your favorite cigarette. Harmful nicotine and tars are removed from smoke by condensation and deposited on the inside wall of the radiator. There's a built-in ramrod for cleaning the holder and there's a handy ejector, too. It's a smart gift for men or women.

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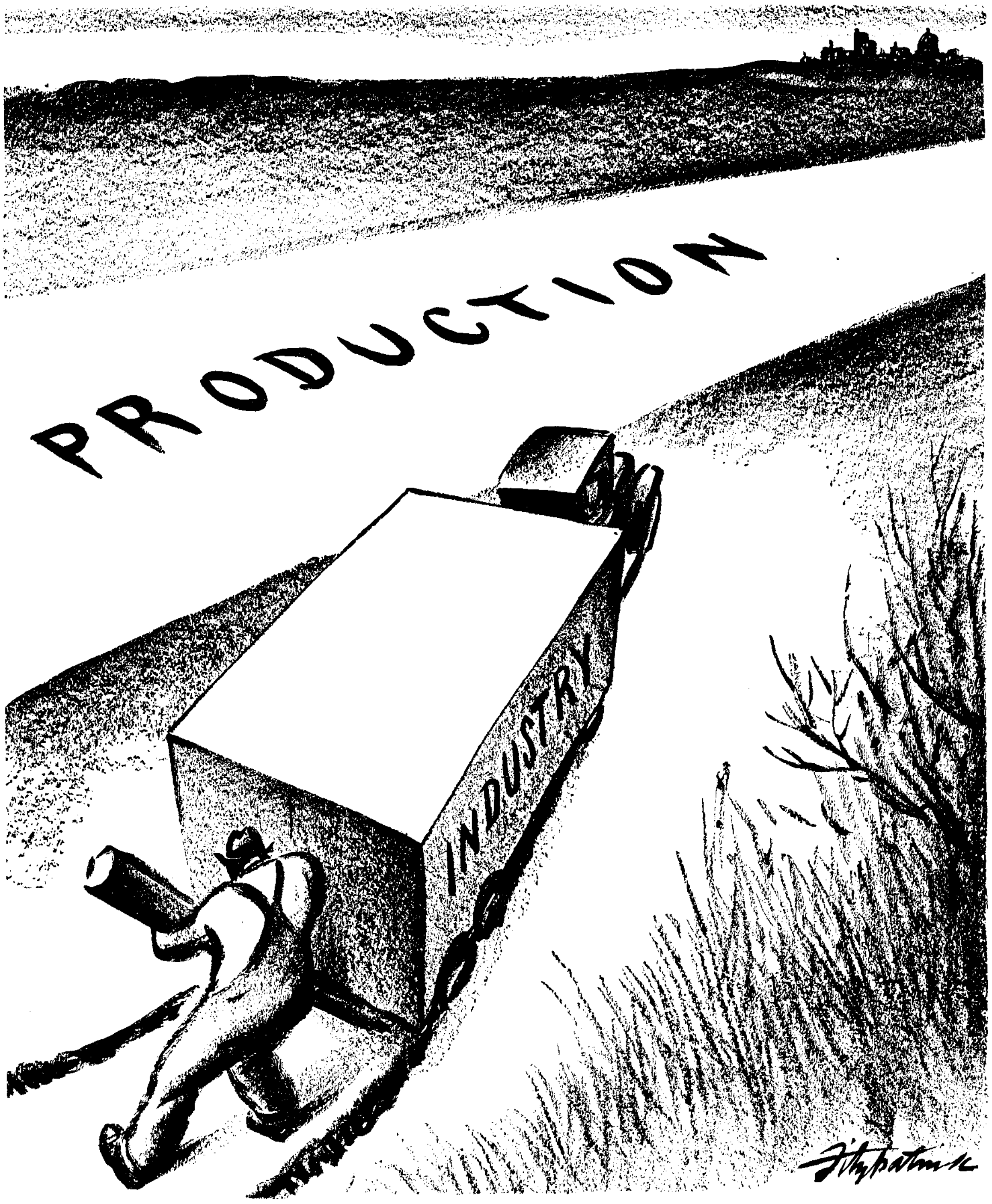

CHANGE IN LABOR WEATHER

THE big strike wave of early 1946 seriously slenderized the treasuries of some big unions, notably the United Auto Workers. It also cut into production of already scarce goods and at the same time boosted many people's wages. Thereby, the strike wave contributed heavily to the inflation which now harasses the country.

We are delighted to note that some of our smarter labor leaders have now seen the dangers inherent in all this, and that a great change in the labor weather is taking place.

These smarter labor leaders are now trying to imbue their followers' minds with the thought that the main thing is to produce; that no matter how big the pay envelope may look, its real size is gauged by how much it can buy in the way of groceries, shelter, clothes, radios, automobiles, shoes, girdles, nylons, etc., etc.

The prevailing labor-leader emphasis is now on the suggestion that union members take to working harder and more efficiently; also that they be hospitable to new labor-saving devices and methods, and that they pretty generally lay off striking except in cases of extreme provocation.

Thus, workers can hope to combat inflation in the best of all ways, by turning out those floods of consumers' goods about which Chester Bowles as head of the OPA talked so wishfully and wistfully.

It's high time for this change in the weather, for several reasons.

For one, though more workers have jobs than ever before in our history, production per worker averages lower than before the war. There are exceptions, notably in the shoe, printing, oil, paper and hard-coal industries. But at this writing these are outbalanced by lagging production in canning, glass, autos, hosiery, woolens, rayons, tobacco, meats and soft coal.

Then, too, it has dawned on many union members that those 18 per cent pay increases were largely illusory, because the cost of living went up along with the pay, OPA or no OPA. This discovery is making a lot of unionists squint the old jaundiced eye at their union leaders. It would be too bad if the organized-labor movement should be seriously injured, from this cause or any other.

Lastly, we've had just about enough talk in this country of an irreconcilable conflict between labor and capital—the old Marxian idea hatched in Europe about 100 years ago. The truth is that labor and capital in this country are in the same boat together, and so are the rest of us. Anything that hampers the boat hurts us all.

We earnestly hope that the change in the labor weather will be permanent. The sooner most of us can relearn the iron fact of economic life that there can be no wealth without work, the sooner we can mount an all-out offensive against all the economic problems bequeathed us by the war.

THE MEANEST RACKET ?

THE on-the-job training program for veterans is, in principle, a most farseeing, constructive and truly benevolent affair.

Under this plan, a veteran earns wages from an employer while learning a trade or skill, and the government pays him an additional $65 a month if he is single or $90 if he is married. The employer, of course, is expected to pay decent wages, and most employers co-operating in the plan are doing so.

A few, however, are cheating. The racket is worked in numerous ways, but the principle is always the same—pay the poor fellow less than what he is worth, kid him about the future value of the training, and let him scrabble along chiefly on his government stipend.

If anybody knows of a meaner racket being played on any veterans anywhere, we'd like to hear about it.

General Omar N. Bradley's Veterans Administration is fighting this racket with all the means at its disposal. But that isn't enough. The state governments have a big responsibility in the matter, too, because they are supposed to investigate and approve employers' on-the-job training proposals before the federal government starts paying veterans thus employed. Not all the states, by a long shot, have set up adequate investigation services.

The ultimate remedy probably boils down to the individual on-the-job veteran himself. If you're one of these, and suspect that you are getting any sort of run-around, don't hesitate to complain discreetly where it will most likely do you some good to complain—to your local V.A. office, if any, or your town veterans' service center, or your local newspaper. You'll probably get action.

This racket can be pretty well stamped out—if the V.A. can have the co-operation of on-the-job veterans themselves, of honest employers, and of all citizens who know of any on-the-job monkey business going on anywhere.